

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

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PLAYS AND POEMS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME THE SIXTH



CONTAINING

KING HENRY VI PART FIRST.
KING HENRY VI PART SECOND.
KING HENRY VI PART THIRD.
A DISSERTATION ON THE THREE PARTS
OF KING HENRY VI.
KING RICHARD III.

LONDON. PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN.

J. Rivington and Sons, L. Davis, B. White and Son, T. Longman,
B. Law, H. S. Woodfall, C. Dilly, J. Robson, J. Johnson, T. Vernon,
G. G. J. and J. Robinson, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin,
H. E. Gardner, J. Sewell, J. Nichols, J. Bew, T. Payne, jun.
S. Hayes, R. Faulder, W. Lowndes, G. and T. Wilkie, Scarthold,
and Winkler, T. and J. Egerton, C. Stalker, J. Barker, J. Edwards,
Grove and Speare, J. Cuthell, J. Jackington, and E. Newbery.

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PLAYS AND POEMS

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EDITED BY THE EDITOR

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IN THE CITY OF LONDON, AT THE SIGN OF THE

KING HENRY VI. .

PART I.

VOL. VI.

B

Brandish your crystal tresses² in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,

that I should never have adverted to a very striking circumstance which distinguishes this *first* part from the other parts of *King Henry VI.* This circumstance is, that none of these Shakspearian passages are to be found here, though several are scattered through the two other parts. I am therefore decisively of opinion that *this* play was not written by Shakspeare. The reasons on which that opinion is founded, are stated at large in the Dissertation above referred to. But I would here request the reader to attend particularly to the versification of this piece, (of which almost every line has a pause at the end,) which is so different from that of Shakspeare's undoubted plays, and of the greater part of the two succeeding pieces as *altered* by him, and so exactly corresponds with that of the tragedies written by others before and about the time of his first commencing author, that this alone might decide the question, without taking into the account the numerous classical allusions which are found in this first part. The reader will be enabled to judge how far this argument deserves attention, from the several extracts from those ancient pieces which he will find in the Essay on this subject.

With respect to the *second* and *third* parts of *K. Henry VI.* or, as they were originally called, *The Contention of the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, they stand, in my apprehension, on a very different ground from that of this first part, or, as I believe it was anciently called, *The Play of K. Henry VI.—The Contention*, &c. printed in two parts, in quarto, 1600, was, I conceive, the production of some playwright who preceded, or was contemporary with, Shakspeare; and out of that piece he formed the two plays which are now denominated the *Second* and *Third* Parts of *King Henry VI.*; as, out of the old plays of *King John* and *the Taming of a Shrew*, he formed two other plays with the same titles. For the reasons on which this opinion is formed, I must again refer to my Essay on this subject.

This old play of *King Henry VI.* now before us, or as our author's editors have called it, the *first* part of *King Henry VI.* I suppose, to have been written in 1589, or before. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. The disposition of facts in these three plays, not always corresponding with the dates, which Mr. Theobald mentions, and the want of uniformity and consistency in the series of events exhibited, may perhaps be in some measure accounted for by the hypothesis now stated. As to our author's having accepted these pieces as a *Director* of the stage, he had, I fear, no pretension to such a situation at so early a period. MALONE.

² *Brandish your crystal tresses—*] *Chrystal* is an epithet repeatedly bestowed on comets by our ancient writers. So, in a *Sonnet* by Lord Sterline, 1604:

“When as those *chrystal*-comets whiles appear.”

“There is also a *white comet* with silver haire,” says *Pliny*, as translated by P. Holland, 1601. STEEVENS.

That

That have consented³ unto Henry's death!
 King Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
 England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
 Virtue he had, deserving to command:
 His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
 His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
 His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
 More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
 Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
 What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
 He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black; Whymourn we not in blood?
 Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend;

³ *That have consented*—] If this expression means no more than that the stars gave a bare *consent*, or *agreed* to let king Henry die, it does no great honour to its author. I believe to *consent*, in this instance, means to act in concert. *Concentus*, Lat. Thus *Erato* the muse applauding the song of Apollo, in Lylly's *Midas*, 1592, cries out, "O sweet *consent*!" i. e. sweet union of sounds. Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ii:

"Such musick his wife words with time *consented*."

Again, in his translation of Virgil's *Culex*:

"Chaunted their sundry notes with sweet *concent*."

and in many other places. *Consented*, or as it should be spelt, *concent-ed*, means, *have thrown themselves into a malignant configuration, to promote the death of Henry*. Spenser, in more than one instance, spells this word as it appears in the text of Shakspeare; as does Ben Jonson, in his *Epithalamion on Mr. Weston*. The following lines,

"—— shall we curse the planets of mishap,

"That *plotted* thus, &c."

seem to countenance my explanation; and Falstaff says of Shallow's servants, that—"they flock together in *consent*, like so many wild geese." STEEVENS.

Consent, in all the books of the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards, is the usual spelling of the word *concent*. See Vol. IV. p. 319, n. 4; and Vol. V. p. 413, n. *. In other places I have adopted the modern and more proper spelling; but, in the present instance, I apprehend, the word was used in its ordinary sense. In the second act, p. 28, Talbot, reproaching the soldiery, uses the same expression, certainly without any idea of a malignant configuration:

"You all *consented* unto Salisbury's death." MALONE.

And death's dishonourable victory
 We with our stately presence glorify,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
 What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French⁴
 Conjurers and forcerers, that, afraid of him,
 By magick verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king blest of the King of kings.
 Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
 So dreadful will not be, as was his fight.
 The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
 The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
 His thread of life had not so soon decay'd;
 None do you like but an effeminate prince,
 Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;
 And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
 Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
 More than God, or religious church-men, may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
 And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
 Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
 Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
 Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
 Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
 Posterity, await for wretched years,
 When at their mothers' moisten'd eyes babes shall suck;
 Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears⁵,

And

⁴ — *the subtle-witted French, &c.*] There was a notion prevalent a long time, that life might be taken away by metrical charms. As superstition grew weaker, these charms were imagined only to have power on irrational animals. In our author's time it was supposed that the Irish could kill rats by a song. JOHNSON.

So, in Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584: "The Irishmen addict themselves, &c. yea they will not sticke to affirme that they can rime either man or beast to death." STEEVENS.

⁵ *Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,*] It seems very probable that our author wrote, a *nourice*; i. e. that the whole isle should be

KING HENRY VI.

7

And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the fifth ! thy ghost I invoke ;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils !
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens !
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright⁶—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all !
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture :
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans⁷,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse ?
Speak softly ; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost ? is Rouën yielded up ?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost ? what treachery was us'd ?

one common nurse, or nourisher, of tears : and those be the nourishment of its miserable issue. THEOBALD.

I have been informed, that what we call at present a *flew*, in which fish are preserved alive, was anciently called a *nourish*. *Nourice*, however, Fr. a nurse, was anciently spelt many different ways, among which *nourish* was one. So, in *Syr Eglamour of Artois*, bl. l. no date ;

“ Of that chylde she was blyth,

“ After *noryshes* she sent believe.”

A *nourish* therefore in this passage of our author signifies a *nurse*, as it apparently does in the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, by Lydgate, B. i. c. 12 :

“ Athenes whan it was in his floures

“ Was called *nourish* of philosophers wife.”

“ — Jubæ tellus generat, leonum

“ *Arida nutritrix.*” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Than Julius Cæsar, or bright—*] It might have been written, — or *bright Berenice.* JOHNSON.

This blank undoubtedly arose from the transcriber's or compositor's not being able to make out the name. So, in a subsequent passage the word *Nero* was omitted for the same reason. See the Dissertation at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI.* MALONE.

⁷ *Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,*] This verse might be completed by the insertion of *Rouën* among the places lost, as Gloster in his next speech infers that it had been mentioned with the rest. STEEVENS.

FIRST PART OF

Mess. No treachery ; but want of men, and money.
 Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
 That here you maintain several factions ;
 And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
 You are disputing of your generals.
 One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost ;
 Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings ;
 A third thinks, without expence at all,
 By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
 Awake, awake, English nobility !
 Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot :
 Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms ;
 Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
 These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern ; regent I am of France :—
 Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.—
 Away with these disgraceful wailing robes !
 Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
 To weep their intermissive miseries⁸.

Enter another Messenger.

2. *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
 France is revolted from the English quite ;
 Except some petty towns of no import :
 The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims ;
 The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd ;
 Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part ;
 The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king ! all fly to him !
 O, whither shall we fly from this reproach ?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats :—
 Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness ?
 An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
 Wherewith already France is over-run.

* — her *flowing tides*.] i. e. England's flowing tides. MALONE.

⁸ — their *intermissive miseries*.] i. e. their miseries, which have had only a short intermission from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming amongst them. WARBURTON.

Enter

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9

Enter a third Messenger.

3. *Mess.* My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,—
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3. *Mess.* O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce⁹ six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew*:
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward[†];

He

⁹ *Having full scarce, &c.*] The modern editors read,—*scarce full*, but, I think unnecessarily. So, in the *Tempest*:

“—Prospero, master of a *full* poor cell.” STEEVENS.

* — *he slew*:] I suspect, the author wrote—*slew*. MALONE.

† *If Sir John Fastolfe, &c.*] Mr. Pope has taken notice, “That Falstaff is here introduced again, who was dead in *K. Henry V.* The occasion whereof is, that this play was written before *King Henry IV.* or *K. Henry V.*” But it is the historical Sir John Fastolfe (for so he is called by both our Chroniclers) that is here mentioned; who was a lieutenant general, deputy regent to the duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a knight of the garter; and not the comick character afterwards introduced by our author, and which was a creature merely of his own brain.

He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind²,
 With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
 Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
 Enclosed were they with their enemies:
 A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
 Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
 Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
 Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
 For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
 Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
 Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3. *Mess.* O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
 And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
 Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
 I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
 His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;

brain. Nor when he named him *Falstaff* do I believe he had any intention of throwing a slur on the memory of this renowned old warrior. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have seen his notion contradicted in the very line he quotes from. *Falstolfe*, whether truly or not, is said by Hall and Holinshed to have been degraded for cowardice. Dr. Heylin in his *St. George for England*, tells us, that "he was afterwards, upon good reason by him alledged in his defence, restored to his honour."—"This Sir *John Falstolfe*," continues he, "was without doubt, a valiant and wise captain, notwithstanding the stage hath made merry with him." FARMER.

See Vol. V. p. 119, n. 1; and Oldys's *Life of Sir John Fastolfe* in the GENERAL DICTIONARY. MALONE.

In the 18th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* is the following character of this Sir *John Fastolpe*:

"Strong *Fastolpe* with this man compare we justly may;

"By Salisbury who oft being seriously imploy'd

"In many a brave attempt the general foe annoy'd;

"With excellent success in Main and Anjou fought,

"And many a bulwarke there into our keeping brought;

"And chosen to go forth with Vadamont in warre,

"Most resolutely tooke proud Renate duke of Barre." STEEV.

² *He being in the vaward (plac'd behind,]* Some of the editors seem to have considered this as a contradiction in terms, and have proposed to read—the *rereward*,—but without necessity. Some part of the van must have been behind the foremost line of it. We often say the *back-front* of a house. STEEVENS.

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11

Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—

Farewel, my masters; to my task will I;

Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,

To keep our great saint George's feast withal:

Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,

Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3. *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;

The English army is grown weak and faint:

The earl of Salisbury craveth supply

And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,

Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn;

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,

Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,

To go about my preparation.

[*Exit.*

Glo. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,

To view the artillery and munition;

And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

[*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,

Being ordain'd his special governor;

And for his safety there I'll best devise.

[*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:

I am left out; for me nothing remains,

But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;

The king from Eltham I intend to send*,

And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal. [*Exit. Scene closes.*

SCENE II.

France. Before Orleans.

Enter CHARLES, with his forces; ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Others.

Char. Mars his true moving³, even as in the heavens,

* — to send,] Mr. Mason, with some probability conjectures that we should read—to *steal*. The second charge in the *Articles of accusation* preferred by the Duke of Gloster against the Bishop, (Hall's *Cbron.* Henry VI. f. 12, b.) countenances this conjecture. MALONE.

³ *Mars his true moving, &c.*] So, Nash in one of his prefaces before *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596:—"You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse, as the astronomers are in the *true movings of Mars*, which to this day they could never attain to." STEEVENS.

So

So in the earth, to this day is not known :
 Late, did he shine upon the English side ;
 Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
 What towns of any moment, but we have ?
 At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans ;
 Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
 Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves :

Either they must be dieted, like mules,
 And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,
 Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege ; Why live we idly here ?
 Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear :
 Remaineth none, but mad-brain'd Salisbury ;
 And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
 Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum ; we will rush on them.
 Now for the honour of the forlorn French :—
 Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
 When he fees me go back one foot, or fly. [Exeunt.

Alarums ; Excursions ; afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Who ever saw the like ? what men have I ?—
 Dogs ! cowards ! dastards !—I would ne'er have fled,
 But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide ;
 He fighteth as one weary of his life.
 The other lords, like lions wanting food,
 Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froisard, a countryman of ours, records,
 England all Olivers and Rowlands bred *,

During

* *England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,*] These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers ; and their exploits are render'd so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of giving one a Rowland for his Oliver, to signify the matching one incredible lye with another. WARBURTON.

Rather,

During the time Edward the third did reign.
 More truly now may this be verified;
 For none but Sampsons, and Goliasses,
 It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
 Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
 They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd
 slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
 Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
 The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals⁵ or device,
 Their arms are set, like clocks⁶, still to strike on;
 Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do.
 By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for
 him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer⁷ ap-
 pall'd;

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
 Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:

Rather, to oppose one hero to another, i. e. to give a person as good
 as one as he brings. STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*breed*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁵ —gimmals—] A *gimmel* is a piece of jointed work, where one
 piece moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an *engine*.
 It is now by the vulgar called a *gimcrack*. JOHNSON.

In the inventory of the jewels, &c. belonging to Salisbury cathedral,
 taken in 1536, 28th of Henry VIII. is—"A faire chest with *gimmals*
 and key." Again, "Three other chests with *gimmals* of silver and
 gilt." Again, in the *Vow-breaker*, or the *Faire Maide of Clifton*, 1636:

"My actes are like the motionall *gymmals*

"Fixt in a watch." STEEVENS.

⁶ *Their arms are set, like clocks,*] Perhaps the author was thinking
 of the clocks in which figures in the shape of men struck the hours. Of
 these there were many in his time. MALONE.

⁷ —your cheer—] *Cheer* is countenance, appearance. STEEVENS.

A holy

A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome^s;
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words⁹,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in: [*Exit Bast.*] But first to try
her skill,

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern;—
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath. [*retires.*]

Enter LA PUCELLE, BASTARD of Orleans, and others.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?—
Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;

^s — *nine sibyls of old Rome*;] There were no *nine sibyls* of Rome; but he confounds things, and mistakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the Tarquins. WARBURTON.

⁹ *Believe my words*,] It should be read—believe *her* words.

JOHNSON.

I perceive no need of change. The bastard calls upon the Dauphin to believe the extraordinary account he has just given of the prophetick spirit and prowess of the Maid of Orleans. MALONE.

And, in a vision full of majesty,
 Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
 And free my country from calamity :
 Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success :
 In complete glory she reveal'd herself ;
 And, whereas I was black and swart before,
 With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
 That beauty am I blest with, which you may see.
 Ask me what question thou canst possible,
 And I will answer unpremeditated :
 My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
 Resolve on this : Thou shalt be fortunate,
 If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms ;
 Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
 In single combat thou shalt buckle with me ;
 And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true ;
 Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd : here is my keen-edg'd sword,
 Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side¹ ;
 The which, at Touraine in saint Catharine's churchyard,
 Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come o'God's name, I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight.*]

Char. Stay, stay thy hands ; thou art an Amazon,
 And fightest with the sword of Debora.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me :

¹ *Deck'd with five flower-de-luces, &c.*] The old copy reads—*fine*. The same mistake having happened in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and in other places, I have not hesitated to reform the text, according to Mr. Steevens's suggestion. In the Mss. of the age of Queen Elizabeth u and n are undistinguishable. MALONE.

We should read, according to Holinshed, *five* flower-de-luces. “—in a secret place there among old iron, appointed she hir sword to be sought out and brought her, that with *five* floure delices was graven on both sides,” &c. STEEVENS.

Impatiently

Impatiently I burn with thy desire²;
 My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
 Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
 Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;
 'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
 For my profession's sacred from above:
 When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
 Then will I think upon a recompence.

Char. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock;
 Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
 These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
 Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
 Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
 This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
 Expect saint Martin's summer³, halcyon days,
 Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
 Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought⁴.

With

² *Impatiently I burn with thy desire;*] The amorous constitution of the Dauphin has been mentioned in the preceding play:

"Doing is activity and he will still be doing." COLLINS.

³ *Expect saint Martin's summer,*] That is, expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun.

JOHNSON.

⁴ *Glory is like a circle in the water,*

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,

Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.] So, in *Nosce TEIPSUM*, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1599:

With Henry's death, the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once⁵.

Ghar. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove⁶?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet faint Philip's daughters⁷, were like thee.

Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [Exeunt.]

“As when a stone is into water cast,

“One circle doth another circle make,

“Till the last circle reach the bank at last.”

The same image, without the particular application, may be found in
Silius Italicus, Lib. xiii.

Sic ubi perumpfit stagnantem calculus undam,

Exiguos format per prima volumina gyros,

Mox tremulum vibrans motu gliscente liquorem

Multiplicat crebros sinuati gurgitis orbes;

Donec postremo laxatis circulus oris

Contingat geminas patulo curvamine ripas. MALONE.

⁵ — like that proud insulting ship,

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.] This alludes to a passage
in Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar*, thus translated by Sir T. North.

“Cæsar hearing that, straight discovered himselfe unto the maister of
the pynnase, who at the first was amazed when he saw him, but
Cæsar, &c. said unto him, Good fellow, be of good cheere, &c. and
fear not, for thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?*] Mahomet had a dove,
“which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove when
it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to
find it's breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians,
that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice.” See Sir Walter
Raleigh's *History of the World*, Book I. Part I. ch. vi. *Life of Ma-*
bomet, by Dr. Prideaux. GREY.

⁷ *Nor yet faint Philip's daughters,*] Meaning the four daughters of
Philip mentioned in the *Act*. HANMER.

S C E N E III.

London. *Hill before the Tower.*

Enter, at the gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, with his serving-men in blue coats.

Glo. I am come to survey the 'Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance⁸.—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; it is Gloster that calls. [*Servants knock.*]

1. *Ward.* [*within.*] Who is there, that knocks so importunately?

1. *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2. *Ward.* [*within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1. *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1. *Ward.* [*within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but mine?
There's none protector of the realm, but I.—
Break up the gates⁹, I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Servants rush at the Tower gates. Enter, to the gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.

Wood. [*within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.

⁸ — *there* is conveyance.] *Conveyance* means *steft*. HANMER.

⁹ Break up *the gates*,] I suppose to break up the gate is to force up the portcullis, or by the application of petards to blow up the gates themselves. STEEVENS.

Some one has proposed to read—break *ope* the gates; but the old copy is right. So Hall, *Henry VI.* folio 78, b. "The iusty Kentishmen hopying on more friends, *brake up* the gaytes of the King's Bench and Marshalsea," &c. MALONE.

Wood. [*within.*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have exprefs commandement,

That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?

Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate,

Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1. *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector;

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a train of Servants in tawny coats¹.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry²? what means this?

Glo. Piel'd priest³, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,

And

¹ — *tawny coats.*] A *tawny coat* was the dress of a *sumpner*, i. e. an apparitor, an officer whose business it was to summon offenders to an ecclesiastical court. These are the proper attendants therefore on the bishop of Winchester. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 822: "—and by the way the *bishop* of London met him, attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny coats*," &c.

Tawny was a colour worn for mourning, as well as *black*; and was therefore the proper and sober habit of any person employed in an ecclesiastical court.

"A crowne of baies shall that man weare

"That triumphes over me;

"For *blacke* and *tawnie* will I weare,

"Which mourning colours be."

The Complaint of a Lover wearing *blacke* and *tawnie*; by E. O. *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1596. STEEVENS.

² — Humphry?] Old Copy—*Umpheir*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

³ *Piel'd priest*,] Alluding to his shaven crown. POPE.

In Skinner (to whose dictionary I was directed by Mr. Edwards) I find that it means more: *Pill'd* or *peel'd garlick*, *cui pellis, vel pili omnes ex morbo aliquo, præsertim e lue venerca, defluxerunt*. In Ben Jonson's *Bartolomew Fair* the following instance occurs: "I'll see them p—'d first, and *pil'd* and double *pil'd*." STEEVENS.

And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin⁴:
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat⁵,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain⁶,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

In Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 154, Robert Baldocke, bishop of London, is called a *peeled* priest, *pilide* clerk, seemingly in allusion to his shaven crown alone. So, *bald-head* was a term of scorn and mockery. TOLLET.

⁴ *Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:]* The publick stewes were formerly under the district of the bishop of Winchester. POPE.

There is now extant an old manuscript (formerly the office-book of the court leet held under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester in Southwark) in which are mentioned the several fees arising from the brothel-houses allowed to be kept in the bishop's manor, with the customs and regulations of them. One of the articles is, "*De his, qui cussediunt mulieres habentes nefandam infirmitatem.*"

"*Item, That no stewholder keep any woman within his house, that hath any sickness of brenning, but that she be put out upon pain of making a fyne unto the lord of C shillings.*" UPTON.

⁵ *I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,]* This means, I believe, *I'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and shake thee, as bran and meal are shaken in a sieve.* So, Sir William D'Avenant, in the *Cruel Brother*, 1630:

"I'll sift and winnow him in an old hat."

To *canvass* was anciently used for *to sift*. STEEVENS.

Probably from the materials of which the bottom of a *sieve* is made. In *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Doll tells Falstaff, that she will "*canvass* him between a pair of sheets." MALONE.

⁶ *This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,]* About four miles from Damascus is a high hill, reported to be the same on which Cain slew his brother Abel. Maundrel's *Travels*, p. 131. POPE.

Sir John Maundeville says, "And in that place where *Damascus* was founded *Kaym* sloughe *Abel* his brother." *Travels*, edit. 1725, p. 148. REED.

Glo.

Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
 Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
 Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;
 [*Gloster and his men attack the Bishop.*]

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
 Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;
 In spite of pope, or dignities of church,
 Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose⁷, I cry—A rope! a rope⁸!—
 Now beat them hence, Why do you let them stay?—
 Thee I'll chafe hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
 Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, Enter the Mayor of London, and Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
 Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor; thou know'st little of my wrongs:
 Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
 Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here is Gloster, a foe to citizens;
 One that still motions war, and never peace,
 O'er-charging your free purses with large fines;
 That seeks to overthrow religion,
 Because he is protector of the realm;
 And would have armour here out of the Tower,
 To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*]

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
 But to make open proclamation:—
 Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day,
 against God's peace and the king's, we charge and com-

⁷ Winchester goose] A strumpet, or the consequences of her love, was a Winchester goose. JOHNSON.

⁸ —A rope! a rope!—] See the *Comedy of Errors*, Vol. II. p. 184, n. 3. MALONE.

FIRST PART OF

mand you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy cost, be sure⁹:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs¹, if you will not away:—
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Exeunt.*]

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God! that nobles² should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

France. *Before Orleans.*

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd;
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I mis'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town!
Something I must do, to procure me grace.
The prince's espials³ have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close entrench'd,

⁹ — *be sure*:] The latter word is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

¹ *I'll call for clubs, &c.*] That is, for peace-officers armed with clubs or staves. In affrays, it was customary in this author's time to call out, *clubs, clubs*! See *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 219, n. 6. MALONE.

² — *that nobles*—] Old copy—*bese nobles*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

³ *The prince's espials*—] *Espials* are spies. So, in Chaucer's *Freres Tale*:

“For subtilly he had his *espiaille*.” STEEVENS.

The word is often used by Hall and Holinshed. MALONE.

Wont

KING HENRY VI.

32

Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars⁴
In yonder tower, to over-peer the city;
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And even these three days have I watched,
If I could see them.

Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer⁵.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [Exit.

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower, the Lords SALISBURY and TALBOT⁶, Sir William GLANSDALE Sir Thomas GARGRAVE, and Others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?

⁴ Wont, *through a secret grate of iron bars, &c.*] The old copy reads —*Went*. I have not hesitated to adopt the emendation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, which is fully supported by the passage in Hall's Chronicle, on which this speech is formed. MALONE.

I believe, instead of *went*, we should read—*wont*, the third person plural of the old verb *wont*. "*The English—wont*, that is, *are accustomed to overpeer the city*." The word is used very frequently by Spenser, and several times by Milton. TYRWHITT.

⁵ *Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.*] Part of this line being in the old copy by a mistake of the transcriber connected with the preceding hemistick, the editor of the second folio supplied the metre by adding the word *boy*, in which he has been followed in all the subsequent editions. The regulation now made shews that such addition was unnecessary. MALONE.

⁶ — Talbot,] Though the three parts of *K. Henry VI.* are deservedly numbered among the feeblest performances of Shakspeare, this first of them appears to have been received with the greatest applause. So, in *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil*, by Nash, 1592: "How would it have joyed brave *Talbot* (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lien two hundred yeares in his tombe, he should triumph againe on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least, (at several times,) who in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding." STEEVENS.

C 4

Discourse,

Discourse, I pry'thee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdainingly, scorn'd: and craved death
Rather than I would be so pil'd esteem'd.⁷
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick spectacle to all;
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.⁸
Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,

⁷ — *so pil'd esteem'd.*] I have no doubt that we should read—*so pile-esteem'd*: a latinism, for which the author of this play had, I believe, no occasion to go to Lilly's grammar. "*Flocci, nauci, nihili, pili, &c. his verbis, æstimo, pendo, peculiariter adjiciuntur; ut,—Nec bujus facio, qui me pili æstimat.*" Even if we suppose no change to be necessary, this surely was the meaning intended to be conveyed. In one of Shakspeare's plays we have the same phrase, in *English*,—*vile-esteem'd.* MALONE.

⁸ — *the terror of the French,*

The scare-crow that affrights our children so.] From Hall's *Chronicle*: "This man [Talbot] was to the French people a very scourge and a daily terror, insomuch that as his person was fearful, and terrible to his adversaries present, so his name and fame was spiteful and dreadful to the common people absent; insomuch that women in France to feare their yong children, would crye, the *Talbot* commeth, the *Talbot* commeth." The same thing is said of King Richard I. when he was in the Holy Land. See Camden's *Remaines*, 4to. 1614, p. 267. MALONE.

That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, thorough this grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate: for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled⁹.

[*Shot from the town. SAL. and Sir Tho. GAR. fall.*]

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd
us?—

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!¹—
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars:
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—

⁹ —*enfeebled.*] This word is here used as a quadrifysyllable. MALONE.

¹ —*thy cheek's side struck off!*—] Camden says in his *Remaines* that the French scarce knew the use of great ordnance, till the siege of Mans in 1425, when a breach was made in the walls of that town by the English, under the conduct of this Earl of Salisbury; and that he was the first English gentleman that was slain by a cannon-ball. MALONE.

Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
 One eye thou hast² to look to heaven for grace:
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
 Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
 If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—
 Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
 Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
 Thou shalt not die, whiles—
 He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;
 As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.—
 Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero³,
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
 Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard; afterwards an Alarum.*

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
 Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd
 head:

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
 A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
 Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Salisbury groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
 It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.—
 Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—
 Pucelle or puzzel⁴, dolphin or dogfish,

Your

² *One eye thou hast, &c.*] A similar thought occurs in *King Lear*:

“ — my lord, you have one eye left,

“ *To see some mischief on him.*” STEEVENS.

³ — and like thee, Nero,] In the old copy, the word *Nero* is wanting, owing probably to the transcriber's not being able to make out the name. The editor of the second folio, with his usual freedom, altered the line thus:—and *Nero-like will*—. MALONE.

⁴ *Pucelle or Puzzel,*] *Pussel* means a dirty wench or a drab, from *puzza*, i. e. *malus factor*, says Minshew. In a translation from Stephens's

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
 Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
 And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
 [Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.]

SCENE V.

The same. Before one of the gates.

Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him in: then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
 Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
 A woman, clad in armour, chafeth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes:—I'll have a bout with thee;
 Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
 Blood will I draw on thee^s. thou art a witch,
 And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

phens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1608, p. 98, we read,—“Some filthy queans, especially our *puzzles* of Paris, use this other theft.”

TOLLET.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Commendatory Verses*, prefix'd to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“Lady or *Puffill*, that wears mask or fan.”

As for the conceit, miserable as it is, it may be countenanced by that of James I. who looking at the statue of Sir Thomas *Bodley* in the library at Oxford, “—*Pii Thomæ Godly nomine insignivit, eoquē potius nomine quam Bodly, deinceps merito nominandum esse censuit.*” See *Rex Platonicus*, &c. edit. quint. Oxon. 1635, p. 187.

It should be remembered, that in Shakspeare's time the word *dauphin* was always written *dolphin*. STEEVENS.

There are frequent references to Pucelle's name in this play:

“—I scar'd the dauphin and his *trull*.”

Again:

“Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtesan!” MALONE.

^s *Blood will I draw on thee,*] The superstition of those times taught that he that could draw the witch's blood, was free from her power.

JOHNSON.

Puc.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.
[*They fight.*]

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
 My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
 And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
 But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
 I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
 O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
 Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved⁶ men;
 Help Salisbury to make his testament:
 This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[*PUCELLE enters the town, with soldiers.*]

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
 I know not where I am, nor what I do:
 A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
 Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
 So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
 Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
 They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
 Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short alarum.*]

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
 Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
 Renounce your foil, give sheep in lions' stead:
 Sheep run not half so timorous⁷ from the wolf,
 Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
 As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.—

[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*]

It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:
 You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
 Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,

⁶ — hunger-starved—] The same epithet is, I think, used by Shakespeare. The old copy has—*hungry*-starved. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.
MALONE.

⁷ — so timorous—] Old Copy—*treacherous*. Corrected by Mr. Pope.
MALONE.

In spite of us, or aught that we could do.

O, would I were to die with Salisbury!

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT and his forces, &c.*]

SCENE VI.

The same.

Enter, on the walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English⁸:—

Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,

How shall I honour thee for this success?

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens⁹,

That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—

France, triumph in thy glorious prophets!—

Recover'd is the town of Orleans:

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?

⁸ — *from the English* :] Thus the old copy. The editor of the second folio, not perceiving that *English* was used as a trisyllable, arbitrarily reads—*English wolves*; in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors. So, in the next line but one, he reads *bright Astræa*, not observing that *Astræa*, by a licentious pronunciation, was used by the author of this play, as if written *Astræa*. So monstrous is made a trisyllable;—*monstrous*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Vol. I. p. 166. MALONE.

⁹ — *like Adonis' gardens*,] “The Greeks (says Dr. Pearce, in a note on the following lines of Milton,

“Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd,

“Or of reviv'd Adonis, or—”

had a tradition that Adonis, when he was alive, delighted in gardens, and had a magnificent one; for proof of this we have Pliny's words, xix. 4. “*Antiquitas nihil prius mirata est quàm Hesperidum hortos, ac regum Adonidis et Alcinoi.*” Hence it was (he adds) that the Grecian women used to carry about small portable pots with lettuce, or fennel growing in them, on the annual festival of Adonis.

On this subject Dr. Warburton has written a long note, of which no part but the foregoing quotation appears to me worth preserving.

MALONE.

Dauphin

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan; not we, by whom the day is won;
For which, I will divide my crown with her:
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's¹, or Memphis', ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius²,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. (*Flourish. Exeunt.*)

¹ *Than Rhodope's,*] *Rhodope* was a famous strumpet, who acquired great riches by her trade. The least but most finished of the Egyptian pyramids (says Pliny in the 36th book of his *Natural History*, ch. xii.) was built by her. She is said afterwards to have married Psammetichus, king of Egypt. Dr. Johnson thinks that the Dauphin means to call *Joan of Arc* a strumpet, all the while he is making this loud praise of her.—I would read:

“*Than Rhodope's of Memphis, ever was.*” STEEVENS.

The brother of Sappho, was in love with *Rhodope*, and purchased her freedom (for she was a slave in the same house with *Æsop* the fabulist) at a great price. *Rhodope* was of Thrace, not of Memphis. Memphis, a city of Egypt, was celebrated for its pyramids:

“*Barbara Pyramidum fileat miracula Memphis.*”

MART. De spectaculis Libel. Ep. I. MALONE.

² — *coffer of Darius,*] When Alexander the Great took the city of Gaza, the metropolis of Syria, amidst the other spoils and wealth of Darius treasured up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little chest or casket, and asked those about him what they thought fittest to be laid up in it. When they had severally delivered their opinions, he told them, he esteemed nothing so worthy to be preserved in it as *Homer's Iliad*. Vide *Plutarchum* in *Vitâ Alexandri Magni*.

THEOBALD.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter to the gates, a French Serjeant, and two Sentinels.*

Serj. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1. *Sent.* Serjeant, you shall. [*Exit Serjeant.*] Thus are
poor servitors

(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and forces,
with scaling ladders; their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord regent,—and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful forcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress; in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal.

Tal. Not all together : better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways ;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed ; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury ! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the walls, crying St. George ! a
Talbot ! and all enter by the town.*]

Sent. [*within.*] Arm, arm ! the enemy doth make assault !

*The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter,
several ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, half
ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords ? what, all unready so³ ?

Bast. Unready ? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake, and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate, than this.

Bast. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles ; I marvel, how he sped.

Enter CHARLES, and LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut ! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame ?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,

³ — unready so ?] *Unready* was the current word in those times for *undress'd*. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638 : " Enter Sixtus, and Lucrece *unready*." Again, in *The two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609 : " Enter James *unready*, in his night-cap, garterless," &c. STEEVENS.

That

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?

Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—

Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter; and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:

Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis sure, they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier crying, a Talbot! a
Talbot! They fly, leaving their cloaths behind.

Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;

For

* Enter an English soldier crying, a Talbot! a Talbot!] And afterwards:

"The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword."

Here a popular tradition, exclusive of any chronicle-evidence, was in Shakspeare's mind. Edward Kerke, the old commentator on Spenser's *Pastorals*, first published in 1579, observes in his notes on *June*, that lord Talbot's "noblenesse bred such a terrour in the hearts of the

For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Orleans. *Within the town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a Captain,*
and Others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.]

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen dy'd to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace;

French, that oftentimes great armies were defeated and put to flight, at
the only bearing of his name: infomuch that the French women to affray
their children, would tell them, that the TALBOT *cometh*." See also
Sc. iii. T. WARTON.

In a note on a former passage, p. 24, n. 8, I have quoted a passage
from Hall's Chronicle, which probably furnished the author of this
play with this circumstance. It is not mentioned by Holinshed, (Shak-
speare's historian,) and is one of the numerous proofs that have convinced
me that this play was not the production of our author. See the Essay
at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI.* It is surely more proba-
ble that the writer of this play should have taken this circumstance
from the chronicle which furnished him with his plot, than from the
Comment on Spenser's pastorals. MALONE.

His

His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night)
Am sure, I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull⁵;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; Who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies⁶;
That she may boast, she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comick sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.—

⁵ — and his trull;] So afterwards:

“ Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtesan.”

See also p. 26, n. 4. MALONE.

⁶ — where she lies;] i. e. where she dwells. See Vol. V. p. 363,
n. 9. MALONE.

Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*—You perceive my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess, and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger, and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see, report is fabulous and false:
I thought, I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:

It

It cannot be, this weak and writhled⁷ shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you :
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now ?—Go ask him, whither he
goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot ; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with keys,

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner ! to whom ?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord ;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs :
But now the substance shall endure the like ;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captive⁸.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha !

Count. Laughest thou, wretch ? thy mirth shall turn to
moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond⁹,
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man ?

⁷ — *writhled*—] i. e. *wrinkled*. The word is used by Spenser. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*wrixled*, which has been followed in subsequent editions. MALONE.

⁸ — *captive*.] So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599 :

“ If not destroy'd and bound, and *captive*,

“ If *captive*, then forc'd from holy faith.” STEEVENS.

⁹ — *so fond*,] i. e. so foolish. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II :

“ *Fondly* brought here, and foolishly sent hence.” STEEVENS.

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce¹;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I shew you presently.

*He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a peal of ordnance.
The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;

¹ This is a riddling merchant, &c.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"What saucy merchant was this." See a note on this passage, Act II.
sc. iv. STEEVENS.

For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

London. *The Temple Garden.*

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK; Richard PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at-once, If I maintain'd the truth;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,

² *Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?* So all the editions.
There is apparently a want of opposition between the two questions. I
once read,

Or else was wrangling Somerset i'th' right? JOHNSON.

Sir. T. Hanmer would read—*And was not*— STEEVENS.

So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significant³ proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me⁴.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours⁵; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected⁶;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,

³ *In dumb significant*—] I suspect, we should read—*significance*.

MALONE.

⁴ *From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.*] This is given as the original of the two badges of the houses of York and Lancaster, whether truly or not, is no great matter. WARBURTON.

⁵ *I love no colours;*] *Colours* is here used ambiguously for *tints* and *dejects*. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *well objected* ;] Properly thrown in our way, justly proposed.

JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's Version of the 21st Book of Homer's *Odyssey*:

“ Excites Penelope t' object the prize

“ (The bow and bright steels) to the woer's strength. STEEV.

And

And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you; [*To Som.*
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear; but anger,—that thy cheeks⁷
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion⁸, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and
thee.

⁷ —but anger,—that thy cheeks, &c.] i. e. it is not for fear that my cheeks look pale, but for anger; anger produced by this circumstance, namely, that thy cheeks blush, &c. MALONE.

⁸ I scorn thee and thy fashion,] Dr. Warburton understands by *fashion* “the badge of the red rose which Somerset said he and his friends should be distinguished by. Mr. Theobald with great probability reads—*faction*. Plantagenet afterward uses the same word

“ — this pale and angry rose—

“ Will I for ever, and my *faction*, wear.”

In *K. Henry V.* we have *pation* for *faction*. MALONE.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!

We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence*,
Third son to the third Edward king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen⁹ from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege¹,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom:

Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?

And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt² from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker³ Poole, and you yourself,

I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this apprehension⁴:

* *His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence.*] The author mistakes. Plantagenet's paternal grandfather was Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. His maternal grandfather was Roger Mortimer, Earl of Marche, who was the son of Philippa the daughter of Lionel Duke of Clarence. That duke therefore was his maternal great great grandfather. See Vol. V. p. 139, n. 6. MALONE.

⁹ *Spring crestless yeomen*—] i. e. those who have no right to arms. WARBURTON.

¹ —*on the place's privilege*,] The Temple, being a religious house, was an asylum, a place of exemption, from violence, revenge, and bloodshed. JOHNSON.

² *Corrupted, and exempt*—] *Exempt, for excluded.* WARBURTON.

³ *For your partaker*—] A *partaker* in old language was an accomplice; a person joined in the same party with another. MALONE.

⁴ —*for this apprehension*:] i. e. opinion. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald reads—*reprehension.* MALONE.

Look to it well ; and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still :
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes ;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate⁵,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear ;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition !
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. *[Exit.]*

Som. Have with thee, Poole. — Farewell, ambitious
Richard. *[Exit.]*

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it !

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out⁶ in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster :
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.

Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose :
And here I prophesy, — This brawl to-day
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

⁵ — this pale and angry rose,

As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale. —

“ And, trust me, love, in mine eye so do you :

“ Dry sorrow drinks our blood.” STEEVENS.

A badge is called a *cognisance à cognoscendo*, because by it such persons as do wear it upon their sleeves, their shoulders, or in their hats, are manifestly known whose servants they are. In heraldry the *cognisance* is seated upon the most eminent part of the helmet. TOLLET.

⁶ *Shall be wip'd out* —] Old Copy — *whip's*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir⁷.

Come, let us four to dinner : I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same. A Room in the Tower.

*Enter MORTIMER*⁸, *brought in a chair by two keepers.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,

Let

⁷ —gentle sir.] The latter word, which yet does not complete the metre, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁸ *Enter Mortimer.*] Mr. Edwards, in his Ms. notes, observes, that Shakspeare has varied from the truth of history, to introduce this scene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet. Edmund Mortimer served under Henry V. in 1422, and died unconfined in Ireland in 1424. Holinshed says, that Mortimer was one of the mourners at the funeral of Henry V.

His uncle, Sir John Mortimer, was indeed prisoner in the tower, and was executed not long before the earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his escape in order to stir up an insurrection in Wales. STEEVENS.

A half-informed *Remarker* on this note seems to think that he has totally overturned it, by quoting the following passage from Hall's *Chronicle*: "During whiche parliament [held in the third year of Henry VI. 1425,] came to London Peter Duke of Quimber,—whiche of the Duke of Exeter, &c. was highly fested—. During whych season Edmond Mortimer, the last Erle of Marche of that name, (whiche long tyme had bene restrayned from hys liberty and finally waxed lame,) disceaied without yssue, whose inheritance descended to Lord Richard Plantagenet," &c. as if a circumstance which Hall has mentioned to mark the time of Mortimer's death, necessarily ascertained the place where it happened also. The fact is, that this Edmund Mortimer did *not* die in London, but at Trim in Ireland. He did not however die in confinement (as Sandford has erroneously asserted in his *Genealogical History*. See *K. Henry IV.* P. I. p. 139, n. 6.); and whether he ever was confined, (except by Owen Glendower) may be doubted, notwithstanding the assertion of Hall. Hardyng, who lived at the time, says he was treated with the greatest kindness and care both by Henry IV. (to whom he was a *ward*,) and by his son Henry V. See his *Chronicle*, 1543, fol. 229. He was certainly at liberty in the year 1415. having a few days before King Henry failed from Southampton divulged to him in that town the traitorous intentions of his brother-in-law Richard Earl of Cambridge, by which he probably conciliated the friendship of the young king. He at that time received a general pardon from Henry, and

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself⁹.—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,

and was employed by him in a naval enterprize. At the coronation of Queen Catharine he attended and held the sceptre.

Soon after the accession of King Henry VI. he was constituted by the English Regency chief governour of Ireland, an office which he executed by a deputy of his own appointment. In the latter end of the year 1424, he went himself to that country, to protect the great inheritance which he derived from his grandmother Philippa, (daughter to Lionel Duke of Clarence) from the incursions of some Irish chieftains, who were aided by a body of Scottish rovers; but soon after his arrival died of the plague in his Castle at Trim, in January 1624-5.

This Edmond Mortimer was, I believe, confounded by the author of this play, and by the old historians, with his uncle, who was perhaps forty-five years old at his death. Edmond Mortimer at the time of his death could not have been above thirty years old; for supposing that his grandmother Philippa was married at fifteen, in 1376, his father Roger could not have been born till 1377; and if he married at the early age of sixteen, Edmond was born in 1394.

This family had great possessions in Ireland, in consequence of the marriage of Lionel Duke of Clarence with the daughter of the Earl of Ulster, in 1360, and were long connected with that country. Lionel was for some time Viceroy of Ireland, and was created by his father Edward III. Duke of *Clarence*, in consequence of possessing the honour of *Clare*, in the county of Thomond. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who married Philippa the duke's only daughter, succeeded him in the government of Ireland, and died in his office, at St. Dominick's Abbey near Cork, in December 1381. His son Roger Mortimer was twice Vicegerent of Ireland, and was slain at a place called Kenles in Ossory, in 1398. Edmund his son, the Mortimer of this play, was, as has been already mentioned, also Chief Governour of Ireland, in the years 1623, and 1624, and died there in 1625. His nephew and heir, Richard Duke of York, (the Plantagenet of this play) was in 1449 constituted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for ten years, with extraordinary powers; and his son George Duke of Clarence (who was afterwards murdered in the Tower) was born in the Castle of Dublin in 1450. This prince filled the same office which so many of his ancestors had possessed, being constituted Chief Governour of Ireland for *life*, by his brother King Edward IV. in the third year of his reign. MALONE.

⁹ *Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.*—] I know not whether Milton did not take from this hint the lines with which he opens his tragedy. JOHNSON.

Rather from the beginning of the last scene of the third act of the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides:

Tiresias. Ἦγὺ πάροιθε, θύγατερ, ὡς τυφλῷ ποδὶ
Ὀφθαλμοῦ εἴ σὺ, ταυράταισιν ἄστρον ὄς,

Δευρ εἰς τὸ λευρὸν πᾶν ὄχρος τιθεῖσ' ἐμὸν, &c. STEVENS.

So

So fare my limbs with long imprisonment :
 And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death¹,
 Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
 'These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,—
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent²:
 Weak shoulders, over-borne with burth'ning grief;
 And pithless arms³, like to a wither'd vine
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground:—
 Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,
 Unable to support this lump of clay,—
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
 As witting I no other comfort have.—
 But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1. *Keep.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come :
 We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
 And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfy'd,—
 Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
 Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
 (Before whose glory I was great in arms)
 'This loathsome sequestration have I had⁴;
 And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
 Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
 But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries⁵,
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;
 I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
 That so he might recover what was lost.

¹ — *pursuivants of death,*] Pursuivants. The heralds that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach. JOHNSON.

² — *as drawing to their exigent:*] Exigent, end. JOHNSON.
 So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

“Hath driven her to some desperate exigent.” STEEVENS.

³ *And pithless arms,*] *Pith* was used for *marrow*, and, figuratively, for *strength*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,—*
This loathsome sequestration have I had;] Here again, the author certainly is mistaken. See p. 44, n. 8. MALONE.

⁵ — *kind umpire of men's miseries,*] That is, he that terminates or concludes misery. The expression is harsh and forced. JOHNSON.

Enter Richard PLANTAGENET.

1. *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease⁶.

This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was curst instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done,
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,

⁶ — I'll tell thee my disease.] *Disease* seems to be here *uneasiness* or *discontent*. JOHNSON.

It is so used by other ancient writers, and by Shakspeare elsewhere.
Thus likewise in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Book III. c. 5:

“But labour'd long in that deep ford with vain *disease*.”

STEEVENS.

Depos'd

Depos'd his nephew⁷ Richard; Edward's son,
 The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
 Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
 During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
 Finding his usurpation most unjust,
 Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
 The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
 Was—for that (young Richard thus removed,
 Leaving no heir begotten of his body,)
 I was the next by birth and parentage;
 For by my mother I derived am
 From Lionel duke of Clarence, third son
 To king Edward the Third, whereas he,
 From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
 Being but fourth of that heroick line.
 But mark; as, in this haughty great attempt*,
 They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
 I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
 Long after this, when Henry the fifth,—
 Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
 Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd
 From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
 Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
 Again, in pity of my hard distress,
 Levied an army*; weening to redeem,
 And have install'd me in the diadem:
 But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,

7 — *his nephew Richard*;] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read—*his cousin*—but without necessity. *Nephew* has sometimes the power of the Latin *nepos*, and is used with great laxity among our ancient English writers. Thus in *Otello*, Iago tells Brabantio—he shall “have his *nephews* (i. e. the children of his own daughter) neigh to him.” STEEVENS.

I believe the mistake here arose from the author's ignorance; and that he conceived Richard to be Henry's nephew. MALONE.

8 — *in this haughty great attempt*,] *Haughty* is *high*. JOHNSON.

* *Levied an army*;] Here is again another falsification of history: Cambridge levied no army, but was apprehended at Southampton, the night before Henry sailed from that town for France, on the information of this very Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. MALONE.

In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have;

And that my fainting words do warrant death:

Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather⁹:

But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:

But yet, methinks, my father's execution

Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politick;

Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,

And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.

But now thy uncle is removing hence;

As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd

With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, 'would some part of my young years

Might but redeem the passage of your age *!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaught'rer doth,

Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;

Only, give order for my funeral;

And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes¹!

And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war! [*Diss.*]

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,

And like a hermit over-pass'd thy days.—

Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;

And what I do imagine, let that rest.—

Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself

⁹ *Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:]* The sense is, I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequences which may be collected from thence, I recommend it to thee to draw. HEATH.

* *O, uncle, 'would some part of my young years*

Might but redeem, &c.] This thought has some resemblance to that of the following lines, which are supposed to be addressed by a married lady who died very young, to her husband. The inscription is, I think, in the church of Trent:

“Immatura perî; sed tu diuturnior annos

“Vive meos, conjux optime, vive tuos.” MALONE.

¹ — *and fair be all thy hopes,]* Fair is lucky, or prosperous. So we say, a fair wind, and fair fortune. JOHNSON.

Will see his burial better than his life.—

[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out Mortimer.*]

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort²:—
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,—
I doubt not, but with honour to redress:
And therefore haste I to the parliament;
Either to be restor'd to my blood,
Or make my ill³ the advantage of my good. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. The Parliament-house⁴.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the Bishop of Winchester, Richard PLANTAGENET, and Others. GLOSTER offers to put up a bill^{}; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,

² *Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:—*] We are to understand the speaker as reflecting on the ill fortune of Mortimer, in being always made a tool of by the Percies of the North in their rebellious intrigues; rather than in asserting his claim to the crown, in support of his own princely ambition. *WARBURTON.*

³ *— or make my ill—*] i. e. my ill usage. The old copy has—*will*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. *MALONE.*

⁴ *The Parliament-house.*] This parliament was held in 1426 at Leicester, though the author of this play has represented it to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first parliament which was held at London shortly after his father's death, his mother Queen Catharine brought the young king from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne of the parliament-house with the infant in her lap. *MALONE.*

^{*} *— put up a bill;*] i. e. articles of accusation, for in this sense the word *bill* was sometimes used. To *put up a bill* also appears to have signified what we now call *bringing in a bill*. So, in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: "That's the cause we have so manie bad workmen now adaies: *put up a bill* against them next parliament," *MALONE.*

Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,
 Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
 Do it without invention suddenly;
 As I with sudden and extemporal speech
 Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,

Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
 Think not, although in writing I prefer'd
 The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
 That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
 No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
 Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
 As very infants prattle of thy pride.
 Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
 Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
 A man of thy profession, and degree;
 And for thy treachery, What's more manifest?
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
 As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
 Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
 The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
 To give me hearing what I shall reply.
 If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
 As he will have me, How am I so poor?
 Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
 Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
 And for dissention, Who preferreth peace
 More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
 No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
 It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
 It is, because no one should sway but he;
 No one, but he, should be about the king;
 And that engenders thunder in his breast,
 And makes him roar these accusations forth.

E 2

But

But he shall know, I am as good—

Glo. As good?

Thou bastard of my grandfather⁵!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir; For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, faucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an out-law in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then⁶.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear⁷.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not over-borne.

Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;

It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?

Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;

⁵ *Thou bastard of my grandfather!*—] The bishop of Winchester was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by Catharine Swynford, whom the duke afterwards married. MALONE.

⁶ *Roam thither then.*] *Roam* to Rome. To *roam* is supposed to be derived from the cant of vagabonds, who often pretended a pilgrimage to Rome. JOHNSON.

The jingle between *roam* and *Rome* is common to other writers. So, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: "— three hundred thousand people *roamed* to *Rome* for purgatorie pills," &c. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.*] This line, in the old copy, is joined to the former hemistich spoken by Warwick. The modern editors have very properly given it to Somerset, for whom it seems to have been meant.

Ay, see, the bishop be not over-borne,
was as erroneously given in the next speech to Somerset instead of Warwick, to whom it has been since restored. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Left

Left it be said, *Speak, firrab, when you should;*
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?

Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

[*Aside.*]

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,

The special watchmen of our English weal;

I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,

To join your hearts in love and amity.

O, what a scandal is it to our crown,

That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!

Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,

Civil dissention is a viperous worm,

That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.—

[*A noise within*; Down with the tawny coats!

What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,

Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again*, Stones! Stones!

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—

Pity the city of London, pity us!

The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,

Forbidden late to carry any weapon,

Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;

And, banding themselves in contrary parts,

Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,

That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:

Our windows are broke down in every street,

And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the retainers of GLOSTER and WIN-
CHESTER, with bloody pates.

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,

To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.

Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1. Serv. Nay, if we be

Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2. Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glo.

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight^s aside.

3. *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none, but to his majesty:

And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the common-weal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate⁹,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Skirmish again.*]

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!—
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my lord protector;—yield, Winchester;—
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

^s — unaccustom'd fight—] *Unaccustom'd* is *unseemly, indecent.*

JOHNSON.

⁹ — an inkhorn mate,] *A bookman.* JOHNSON.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird¹.—
For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not! [*Aside.*]

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1. *Serv.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2. *Serv.* And so will I.

3. *Serv.* And I will see what physick the tavern affords.

[*Exeunt* Servants, Mayor, &c.]

War. Accept this scrowl, most gracious sovereign;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet
prince,

An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especially, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.

¹ — *batb a kindly gird.*—] A kindly gird is a *gentle* or *friend'y re-*
proof. Falstaff observes, that—"men of all sorts take a pride to gird
at him:" and in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Baptista says: "—Tranio
bite you now:" to which Lucentio answers:

"I thank thee for that *gird*, good Tranio." STEEVENS.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone²,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;
And, in requerdon of that duty done³,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rise created princely duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York! [*Aside.*]

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Exeunt all but Exeter.*]

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love⁴,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,

² — *that alone*,] By a mistake probably of the transcriber the old copy reads—that *all* alone. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

³ — *requerdon*—] Recompence, return. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love*,]
Ignes suppositos cineri doloso. HOR. MALONE.

Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
 So will this base and envious discord breed⁵.
 And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
 Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
 Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
 That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;
 And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
 Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
 His days may finish ere that hapless time⁶.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

France. Before Rouen.

Enter LA PUCELLE *disguis'd*, and Soldiers *dressed like*
countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen*,
 Through which our policy must make a breach:
 Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
 Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
 That come to gather money for their corn.
 If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall,)
 And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
 I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
 That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1. Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city⁷,
 And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
 Therefore we'll knock.

[Knocks.

Guard. [*within.*] *Qui est là*⁸?

⁵ *So will this base and envious discord breed.*] That is, so will the malignity of this discord propagate itself, and advance. JOHNSON.

⁶ *His days may finish, &c.*] The Duke of Exeter died shortly after the meeting of this parliament, and the Earl of Warwick was appointed governour or tutor to the king in his room. MALONE.

* — *the gates of Rouen,*] Here, and throughout the play, in the old copy we have *Roan*, which was the old spelling of *Rouen*. The word, consequently, is used as a monosyllable. See Vol. V. p. 520, n. *. MALONE.

⁷ *Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,*] Falstaff has the same quibble, shewing his bottle of sack: "Here's that will sack a city."

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Qui est là ?*] Old Copy—*Che la*. For the emendation I am answerable. MALONE.

Puc.

Puc. Paisans, pauvres gens de France :
 Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter, go in ; the market-bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground,
 [PUCELLE, &c. enter the city.]

Enter CHARLES, BASTARD of Orleans, ALENÇON, and forces.

Char. Saint Dennis blefs this happy stratagem !
 And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practifants⁹ :
 Now she is there, how will she specify
 Where is * the best and safest passage in ?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower ;
 Which, once discern'd, shews, that her meaning is,—
 No way to that¹, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE on a battlement ; holding out a torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
 That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen ;
 But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles ! the beacon of our friend,
 The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
 A prophet to the fall of all our foes !

Alen. Defer no time, Delays have dangerous ends ;
 Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin !*—presently,
 And then do execution on the watch. [They enter.]

Alarums. Enter TALBOT and certain English.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
 If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—

⁹ Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practifants :] *Practifce*, in the language of that time, was *treachery*, and perhaps in the softer sense *stratagem*. *Practifants* are therefore *confederates in stratagem*. JOHNSON.

* Where is—] Old Copy—Here is. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

¹ No way to that,] That is, no way equal to that, no way so fit as that. JOHNSON.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned forcerefs,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France².

[*Exeunt to the town.*]

Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD,
brought in sick, in a chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY,
and the English forces. Then, enter on the walls,
LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON³,
and Others.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:

'Twas full of darnel; Do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan!

I trust, ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a
lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despight,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,

And twit with cowardice a man half dead?

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,

Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy
peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[*TALBOT, and the rest, consult together.*]

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

² — the pride of France.] *Pride* signifies the haughty power.

WARBURTON.

³ — Alençon,] *Alençon* Sir T. Hanmer has replaced here, instead of Reignier, because Alençon, not Reignier, appears in the ensuing scene. JOHNSON.

Puc.

Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains: let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here.

[*Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c. from the walls.*]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by publick wrongs, sustain'd in France,)
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter⁴, sick,

Came

⁴ — once I read,

[*That stout Pendragon, in his litter, &c.*] This hero was Uther
Pendragon, brother to Aurelius, and father to king Arthur.

Shakspeare, has imputed to Pendragon an exploit of Aurelius, who,
says

Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and forces, leaving
BEDFORD, and Others.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir John FASTOLFFE, and
a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolffe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,

All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

says Holinshed, "even sicke of a flixe as he was, caused himselfe to be carried forth in a litter: with whose presence his people were so encouraged, that encountering with the Saxons they wan the victorie." *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 99.

Harding, however, in his *Chronicle*, (as I learn from Dr. Grey) gives the following account of Uther Pendragon:

"For which the king ordain'd a horse-litter

"To bear him so then unto Verolame,

"Where Ocea lay, and Oyfa also in fear,

"That saint Albones now hight of noble fame,

"Bet downe the walles; but to him forth they came,

"Where in battayle Ocea and Oyfa were slayn.

"The felde he had, and thereof was full fayne." STEEVENS.

⁵ —*save myself by flight*;] I have no doubt that it was the exaggerated representation of Sir John Fastolfe's cowardice which the author of this play has given, that induced Shakspeare to give the name of Falstaff to his knight. Sir John Fastolffe did indeed fly at the battle of Patay in the year 1429; and is reproached by Talbot, in a subsequent scene, for his conduct on that occasion; but no historian has said that he fled before Rouen. The change of the name had been already made, for throughout the old copy of this play this flying general is erroneously called *Falstaffe*. MALONE.

Retreat:

Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c. and Exit flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please⁶;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Dies*⁷, and is carried off in his chair.

Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and Others.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:

Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think, her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.

Bur. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:

⁶ *Now, quiet soul, depart, &c.*] So, in St. Luke, ii. 29. "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." STEEVENS.

⁷ *Dies, &c.*] The Duke of Bedford died at Rouen in September, 1435, but not in any action before that town. MALONE.

But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

The same. The Plains near the city.

Enter CHARLES, *the Bastard*, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE,
and forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirp'd⁸ from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France⁹,
And

⁸ *But be extirp'd—*] To *extirp* is to root out. So, in Lord Sterling's *Darius*, 1603:

“The world shall gather to *extirp* our name.” STEEVENS.

⁹ —expuls'd from France,] i. e. expelled. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:

“The

And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end. [*Drums heard.*]
Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

*An English March. Enter and pass over, at a distance,
TALBOT and his forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

*A French March. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY and
forces.*

Now, in the rereward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*A parley sounded.*]

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching
hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!

Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe¹,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!

"The *expulſed* Apicata finds them there."

Again, in Drayton's *Muses Elizium*:

"And if you *expulſe* them there,

"They'll hang upon your braided hair." STEEVENS.

¹ — on her lowly babe,] i. e. lying low in death. JOHNSON.

O, turn

O, turn thy edged sword another way ;
 Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help !
 One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
 Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore ;
 Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
 And wash away thy country's stained spots !

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
 Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
 Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
 Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
 That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake ?
 When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
 And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
 Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
 And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive ?
 Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof ;—
 Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe ?
 And was he not in England prisoner ?
 But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
 They set him free, without his ransom paid,
 In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
 See then ! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
 And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
 Come, come, return ; return, thou wand'ring lord ;
 Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished ; these haughty words of hers
 Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot²,

²— these haughty words of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,] How these lines came
 hither I know not ; there was nothing in the speech of Joan haughty
 or violent : it was all soft entreaty and mild expostulation. JOHNSON.

Baught here certainly signifies *bigb*, *lofty*. So, in the first act the
 Dauphin says to La Pucelle :

“ Thou hast astonish'd me with thy *bigb* terms.”

We have already in this play had the word *baught* in the same
 sense. See p. 48 :

“ But mark ; as, in this *baught* great attempt,—”

Again, in Act IV. sc. i :

“ Valiant and virtuous, full of *baught* courage.” MALONE.

And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
 And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
 My forces and my power of men are yours;—
 So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again³!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us
 fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
 And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
 And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and other Lords, VER-
 NON, BASSET, &c. To them TALBOT, and some of
 his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—
 Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
 I have a while given truce unto my wars,
 To do my duty to my sovereign:
 In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
 To your obedience fifty fortresses,
 Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
 Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
 Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
 And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
 Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
 First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,

3 *Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!*] So afterwards:

“In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation—.” MALONE.
 The inconstancy of the French was always the subject of satire. I
 have read a dissertation written to prove that the index of the wind
 upon our steeples was made in form of a cock, to ridicule the French
 for their frequent changes. JOHNSON.

K. Hen.

That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!
When I was young, (as yet I am not old,) I do remember how my father said *,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd ⁴ with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, GLO. TAL. and Nobles.*]

Ver. Now, fir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear ⁵
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Baf. Yes, fir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Baf. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[*strikes him.*]

Baf. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death ⁶;

Or

* *I do remember how my father said,*] The author of this play was not a very correct historian. Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and he never saw him. MALONE.

⁴ *Or been reguerdon'd—*] i. e. rewarded. The word was obsolete even in the time of Shakspeare. Chaucer uses it in the *Boke of Boethius*. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *these colours that I wear*] This was the badge of a rose, and not an officer's scarf. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. sc. ult.

"And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop." TOLLET.

⁶ *That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death;*] I believe the line should be written as it is in the folio:

Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood,
 But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
 I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
 When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
 And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. A Room of state.

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK,
 SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WAR-
 WICK, TALBOT, the Governour of PARIS, and
 Others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glo. Now, governour of Paris, take your oath,—

[*Governour kneels.*]

That, who so draws a sword—

i. e. (as Dr. Warburton has observed) with a menace, in the court, or in the presence-chamber. STEEVENS.

Johnson, in his collection of *Ecclesiastical Laws*, has preserved the following, which was made by Ina, king of the West Saxons, 693. “If any one fight in the king’s house, let him forfeit all his estate, and let the king deem whether he shall live or not.” GREY.

Sir William Blackstone observes, that “by the ancient law, before the conquest, *fighting in the king’s palace*, or before the king’s judges, *was punished with death*. So too, in the old Gothick constitution, there were many places privileged by law, *quibus major reverentia et securitas debetur, ut templa et judicia, quæ sancta habebantur*,—arces et aula regis,—*denique locus quilibet præsentæ aut adventante rege*. And at present, with us, by the Stat. 33 Hen. VIII. c. 12. malicious striking in the king’s palace, wherein his royal person resides, whereby blood is drawn, is punishable by perpetual imprisonment and fine, at the king’s pleasure, and also with loss of the offender’s right hand; the solemn execution of which sentence is prescribed in the statute at length.” COMM. IV. 124. “By the ancient common law, before the conquest, striking in the king’s courts of justice, or drawing a sword therein, was a capital felony.” *Ibid.* p. 125. REED.

That

That you elect no other king but him :
 Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends ;
 And none your foes, but such as shall pretend⁷
 Malicious practices against his state :
 This shall ye do, so help you righteous God !

[*Exeunt Gov. and his Train.*]

Enter Sir John FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
 To haste unto your coronation,
 A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
 Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee !
 I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
 To tear the garter from thy craven's leg, [*plucking it off.*]
 (Which I have done) because unworthily
 Though wast installed in that high degree.—
 Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest :
 This dastard, at the battle of Patay⁸,—
 When but in all I was six thousand strong,
 And that the French were almost ten to one,—
 Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
 Like to a trusty squire, did run away ;

⁷ — *such as shall pretend*—] To pretend is to design, to intend.

JOHNSON.

⁸ — *at the battle of Patay*,—] The old copy has *Poitiers*. The error was pointed out by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

The battle of Poitiers was fought in the year 1357, the 31st of king Edward III. and the scene now lies in the 7th year of the reign of king Henry VI. viz. 1428. This blunder may be justly imputed to the players or transcribers ; nor can we very well justify ourselves for permitting it to continue so long, as it was too glaring to have escaped an attentive reader. The action of which Shakspeare is now speaking, happened (according to Holinshed) "neere unto a village in Beausse called *Pataie*," which we should read, instead of *Poitiers*. "From this battell departed without anie stroke striken, *Sir John Fastolfe*, the same yeere by his valiantnesse elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter," &c. Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 601. STEEVENS.

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men ;
 Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
 Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
 Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss ;
 Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
 This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
 And ill beseeming any common man ;
 Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
 Knights of the garter were of noble birth ;
 Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage⁹,
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
 But always resolute in most extremes.
 He then, that is not furnish'd in this fort,
 Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
 Profaning this most honourable order ;
 And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen ! thou hear'st thy doom :
 Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight ;
 Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[*Exit FASTOLFE.*]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
 Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his
 style ?

[*viewing the superscription.*]

No more but, plain and bluntly,—*To the king ?*
 Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign ?
 Or doth this churlish superscription
 Pretend some alteration in good will ?

⁹ —haughty courage,] *Haughty* is here in its original sense for *bigb.* JOHNSON.

¹ Pretend *some alteration in good will ?*] Thus the old copy. To *pretend* seems to be here used in its Latin sense, i. e. to *bold out*, to *stretch forward*. It may mean, however, as in other places, to *design*. Modern editors read—*portend*. STEEVENS.

What's here?—*I have, upon especial cause,—* [Reads.

Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—

Forfaken your pernicious faction,

And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst, this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse:—

How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented²,

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:

Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;

And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,

You may behold confusion of your foes.

[Exit.

Enter VERNON, and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant; Hear him, noble prince!

Som. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour him!

K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—

Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

² — *I am prevented,*] *Prevented* is here, *anticipated*; a Latinism.

MALONE.

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Baf. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Baf. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with 'envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth³,
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions, at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somersset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins-both, of York and Somersset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be try'd by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;

³ — did repugn the truth,] To repugn is to resist. The word is used by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

It is found in Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616. MALONE.
Betwixt

Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York, There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Baf. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!

Presumptuous vassals! are you not ashamed,

With this immodest clamorous outrage

To trouble and disturb the king and us?

And you, my lords,—methinks, you do not well,

To bear with their perverse objections;

Much less, to take occasion from their mouths

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;

Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness;— Good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants:

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,

Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—

And you, my lords,—remember where we are;

In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:

If they perceive dissention in our looks,

And that within ourselves we disagree,

How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd

To wilful disobedience, and rebel?

Beside, What infamy will there arise,

When foreign princes shall be certify'd,

That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,

King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,

Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?

O, think upon the conquest of my father,

My tender years; and let us not forego

That for a trifle, that was bought with blood!

Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [*putting on a red rose.*]

That any one should therefore be suspicious

I more incline to Somerset, than York:

Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:

As well they may upbraid me with my crown,

Because,

Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
 But your discretions better can persuade,
 Than I am able to instruct or teach :
 And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
 So let us still continue peace and love.—
 Cousin of York, we institute your grace
 To be our regent in these parts of France :—
 And good my lord of Somerset, unite
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot ;—
 And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
 Go cheerfully together, and digest
 Your angry choler on your enemies,
 Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
 After some respite, will return to Calais ;
 From thence to England ; where I hope ere long
 To be presented, by your victories,
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traiterous rout.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* King HENRY, GLO. SOM. WIN.
 SUF. and BASSET.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
 Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did ; but yet I like it not,
 In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush ! that was but his fancy, blame him not ;
 I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wist, he did³,—But let it rest ;
 Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice :
 For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
 I fear, we should have seen decypher'd there
 More rancorous spight, more furious raging broils,

³ *And, if I wist, be did,—*] The old copy reads—if I *wissh*.

MALONE.

I read, I *wissh*. The pret. of the old obsolete verb I *wis*, which is
 used by Shakspeare in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ There be fools alive, I *wis*,

“ Silver'd o'er, and so was this.” STEEVENS.

'Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
 But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of nobility,
 This should'ring of each other in the court,
 This factious bandying of their favourites,
 But that it doth presage some ill event⁴.
 'Tis much⁵, when scepters are in children's hands;
 But more, when envy breeds unkind division⁶;
 There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

France. *Before Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, with his forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
 Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General of the French forces, and Others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
 Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
 And thus he would,—Open your city gates,
 Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
 And do him homage as obedient subjects,
 And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
 But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire⁷;
 Who,

⁴ — *it doth presage some ill event.*] That is, it doth presage to him that sees this discord, &c. that some ill event will happen. MALONE.

⁵ 'Tis much,—] In our author's time, this phrase meant—'Tis strange, or wonderful. See *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 208, n. 8. This meaning being included in the word *much*, the word *strange* is perhaps understood in the next line: "But more strange," &c. The construction however may be, But 'tis *much more*, when, &c. MALONE.

⁶ — *when envy breeds unkind division* ;] *Envy* in old English writers frequently means *enmity*. *Unkind* is unnatural. See Vol. III. p. 116, l. 9; and p. 164, n. 8. MALONE.

⁷ *Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire* ;] The author of this play followed Hall's *Chronicle*: "The Goddesse of warre, called

Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love⁸.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortify'd,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery⁹
Upon no christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal¹;

For

ed Bellona—hath these three *band-maidens* ever of necessitie attendynge on her; *Bloud, Fyre, and Famine*; whiche thre damosels be of that force and strength that every one of them alone is able and sufficient to torment and afflict a proud prince; and they all joyned together are of puissance to destroy the most populous countrey and most richest region of the world." MALONE.

⁸ — their love.] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*our* love. "*Their* love" may mean, the peaceable demeanour of my three attendants; their forbearing to injure you. But the expression is harsh. MALONE.

⁹ *To rive their dangerous artillery*] *Rive* their artillery seems to mean charge their artillery so much as to endanger their bursting. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ajax bids the trumpeter blow so loud, as to crack his lungs and split his brazen pipe. TOLLET.

¹ — due thee withal;] To *due* is to *endue*, to *deck*, to *grace*.

JOHNSON.

It means, I think, to honour by giving thee thy *due*, thy merited elogium. *Due* was substituted for *dew*, the reading of the old copy, by Mr. Theobald. *Dew* was sometimes the old spelling of *due*, as *Hew* was of *Hugb*. MALONE.

The

For ere the glafs, that now begins to run,
Finish the procefs of his fandy hour,
Thefe eyes, that fee thee now well coloured,
Shall fee thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Hark ! hark ! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy mufick to thy timorous foul ;
And mine fhall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c. from the walls.*]

Tal. He fables not², I hear the enemy ;—
Out, fome light horfemen, and perufe their wings.—
O, negligent and heedlefs difcipline !
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale ;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs !
If we be Englifh deer, be then in blood³ :
Not rafcal-like⁴, to fall down with a pinch ;
But rather moody-mad, and desperate ftags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of fteel⁵,
And make the cowards ftand aloof at bay :

The old copy reads—*dew* thee withal ; and perhaps rightly. The *dew of praife* is an expreffion I have met with in other poets. Shakfpeare uſes the ſame verb in *Macbeth* :

“ To *dew* the ſovereign flow'r, and drown the weeds.”

Again, in the ſecond part of *King Henry VI* :

“ — give me thy hand,

“ That I may *dew* it with my mournful tears.” STEEVENS.

² He *fables not*,] This expreffion Milton has borrowed in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle* :

“ She *fables not*, I feel that I do fear.”

It occurs again in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599 :

“ — good father, *fable not* with him.” STEEVENS.

³ — be then in blood ;] Be in high ſpirits, be of true mettle.

JOHNSON.

This was a phraſe of the foreſt. See *Love's Labour's Loſt*, p. 366, n. 8 : “ The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis, blood*.” Again, in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616 : “ Tenderlings. The ſoft tops of a deere's horns, when they are in *blood*.” MALONE.

⁴ Not rafcal-like,] A rafcal deer is the term of chafe for lean poor deer. JOHNSON.

⁵ — with heads of fteel,] Continuing the image of the deer, he ſuppoſes the lances to be their horns. JOHNSON.

Sell

Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us⁶, my friends.—
 God, and saint George! Talbot, and England's right!
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Plains in Gascony.

Enter YORK, with forces; to him a Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
 That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
 That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
 To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
 By your espials were discovered
 Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
 Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bour-
 deaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somersset;
 That thus delays my promised supply
 Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
 Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
 And I am lowted⁷ by a traitor villain,
 And cannot help the noble chevalier:
 God comfort him in this necessity!
 If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

⁶ —dear deer of us,] The same quibble occurs in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.:

“Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

“Though many a dearer, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁷ And I am lowted—] To lowt may signify to depress, to lower, to dishonour; but I do not remember it so used. We may read—*And I am flouted. I am mocked,* and treated with contempt. JOHNSON.

To lout, in Chaucer, signifies to submit. To submit is to let down. So, Dryden:

“Sometimes the hill submits itself a while,

“In small descents,” &c. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, I am treated with contempt, like a lowt, or low country fellow. MALONE.

Enter

Enter Sir William Lucy.*

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor, and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son young John; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done⁸.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Bloys, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [Exit.

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition⁹
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,

* *Enter Sir William Lucy.*] In the old copy we have only—"Enter a Messenger." But it appears from the subsequent scene that the messenger was Sir William Lucy. MALONE.

⁸ — *are done.*] i. e. expended, consumed. The word is yet used in this sense in the Western counties. MALONE.

⁹ — *the vulture*—] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus. JOHNSON.
Sleeping

Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
 The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
 That ever-living man of memory,
 Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
 Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Other Plains of Gascony.

Enter SOMERSET, with his forces; an Officer of TALBOT'S with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
 This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
 Too rashly plotted; all our general force
 Might with a fall of the very town
 Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
 Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
 By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
 York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
 That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
 Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, sir William? whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord
 Talbot¹;

Who, ring'd about² with bold adversity,
 Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
 To beat assailing death from his weak legions³.

¹ —from bought and sold Lord Talbot;] i. e. from one utterly ruin'd by the treacherous practices of others. So, in *K. Richard III.*:

“Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,

“For Dickon thy master is *bought and sold.*”

The expression appears to have been proverbial. See Vol. IV. p. 558, n. 6. MALONE.

² —ring'd about—] Environed, encircled. JOHNSON.

³ —his weak legions.] Old Copy—regions. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring⁴, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation⁵.

Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yield up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent, and had the
horse:

I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

⁴ — in *advantage ling'ring*,] Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post. JOHNSON.

Or perhaps, endeavouring by every means that he can, with *advantage* to himself, to linger out the action, &c. MALONE.

⁵ — *worthless emulation*.] In this line *emulation* signifies merely rivalry, not struggle for superior excellence. JOHNSON.

So Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida* says, that the Grecian chiefs were

" — grown to an envious fever

" Of pale and bloodless emulation." MASON.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The English Camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, and John his son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death⁶,
A terrible and unavoided⁷ danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood⁸.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He, that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then, let me stay: and, father, do you fly:

⁶ — *a feast of death,*] To a field where death will be feasted with slaughter. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *unavoided—*] for *unavoidable*. MALONE.

⁸ — *noble Talbot stood.*] For what reason this scene is written in rhyme, I cannot guess. If Shakspeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verses in the same manner, I should have suspected that this dialogue had been a part of some other poem which was never finished, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inserted it here. JOHNSON.

Your

Your loss is great, so your regard^s should be;
 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
 Upon my death the French can little boast;
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
 Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
 But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
 You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
 But, if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.
 There is no hope that ever I will stay,
 If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
 Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
 Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight abuse
 it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,

Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die;

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*]

^s — your regard—] Your care of your own safety. JOHNSON.

SCENE VI.

A field of battle.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbot's son is hemm'd about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George, and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O twice my father! twice am I thy son¹:
The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done²;
Till with thy warlike sword, despight of fate,
To my determin'd time* thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck
fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood

¹ *O twice my father! twice am I thy son:]* A French epigram, on a child, who being shipwrecked with his father saved his life by getting on his parent's dead body, turns on the same thought. After describing the wreck, it concludes thus:

“ — apres mille efforts,

“ J'appereus prez de moi flotter des membres morts;

“ Helas! c'etoit mon pere.

“ Je le connus, je l'embrassai,

“ Et sur lui jusq' au port hereusement poussé,

“ Des ondes et des vents j'evitai la furie.

“ Que ce pere doit m'etre cher,

“ Qui m'a deux fois donné la vie,

“ Une fois sur la terre, et l'autre sur la mere!” MALONE.

² — and done;] See p. 79, n. 8. MALONE.

* — my determin'd time—] Time expired, ended. The word is still used in that sense by legal conveyancers. MALONE.

Of

Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
 And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
 Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
 Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,
 And mis-begotten blood I spill of thine,
 Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
 Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—*
 Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
 Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
 Art not thou weary, John? How dost thou fare?
 Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
 Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
 Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
 The help of one stands me in little stead.
 O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
 If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
 By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,
 'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
 All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,
 These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart³:
 On that advantage⁴, bought with such a shame,—
 To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,—

³ *The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,
 These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:]*

“Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords?”

“That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?” PRIOR.

MALONE.

⁴ *On that advantage, &c.]* i. e. Before young Talbot fly from his father, (in order to save his life while he destroys his character,) *on*, or for the sake of, *the advantages* you mention, namely, preserving our household's name, &c. may my coward horse drop down dead! Mr. Theobald reads—*Out on that 'vantage*—. Sir T. Hanmer and the subsequent editors read—*O, what advantage, &c.* MALONE.

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!
 And like me to the peasant boys of France⁵;
 To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
 Surely, by all the glory you have won,
 An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate fire of Crete,
 Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
 And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Another part of the same.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded, supported by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
 O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
 Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity⁶!
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—
 When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 And, like a hungry lion, did commence
 Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience:

⁵ *And like me to the peasant boys of France;*] By "to like" I suppose the author meant to make like, or reduce to a level with. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!*] That is, death stained and dishonoured with captivity. JOHNSON.

Death stained by my being made a captive and dying in captivity. The author when he first addresses death, and uses the epithet *triumphant*, considers him as a person who had triumphed over him by plunging his dart in his breast. In the latter part of the line, if Dr. Johnson has rightly explained it, death must have its ordinary signification. "I think light of my death, though rendered disgraceful by captivity," &c. Perhaps however the construction intended by the poet was—Young Talbot's valour makes me, smear'd with captivity, smile, &c. If so, there should be a comma after *captivity*. MALONE.

But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin⁷, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit; and there dy'd
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot⁸.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

Tal. Thou antick death⁹, which laugh'ft us here to
scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky¹,
In thy despight, shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:

⁷ *Tend'ring my ruin,*] Watching me with tenderness in my fall.

JOHNSON.

I would rather read,—*Tending my ruin*, &c. TYRWHITT.

I adhere to the old reading. So, in *Hamlet*, Polonius says to Ophelia, “—Tender yourself more dearly.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

“I tender to the safety of my liege—.” MALONE.

⁸ —*the body of John Talbot.*] This John Talbot was the eldest son of the first Earl by his second wife, and was Viscount Lisle, when he was killed with his father, in endeavouring to relieve Chatillon, after the battle of Bourdeaux, in the year 1453. He was created Viscount Lisle in 1451. John, the earl's eldest son by his first wife, was slain at the battle of Northampton in 1460. MALONE.

⁹ *Thou antick death,*] The fool, or antick of the play, made sport by mocking the graver personages. JOHNSON.

¹ —*through the lither sky,*] *Lither* is flexible or yielding. In much the same sense Milton says:

“—— He with broad sails

“Winnow'd the *buxom* air.”

That is, the obsequious air. JOHNSON.

Lither is the comparative of the adjective *liths*. So, in *Look about you*, 1600:

“I'll bring his *lither* legs in better frame.” STEEVENS.

G 4

Brave

Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no;
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
 Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say—
 Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
 Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
 My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
 Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
 Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*dies.*]

Alarums. Exeunt Sold. and Serv. leaving the two bodies.
Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, Bastard,
LA PUCELLE, and forces.

Char. Had York and Somersset brought rescue in,
 We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood²,
 Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood³!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:
 But—with a proud, majestic, high scorn,—
 He answer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born*
To be the pillage of a giglot wench⁴:

So, rushing in the bowels of the French⁵,
 He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

² — *raging-wood,*] That is, *raging mad.* So, in Heywood's *Dialogues*, containing a number of effectual proverbs, 1562:

"She was, as they say, horn-wood."

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more fool thou art*, 1570:

"He will fight as he were wood." STEEVENS.

³ — *in Frenchmen's blood!*] The return of rhyme where young Talbot is again mentioned, and in no other place, strengthens the suspicion that these verses were originally part of some other work, and were copied here only to save the trouble of composing new. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *of a giglot wench:*] *Giglot* is a *wanton*, or a *strumpet*. JOHNS. The word is used by Gascoigne and other authors, though now quite obsolete. So, in the play of *Orlando Furioso*, 1599:

"Whose choice is like that Greekish *giglot's* love,

"That left her lord, prince Menelaus." STEEVENS.

⁵ — *in the bowels of the French,*] So, in the first part of *Jeronimo*, 1605:

"Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in the *battle's bowels.*" STEEV.

Bur.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhered in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder;
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter Sir William Lucy, attended; a French herald
preceding.*

Lucy. Herald,
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides* of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford⁶, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,

* *Where is the great Alcides*—] Old Copy—*But where's*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The compositor probable caught the word *But* from the preceding line. MALONE.

⁶ *Great earl of Washford*,] It appears from Camden's *Britannia* and Holinshed's *Chronicle* of Ireland, that Wexford was anciently called *Weysford*. In Crompton's *Mansion of Magnanimitie* it is written as here, *Washford*. This long list of titles is taken from the epitaph formerly fixed on Lord Talbot's tomb in Rouen in Normandy. Where this author found it, I have not been able to ascertain, for it is not in the common historians. The oldest book in which I have met with it is the tract above mentioned, which was printed in 1599, posterior to the date of this play. Numerous as this list is, the epitaph has one more, which, I suppose, was only rejected because it would not easily fall into the verse, "Lord Lovetoft of Worsop." It concludes as here,—"Lord Falconbridge, Knight of the noble order of St. George, St. Michael, and the golden fleece, Great Marshall to King Henry VI. of his reahm in France, who died in the battle of Bourdeaux, 1453." MALONE.

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of saint George,
Worthy saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately stile, indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath⁷,
Writes not so tedious a stile as this.—
Him, that thou magnify'st with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as befits their worth.

Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit,
For God's sake, let him have 'em⁸; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes* shall be rear'd
A phoenix, that shall make all France afraid.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exeunt.*]

⁷ *The Turk, &c.*] Alluding probably to the ostentatious letter of Sultan Solymán the Magnificent, to the emperor Ferdinand, 1562; in which all the *Grand Signior's* titles are enumerated. See Knölles's *Hist. of the Turks*, 5th edit. p. 789. GREY.

⁸ — let him have 'em;] Old copy—have him. So, a little lower, —do with him. The first emendation was made by Mr. Theobald; the other by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

* *But from their ashes, &c.*] The defect of the metre shews that some word of two syllables was inadvertently omitted; probably an epithet to *ashes*. MALONE.

KING HENRY VI.

91

ACT V. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity¹ and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage? uncle, alas! my years are young²;
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:

¹ In the original copy, the transcriber or printer forgot to mark the commencement of the fifth Act; and has by mistake called this scene Scene II. The editor of the second folio made a very absurd regulation by making the act begin in the middle of the preceding scene, (where the Dauphin, &c. enter, and take notice of the dead bodies of Talbot and his son,) which was inadvertently followed in subsequent editions. MALONE.

² — *immanity*—] i. e. barbarity, savageness. STEEVENS.

* — *my years are young*;] His majesty, however, was twenty-four years old. MALONE.

I shall

FIRST PART OF

I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER in a Cardinal's habit.

Exe. What ! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree ?²
Then, I perceive, that will be verify'd,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable :
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace ;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,—
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, [*to the Amb.*] pledge of my affection,
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover ; where, inshipp'd,

² *What ! is my lord of Winchester install'd,*

And call'd unto a cardinal's degree !] This (as Mr. Edwards has
observed in his *Mf. notes*) argues a great forgetfulness in the poet. In
the first act Gloster says :

I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's bat ;
and it is strange that the duke of Exeter should not know of his advancement. STEVENS.

It should seem from the stage-direction prefixed to this scene, and from the conversation between the Legate and Winchester, that the author meant it to be understood that the bishop had obtained his cardinal's hat only just before his present entry. The inaccuracy therefore was in making Gloster address him by that title in the beginning of the play. He in fact obtained it in the fifth year of Henry's reign.

MALONE.
Commit

Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt K. HEN. and Train; GLO. EXE. and Ambaf.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For cloathing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth³, or for authority,
The bishop will be over-borne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

France. *Plains in Anjou.*

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping
spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one;

³ *That, neither in birth,*] I would read—for birth. That is, thou shalt not rule me though thy birth is legitimate, and thy authority supreme. JOHNSON.

And

And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; And France be fortunate!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA FUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts⁴;
And ye choice spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents! [*Thunder.*]
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north⁵,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

⁴ — *ye charming spells, and periapts;*] Charms sow'd up. Ezek. xiii. 18. "Woe to them that sow pillows to all arm-holes, to bunt souls." POPE.

Periapts were worn about the neck as preservatives from disease or danger. Of these, the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was deemed the most efficacious. Whoever is desirous to know more about them, may consult Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 230, &c. STEEVENS.

The following story, which is related in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595, proves what Mr. Steevens has asserted. "A cardinal seeing a priest carrying a cudgel under his gown, reprimanded him. His excuse was, that he only carried it to defend himself against the dogs of the town. Wherefore, I pray you, replied the cardinal, serves St. John's Gospel? Alas, my lord, said the priest, these curs understand no Latin." MALONE.

⁵ — *monarch of the north,*] The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton therefore assembles the rebel angels in the north. JOHNSON.

The boast of Lucifer in the xivth chapter of Isaiah is said to be, that he will sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions⁶ under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[They walk about, and speak not.]

O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—

[They hang their heads.]

No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

[They depart.]

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:—
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[Exit.]

⁶ — *the powerful regions*—] I believe Shakspeare wrote—*legions*.

WARBURTON.

In a former passage *regions* seems to have been printed instead of *legions*; at least all the editors from the time of Mr. Rowe have there substituted the latter word instead of the former. See p. 80, n. 3. The word *cull'd*, and the epithet *powerful*, which is applicable to the *fiends* themselves, but not to their place of residence, shew that it has an equal title to a place in the text here. So, in *the Tempest*:

“ — But one *fiend* at a time,

“ I'll fight their *legions* o'er.” MALONE.

The *regions under earth* are the infernal regions. Whence else should the sorcerers have selected or summoned her fiends? STEEVENS.

Alarums.

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning hag!⁷! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

[*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in lady MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*gazes on her.*

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand.*] for eternal peace⁸:

⁷ *Fell, banning hag!*] To *ban* is to curse. STEEVENS.

⁸ *I kiss these fingers for eternal peace:]* In the old copy these lines are thus arranged and pointed:

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,

I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,

And lay them gently on thy tender side.

by which Suffolk is made to kiss his own fingers, a symbol of peace of which there is, I believe, no example. The transposition was made, I think rightly, by Mr. Capel. In the old edition, as here, there is only a comma after "hands," which seems to countenance the regulation now made. To obtain something like sense, the modern editors were obliged to put a full point at the end of that line. MALONE.

Who

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whose'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings*.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns away as going.*]

O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams⁹,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself¹;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight!
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough².

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

* — her wings.] Old Copy—*bis*. This manifest error I only mention, because it supports a note in Vol. III. p. 229; n. 3. and justifies the change there made. *Her* was formerly spelt *bir*; hence it was often confounded with *bis*. MALONE.

⁹ *As plays the sun upon the glassy streams, &c.*] This comparison, made between things which seem sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle: which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre. JOHNSON.

¹ — disable not thyself;] Do not represent thyself so weak. To disable the judgment of another was, in that age, the same as to destroy its credit or authority. JOHNSON.

So, in *As you like it*, Act V: "—If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment." STEEVENS.

² — and makes the senses rough.] The meaning of this word is not very obvious. Sir Thomas Hanmer read—*crouch*. MALONE.

Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*]

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*]

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card*.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing*.

Mar. He talks of wood: It is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.

* — a cooling card.] So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

"I'll have a present cooling card for you." STEEVENS.

* — a wooden thing.] is an awkward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed. So, in *Lilly's Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600:

"My master takes but wooden pains." STEEVENS.

Suf.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*]

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, (and, for thy honour, give consent,)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows,

H 2

That

SECOND PART OF

That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign⁴,

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit, from the walks.*]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth⁵,
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the county Maine*, and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,—
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffick of a king:

And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.

[*Aside.*]

I'll over then to England with this news,

And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:

So, farewell, Reignier! Set this diamond safe

4 — face, or feign.] “To face (says Dr. Johnson) is to carry a false appearance; to play the hypocrite.” Hence the name of one of the characters in Ben Jonson's *Alchymist*. MALONE.

5 Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth, &c.] To woo her little worth—may mean—to court her small share of merit. But perhaps the passage should be pointed thus:

Since thou dost deign to woo her, little worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord;

i. e. little deserving to be the wife of such a prince. MALONE.

* — the county Maine,] Maine is called a county both by Hall and Holinshed. The old copy erroneously reads—country. MALONE.

In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewel, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and
prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.

Suf. Farewel, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly⁶ directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [Kisses her.]

Mar. That for thyself;—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a king⁷.

[Exeunt REIGNIER, and MARGARET.]

Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk,
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise;
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;
Mad, natural graces that extinguish art⁸;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

⁶ — *modestly*—] Old Copy—*modesty*, Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁷ To send such peevish tokens—] *Peevish* for childish. WARBURTON.
See a note on *Cymbeline*, A & I. sc. vii; "He's strange and *peevish*."

STEEVENS.

⁸ Mad, natural graces that extinguish art;] So the old copy. The modern editors have been content to read—*Her* natural graces. By the word *mad*, however, I believe the poet only meant *wild* or uncultivated. In the former of these significations he appears to have used it in *Othello*: "*be she lov'd prov'd mad*:" which Dr. Johnson has properly interpreted. We call a wild girl, to this day, a *mad-cap*. *Mad*, in some of the ancient books of gardening, is used as an epithet to plants which grow rampant and wild. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and Others.

York. Bring forth that forcerefs, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I fought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeles^s cruel death?

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser!! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first-fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Pope had, perhaps, this line in his thoughts, when he wrote—

“And catch a grace beyond the reach of art.”

In *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634, *mad* is used in the same manner as in the text:

“Is it not *mad* lodging in these wild woods here?”

Again, in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596:
“—with manie more *madde* tricks of youth never plaid before.”

MALONE.

9 / timeles—] is *untimely*. So, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*:

“Thy strength was buried in his *timeles* death.” STEEVENS.

[*Decrepit miser*!] *Miser* has no relation to avarice in this passage, but simply means a miserable creature. So, in Holinshed, p. 760, where he is speaking of the death of Richard III: “And so this *miser*, at the same verie point, had like chance and fortune,” &c. Again, p. 951, among the last words of lord Cromwell: “—for if I should doo, I were a very wretch and a *miser*.” STEEVENS.

Shep.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle²!
 God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;
 And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
 Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Pealant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
 Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble³ to the priest,
 The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
 Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
 Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
 Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
 Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
 Had been a little ratbane for thy sake!
 Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
 I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
 Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
 O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [Exit.

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
 To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
 Not me * begotten of a shepherd swain,
 But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
 Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
 By inspiration of celestial grace,
 To work exceeding miracles on earth.
 I never had to do with wicked spirits:
 But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
 Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
 Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
 Because you want the grace that others have,

² — *so obstacle!*] A vulgar corruption of *obstinate*, which I think has oddly lasted since our author's time till now. JOHNSON.

The same corruption may be met with in Gower, Chapman, and other writers. STEEVENS.

³ — *my noble birth.*—

'*Tis true, I gave a noble*—] This passage seems to corroborate an explanation, somewhat far-fetched, which I have given in *K. Henry IV.* of the *nobleman* and *royal man*. JOHNSON.

* *Not me*—] I believe the author wrote—*Not one*, MALONE.

You judge it straight a thing impossible
 To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
 No, misconceived⁴! Joan of Arc hath been
 A virgin from her tender infancy,
 Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
 Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
 Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
 Spare for no faggots, let there be enough:
 Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
 That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
 Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
 That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
 I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
 Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
 Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
 Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
 I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
 Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
 It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel⁵!

It

⁴ *No, misconceived!*] i. e. *No, ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities.* STEEVENS.

⁵ — *that notorious Machiavel!*] *Machiavel* being mentioned somewhat before his time, this line is by some of the editors given to the players, and ejected from the text. JOHNSON.

The character of Machiavel seems to have made so very deep an impression on the dramatick writers of this age, that he is many times as prematurely spoken of. So, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615, one of the characters bids *Caradoc*, i. e. *Caractacus*,

“ — read *Machiavel* :

“ Princes that would aspire, must mock at hell.”

Again :

It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you ;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A marry'd man ! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl ! I think, she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign, she hath been liberal and free.

York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee :
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence ;—with whom I leave my
curse ;

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode !
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death⁶
Environ you ; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves⁷ !

[*Exit, guarded.*]

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell !

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French ;

Again : “ — my brain

“ Italianates my barren faculties

“ To Machiavelian blackness.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *darkness and the gloomy shade of death*—] The expression is scriptural : “ Whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death.” MALONE.

⁷ — *till mischief and despair*

Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves !] Perhaps Shakespeare intended to remark in this execration, the frequency of suicide among the English, which has been commonly imputed to the gloominess of their air. JOHNSON.

And

And see at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?

After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falshood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENÇON, BASTARD,
REIGNIER, and Others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice⁸,
By fight of these our baleful enemies⁹.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus;
That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of meer compassion, and of lenity,

⁸ — poison'd voice,] *Poison'd voice* agrees well enough with *baneful* enemies; or with *baleful*, if it can be used in the same sense. The modern editors read—*prison'd voice*. JOHNSON.

Prison'd was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁹ — baleful enemies.] *Baleful* is *sorrowful*; I therefore rather imagine that we should read—*baneful*, hurtful, or mischievous. JOHNSON.

Baleful had anciently the same meaning as *baneful*. It is an epithet very frequently bestow'd on poisonous plants and reptiles. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“With *baleful* weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.”

STEEVENS.

To ease your country of distressful war,
 And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
 You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
 And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
 To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
 Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
 And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
 Adorn his temples with a coronet¹;
 And yet, in substance and authority,
 Retain but privilege of a private man?
 This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already that I am possess'd
 With more than half the Gallian territories,
 And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
 Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd
 Detract so much from that prerogative,
 As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
 No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
 That which I have, than, coveting for more,
 Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
 Us'd intercession to obtain a league;
 And, now the matter grows to compromise,
 Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison²?
 Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
 Of benefit³ proceeding from our king,
 And not of any challenge of desert,
 Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
 To cavil in the course of this contract:
 If once it be neglected, ten to one,
 We shall not find like opportunity.

¹ —with a coronet;] *Coronet* is here used for a *crown*. JOHNSON.

² —upon comparison?] Do you stand to compare your present state, a state which you have neither right or power to maintain, with the terms which we offer? JOHNSON.

³ Of benefit—] *Benefit* is here a term of law. Be content to live as the *beneficiary* of our king. JOHNSON.

Alen.

SECOND PART OF

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside, to Charles.*

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition
stand?

Char. It shall:

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns or garrisons.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[*Charles, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.*

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK; GLOSTER and EXETER following.

K. Hen. Your wond'rous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;
So am I driven⁴, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive

⁴ *So am I driven, &c.*] This simile is somewhat obscure; he seems to mean, that as a ship is driven against the tide by the wind, so he is driven by love against the current of his interest. JOHNSON.

Where

Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them,)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine.
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, at a triumph^s having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord*, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,

^s — at a triumph—] A triumph in this author's time signified an exhibition of sports, &c. See *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Vol. II. p. 442, n. 4. MALONE.

* — my good lord,] Good, which is not in the old copy, was added for the sake of the metre, in the second folio. MALONE.

And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower;
While Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship⁶;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most⁷ of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss⁸,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,

⁶ — *by attorneyship*;] By the intervention of another man's choice, or the discretionary agency of another. JOHNSON.

⁷ *It most*—] The word *It*, which is wanting in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸ *Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss*,] *Contrary* is here used as a quadrisyllable; as if it were written *conterary*. So *Henry* is used by our old poets as a trisyllable. See Vol. I. p. 120, n. 4. MALONE.

As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords ; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk ; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attain'd
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell ; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts⁹.
Take, therefore, shipping ; post, my lord, to France ;
Agree to any covenants ; and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen :
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say ; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence :
If you do censure me by what you were¹,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminatè my grief². [Exit.

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exeunt GLOSTER, and EXETER.

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd : and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece ;

⁹ *As I am sick with working of my thoughts.*] So, in Shakspeare's
King Henry V.

"*Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege.*"

MALONE.

¹ *If you do censure me, &c.*] To censure is here simply to judge. If
in judging me you consider the past frailties of your own youth. JOHNSON.
See Vol. I. p. 113, n. 8. MALONE.

² — *ruminatè my grief.*] Grief in the first line is taken generally for
pain or uneasiness ; in the second specially for sorrow. JOHNSON.

With

With hope to find the like event in love,
 But prosper better than the Trojan did.
 Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
 But I will rule both her, the king, and realm³. [Exit.]

³ Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the second and third parts were published without the first, may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were surreptitiously obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the publick those plays not such as the author designed, but such as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the series of events; that it was written and played before Henry the Fifth is apparent, because in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts:

*Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king,—
 Whose state so many had the managing,
 That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
 Which oft our stage hath shewn.*

France is lost in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houses of York and Lancaster.

JOHNSON.

That the second and third parts (as they are now called) were printed without the first, is a proof, in my apprehension, that they were not written by the author of the first: and the title of *The Contention of the houses of York and Lancaster*, being affixed to the two pieces which were printed in quarto in 1600, is a proof that they were a distinct work, commencing where the other ended, but not written at the same time; and that this play was never known by the name of *The first Part of King Henry VI.* till Heminge and Condell gave it this title in their volume, to distinguish it from the two subsequent plays; which, being altered by Shakspeare, assumed the new titles of the *Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* that they might not be confounded with the original pieces on which they were formed. This first part was, I conceive, originally called *The historical play of King Henry VI.* See the Essay at the end of these contested pieces. MALONE.

KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

VOL. VI.

I

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Sixth :

Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, his uncle.

Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, great uncle to the king.

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York :

Edward and Richard, his sons.

Duke of Somerset,

Duke of Suffolk,

Duke of Buckingham,

Lord Clifford,

Young Clifford, his son.

Earl of Salisbury,

Earl of Warwick,

Lord Scales, Governour of the Tower. Lord Say.

Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his brother. Sir John Stanley.

A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and Walter Whitmore.

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.

A Herald. Vaux.

Hume and Southwell, two priests.

Bolingbroke, a Conjuror. A spirit raised by him.

Thomas Horner, an Armourer. Peter, his man.

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.

Simpcox, an Impostor. Two Murderers.

Jack Cade, a Rebel :

George, John, Dick, Will, Michael, &c. his followers.

Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.

Margaret, Queen to King Henry.

Eleanor, Dutches of Gloster.

Margery Jourdain, a Witch.

Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants ; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers ; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersedly in various parts of England.

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room of state in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAUFORT; on the other, Queen MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and Others, following.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty²
I had in charge at my depart for France,

As

¹ In a note prefixed to the preceding play, I have briefly stated my opinion concerning the drama now before us, and that which follows it; to which the original editors of Shakspeare's works in folio have given the titles of *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.*

The Contention of the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster in two parts, was published in quarto, in 1600; and the first part was entered on the Stationers' books, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) March 12, 1593-4. On these two plays, which I believe to have been written by some preceding author, before the year 1590, Shakspeare formed, as I conceive, this and the following drama; altering, retrenching, or amplifying, as he thought proper. The reasons on which this hypothesis is founded, I shall subjoin at large at the end of *The third part of King Henry VI.* At present it is only necessary to apprise the reader of the method observed in the printing of these plays. All the lines printed in the usual manner, are found in the original quarto plays (or at least with such minute variations as are not worth noticing); and those, I conceive, Shakspeare adopted as he found them. The lines to which inverted commas are prefixed, were, if my hypothesis be well founded, retouched, and greatly improved by him; and those with asterisks were his own original production; the embroidery with which he ornamented the coarse stuff that had been awkwardly made up for the stage by some of his contemporaries. The speeches which he new-modelled, he improved, sometimes by amplification, and sometimes by retrenchment.

These two pieces, I imagine, were produced in their present form in

As procurator to your excellence³,
 To marry prince's Margaret for your grace;
 So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
 In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
 The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
 Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
 I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
 And humbly now upon my bended knee,
 In fight of England and her lordly peers,

1591. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. and the Dissertation at the end of *The third part of King Henry VI.* Dr. Johnson observes very justly, that these two parts were not written without a *dependance* on the first. Undoubtedly not; the old play of *K. Henry VI.* (or, as it is now called, *The first part*,) certainly had been exhibited before these were written in *any form*. But it does not follow from this concession, either that *The Contention of the two houses*, &c. in two parts, was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakspeare was the author of these two pieces as they *originally appeared*. MALONE.

This and *The third part of King Henry VI.* contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign, which took in the whole contention betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster. The present scene opens with king Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign [A.D. 1445]; and closes with the first battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign [1455]: so that it comprizes the history and transactions of ten years. THEOBALD.

This play was altered by Crowne, and acted in 1682. STEEVENS.

² *As by your high, &c.*] It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions of which it presupposes the first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the second and third parts were not written without dependance on the first, though they were printed as containing a complete period of history. JOHNSON.

³ *As procurator to your excellence, &c.*] So, in Holinshed, p. 625: "The marquess of Suffolk, as procurator to king Henrie, espoused the said ladie in the church of saint Martins. At the which marriage were present the father and mother of the bride; the French king himself that was uncle to the husband, and the French queen also that was aunt to the wife. There were also the dukes of Orleance, of Calabre, of Alanson, and of Britaine, seaven earles, twelve barons, twenty bishops," &c. STEEVENS.

This passage Holinshed transcribed *verbatim* from Hall. MALONE.

Deliver

Deliver up my title in the queen
 To your most gracious hands, that are⁴ the substance
 Of that great shadow I did represent;
 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
 The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
 I can express no kinder sign of love,

Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!

For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,

'A world of earthly blessings to my soul,

* If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

'*Q. Mar.* Great king of England, and my gracious
 lord;

'The mutual conference⁵ that my mind hath had—

'By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;

'In courtly company, or at my beads,—

'With you mine alder-lefpest sovereign⁶,

'Makes me the bolder to salute my king

'With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,

'And over-joy of heart doth minister.

'*K. Hen.* Her sight did ravish: but her grace in speech,

'Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,

'Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys⁷;

'Such

⁴ — *that are*—] i. e. to the gracious hands of you, my sovereign, who are, &c. In the old play the line stands:

Unto your gracious excellence that are, &c. MALONE.

⁵ *The mutual conference*—] I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *mine alder-lefpest sovereign*,] *Alder-lewest*, says Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his GLOS. to Chaucer, signifies, *dearest of all*. *Lewe* or *lese*, Sax. *dear*; *Alder* or *Aller*, gen. ca. pl. of *all*. MALONE.

The word is used by Chaucer, Marston, and Gascoigne. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys*;] This *weeping joy*, of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakspeare was extremely fond of; having introduced it in *Much ado about nothing*, *K. Richard II.* *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*. This and the preceding speech stand thus in the original play in quarto. I transcribe them that the reader may be the better able to judge concerning my hypothesis; and shall quote a few other passages for the same purpose. To exhibit

‘ Such is the fulness of my heart’s content.—

‘ Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England’s happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [Flourish.]

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
‘ For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [reads.] *Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquis of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,— that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.— Item,—That the dutchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father—*

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm’d mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. *Item,—It is further agreed between them,—that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England’s own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.*

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquis, kneel down;
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,

all the speeches that Shakspeare has altered, would be almost to print the two plays twice:

Queen. The excessive love I beare unto your grace,
Forbids me to be lavish of my tongue,
Lest I should speake more than beseems a woman.
Let this suffice; my blis is in your liking;
And nothing can make poor Margaret miserable
Unless the frowne of mightie England’s king.

Fr. King. Her lookes did wound, but now her speech doth
Lovely Queen Margaret, sit down by my side; [pierce.]
And uncle Gloster, and you lordly peeres,
Wi h one voice welcome my beloved Queene. MALONE.

And

And girt thee with the sword.—

Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace

From being regent in the parts of France,

Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—

Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham,

Somerfet, Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favour done,

In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide

To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and SUFFOLK.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

‘ To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,

‘ Your grief, the common grief of all the land.

‘ What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,

‘ His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?

‘ Did he so often lodge in open field,

‘ In winter’s cold, and summer’s parching heat,

‘ To conquer France, his true inheritance?

‘ And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,

‘ To keep by policy what Henry got?

‘ Have you yourselves, Somerfet, Buckingham,

‘ Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,

‘ Receiv’d deep scars in France and Normandy?

‘ Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,

‘ With all the learned council of the realm,

‘ Study’d so long, sat in the council-house,

‘ Early and late, debating to and fro

‘ How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?

‘ And hath his highness in his infancy

‘ Been crown’d * in Paris, in despite of foes;

‘ And shall these labours, and these honours, die?

‘ Shall Henry’s conquest, Bedford’s vigilance,

‘ Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?

‘ O peers of England, shameful is this league!

‘ Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;

‘ Blotting your names from books of memory;

* *Been crown’d*—] The word *Been* was supplied by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

- ' Razing the characters of your renown ;
 ' Defacing monuments of conquer'd France ;
 ' Undoing all, as all had never been !
 ' *Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse ?
 ' This peroration with such circumstance ?
 ' For France, 'tis ours ; and we will keep it still.
 * *Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can ;
 * But now it is impossible we should :
 Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
 ' Hath given the dutchies of Anjou and Maine
 * Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
 * Agrees not with the leanness of his purse⁸.
 * *Sal.* Now, by the death of him that dy'd for all,
 * These counties were the keys of Normandy :—
 But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son ?
 ' *War.* For grief that they are past recovery :
 ' For, were there hope to conquer them again,
 ' My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
 ' Anjou and Maine ! myself did win them both ;
 ' Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer :
 ' And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
 ' Deliver'd up again with peaceful words¹ ?
 ' Mort Dieu !
 * *York.* For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,
 * That dims the honour of this warlike isle !
 * France should have torn and rent my very heart,
 * Before I would have yielded to this league.
 ' I never read but England's kings have had
 ' Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives :
 ' And our king Henry gives away his own,

⁸ *This peroration with such circumstance ?*] This speech crowded with so many instances of aggravation. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *whose large style*

Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.] So Holinshed : " King Reignier his father, for all his *long stile*, had too short a *purse* to send his daughter honourably to the king his spouse." MALONE.

¹ *And are the cities, &c.*] The indignation of Warwick is natural, and I wish it had been better expressed ; there is a kind of jingle intended in *wounds* and *words*. JOHNSON.

In the old play the jingle is more striking. " And must that then which we won with our *swords*, be given away with *words* ?" MALONE.

' To

† To match with her that brings no vantages.
 * *Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before,
 * That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
 * For costs and charges in transporting her!
 * She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,
 * Before—

* *Car.* My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;
 * It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

* *Glo.* My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
 'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
 ' But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.

' Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
 ' I see thy fury: if I longer stay,

' We shall begin our ancient bickerings².—

Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
 I prophesy'd—France will be lost ere long. [Exit.

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.

'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:

* Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;

* And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.

* Consider, lords,—he is the next of blood,

* And heir apparent to the English crown;

* Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,

* And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west³,

* There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.

* Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words

* Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.

' What though the common people favour him,

' Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster*;

' Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—

' *Jesu maintain your royal excellence!*

² —bickerings.] To *bicker* is to *skirmish*. In the ancient metrical romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date, the heroes consult whether they should *bicker* on the walls, or descend to battle on the plain. *Levi pugna congregior* is the expression by which Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dict.* 1580, explains the verb to *bicker*.

STEEVENS.

³ —of the west,] Certainly Shakspeare wrote—*east*. WARBURTON.
 There are wealthy kingdoms in the *west* as well as in the *east*, and the western kingdoms were more likely to be in the thought of the speaker, JOHNSON.

' With

- * With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*
- * I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
- * He will be found a dangerous protector.
- * *Buck.* Why should he then protect our sovereign,
- * He being of age to govern of himself?—
- * Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
- * And all together,—with the duke of Suffolk,—
- * We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.
- * *Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay;
- * I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.]
- * *Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
- * And greatness of his place be grief to us,
- * Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
- * His insolence is more intolerable
- * Than all the princes in the land beside;
- * If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.
- * *Buck.* Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
- * Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.]

- Sal.* Pride went before, ambition follows him.
- * While these do labour for their own preferment,
- * Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
- * I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
- * Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
- * Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
- * More like a soldier, than a man o'the church,
- * As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
- * Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
- * Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
- * Warwick my son, the comfort of my age!
- * Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
- * Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
- * Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
- * And, brother York⁴, thy acts in Ireland,

* In

⁴ *And, brother York,*] Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, married Cicely, the daughter of Ralf Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland. Richard Nevil, Earl of Salisbury, was son to the Earl of Westmoreland by a second wife. He married Alice, the only daughter of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who was killed at the siege of Orleans (see p. 25, n. 1.); and in consequence of that alliance obtained the title of Salisbury

* In bringing them to civil discipline *;
 * Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
 * When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
 * Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people:—
 * Join we together, for the publick good;
 * In what we can, to bridle and suppress
 * The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
 * With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
 * And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
 * While they do tend the profit of the land⁵.

* *War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
 * And common profit of his country!

* *York.* And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
 That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
 * And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
 Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
 Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;

* Paris is lost; the state of Normandy

* Stands on a tickle point⁶, now they are gone:

Salisbury in 1428. His eldest son Richard, having married the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, was created Earl of Warwick, in 1449. MALONE.

* —to civil discipline;] This is an anachronism. The present scene is in 1445, but Richard Duke of York was not viceroy of Ireland till 1449. MALONE.

⁵ —the profit of the land.] I think we might read—more clearly—to profit of the land, i. e. to profit themselves by it; unless 'tend' be written for attend. STEEVENS.

Perhaps tend has here the same meaning as tender in a subsequent scene:

"I tender to the safety of my liege."

Or it may have been put for intend; while they have the advantage of the commonwealth as their object. MALONE.

⁶ —on a tickle point,] Tickle is very frequently used for ticklish by poets contemporary with Shakspeare. So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"Now stands our fortune on a tickle point."

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

"The rest by turning of my tickle wheel." STEEVENS.

* Suffolk

- * Suffolk concluded on the articles ;
- * The peers agreed ; and Henry was well pleas'd,
- * To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
- * I cannot blame them all ; What is't to them ?
- * 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
- * Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
- * And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
- * Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone :
- * While as the silly owner of the goods
- * Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
- * And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
- * While all is shar'd, and all is borne away ;
- * Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
- * So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
- * While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
- * Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
- * Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
- * As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd⁷,
- * Unto the prince's heart of Calydon⁸.

Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French !

Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day will come, when York shall claim his own ;

And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,

And make a shew of love to proud duke Humphrey,

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,

For that's the golden mark I seek to hit :

Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,

Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,

Nor wear the diadem upon his head,

Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.

Then, York, be still a while, till time do serve ;

Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,

To pry into the secrets of the state ;

Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,

⁷ *As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,*] According to the fable, Meleager's life was to continue only so long as a certain firebrand should last. His mother Althea having thrown it into the fire, he expired in great torment. MALONE.

⁸ — *the prince's heart of Calydon.*] Meleager. STEEVENS.

With

With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
 And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars :
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd ;
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster ;
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. A Room in the duke of Gloster's house.

Enter GLOSTER and the Dutchess.

Dutch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load ?

* Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,

* As frowning at the favours of the world ?

* Why are thine eyes fix'd to the fullen earth,

* Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight ?

* What see'st thou there ? king Henry's diadem,

* Inchas'd with all the honours of the world ?

* If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,

* Until thy head be circled with the same.

* Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold :—

* What, is't too short ? I'll lengthen it with mine :

* And, having both together heav'd it up,

* We'll both together lift our heads to heaven ;

* And never more abase our sight so low,

* As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

* *Glo.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,

* Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts :

* And may that thought, when I imagine ill

* Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,

* Be my last breathing in this mortal world !

* My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

* *Dutch.* What dream'd my lord ? tell me, and I'll requite it

* With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

* *Glo.* Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,

* Was broke in twain ; by whom, I have forgot,

* But,

- * But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
- * And on the pieces of the broken wand
- * Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
- * And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.
- * This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.
- * *Dutch.* Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
- That he, that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
- * Shall lose his head for his presumption.
- * But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:]
- Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
- In the cathedral church of Westminster,
- And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
- Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
- * And on my head did set the diadem.
- * *Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
- * Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
- Art thou not second woman in the realm;
- And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
- * Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
- * Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
- And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
- * To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
- * From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
- Away from me, and let me hear no more.
- * *Dutch.* What, what, my lord! are you so cholerick
- * With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
- * Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
- * And not be check'd.
- * *Glo.* Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again*.

Enter a Messenger.

- * *Mess.* My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
- * You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
- * Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk^o.

Glo.

* *Nay, be not angry, &c.*] Instead of this line, we have these two in the old play:

"Nay, Nell, I'll give no credit to a dream;

"But I would have thee to think on no such things." MALONE.

* *Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.*] *Whereas* is the same

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

* *Dutch.* Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.*]

- * Follow I must, I cannot go before,
- * While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
- * Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
- * I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
- * And smoothe my way upon their headless necks:
- * And, being a woman, I will not be slack
- * To play my part in fortune's pageant.
- * Where are you there! Sir John¹! nay, fear not, man,
- * We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

* *Dutch.* What say'st thou, majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,

* Your grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Dutch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

* *Hume.* This they have promised,—to shew your high-
ness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
* That shall make answer to such questions,
* As by your grace shall be propounded him.

* *Dutch.* It is enough²; I'll think upon the questions:
* When from saint Albans we do make return,
* We'll see these things effected to the full.

* Here,

same as *where*; and seems to be brought into use only on account of its being a dissyllable. So, in the *Trial of Treasure*, 1567:

"Whereas she is resident, I must needs be."

Again, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594:

"That I should pass *whereas* Octavia stands

"To view my misery," &c. STEEVENS.

¹ — Sir John!] The title of Sir was frequently given to clergymen in ancient times. See Vol. I. p. 191, n. 2. MALONE.

² It is enough; &c.] This speech stands thus in the old quarto:

"Elean. Thanks, good sir John, some two days hence, I guess,

"Will fit our time; then see that they be here.

" For

- * Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man;
- * With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[Exit Dutcheſs.]

- * *Hume.* Hume muſt make merry with the dutcheſs' gold;
- * Marry, and ſhall. But, how now, Sir John Hume?
- * Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
- * The buſineſs aſketh ſilent ſecrecy.
- * Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
- * Gold cannot come amiſs, were ſhe a devil.
- * Yet have I gold, flies from another coaſt:
- * I dare not ſay, from the rich cardinal,
- * And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
- * Yet I do find it ſo: for, to be plain,
- * They, knowing dame Eleanor's aſpiring humour,
- * Have hired me to undermine the dutcheſs,
- * And buſy theſe conjurations in her brain.
- * They ſay, A crafty knave does need no broker³;
- * Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
- * Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall go near
- * To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
- * Well, ſo it ſtands: And thus, I fear, at laſt,
- * Hume's knavery will be the dutcheſs' wreck;
- * And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
- * Sort how it will⁴, I ſhall have gold for all.

[Exit.]

- “ For now the king is riding to St. Albans,
- “ And all the dukes and earls along with him.
- “ When they be gone, then ſafely they may come,
- “ And on the backſide of my orchard here,
- “ There caſt their ſpells in ſilence of the night,
- “ And ſo reſolve us of the thing we wiſh:—
- “ Till when, drink that for my ſake, and ſo farewell.”

STEEVENS.

Here we have a ſpeech of *ten* lines, with different verſification, and different circumſtances, from thoſe of the *five* which are found in the folio. What imperfect tranſcript (for ſuch the quarto has been called) ever produced ſuch a variation? MALONE.

3 — *A crafty knave does need no broker;*] This is a proverbial ſentence. See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

4 Sort *how* it will,] Let the iſſue be what it will. JOHNSON.

See Vol. III. p. 324, n. 5.—This whole ſpeech is very different in the original play. Inſtead of the laſt couplet we find theſe lines:

- “ But whiſt, Sir John; no more of that I trow,
- “ For fear you loſe your head, before you go.” MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER, and Others, with Petitions.

* 1. *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill⁵.

* 2. *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK, and Queen MARGARET.

* *Peter.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

* 2. *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

* *Suf.* How now, fellow? would'st any thing with me?

* 1. *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

* 2. *Mar.* [reading the superscription.] *To my lord protector!* are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: What is thine?

* 1. *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

5 — *in the quill.*] Perhaps our supplications *in the quill*, or *in quill*, means no more than our *written* or *penn'd* supplications. We still say, a drawing *in chalk*, for a drawing executed by the use of chalk.

STEEVENS.

In the quill may mean, with great exactness and observance of form, or with the utmost punctilio of ceremony. The phrase seems to be taken from part of the dress of our ancestors, whose ruffs were *quilled*. While these were worn, it might be the vogue to say, such a thing is *in the quill*, i. e. in the reigning mode of taste. TOLLET.

To this observation I may add, that after printing began, the similar phrase of a thing being *in print*, was used to express the same circumstance of exactness. "All this" (declares one of the quibbling servants in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*) "I say *in print*, for in print I found it." STEEVENS.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed.—
What's your's?—What's here! [*reads.*] *Against the duke
of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.*—How
now, sir knave?

2. *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our
whole township.

Peter. [*presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Tho-
mas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was
rightful heir to the crown.

* *Q. Mar.* What say'st thou? Did the duke of York
say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

* *Peter.* That my master was⁶! No, forsooth: my ma-
ster said, That he was; and that the king was an
* usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]—Take this fel-
low in, and send for his master with a pursuivant pre-
sently:—we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants, with PETER.*]

* *Q. Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected
* Under the wings of our protector's grace,
* Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*tears the petitions.*]

* Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

* *All.* Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

* *Q. Mar.* My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

* Is this the fashion in the court of England?

* Is this the government of Britain's isle,

* And this the royalty of Albion's king?

* What; shall king Henry be a pupil still,

⁶ *That my master was!*] The folio reads—That my *mistress* was; which has been followed in all subsequent editions. But the context shews clearly that it was a misprint for *master*. Peter supposes that the queen had asked, whether the duke of York had said that his *master* (for so he understands the pronoun *he* in her speech) was right-ful heir to the crown. “That my *master* was heir to the crown! (he replies.) No, the reverse is the case. My master said, that the duke of York was heir to the crown.” In the *Taming of the Shrew*, *mistress* and *master* are frequently confounded. The mistake arose from these words being formerly abbreviated in Mss.; and an *M.* stood for either one or the other. See Vol. III. p. 267, n. 4. MALONE.

* Under

- * Under the surly Gloster's governance?
- * Am I a queen in title and in style,
- * And must be made a subject to a duke?
- * I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
- * Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
- * And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
- * I thought, king Henry had resembled thee,
- * In courage, courtship, and proportion:
- * But all his mind is bent to holiness,
- * To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
- * His champions are—the prophets, and apostles;
- * His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
- * His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
- * Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
- * I would, the college of the cardinals
- * Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
- * And set the triple crown upon his head;
- * That were a state fit for his holiness.
- * *Suf.* Madam, be patient: as I was cause
- * Your highness came to England, so will I
- * In England work your grace's full content.
- * *Q. Mar.* Beside the haught protector, have we Beau-
fort,
- * The imperious churchman; Somers, Buckingham,
- * And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
- * But can do more in England than the king.
- * *Suf.* And he of these, that can do most of all,
- * Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
- * Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.
- * *Q. Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
- * As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
- * She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
- * More like an empress, than duke Humphrey's wife;
- Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
- * She bears a duke's revenues on her back⁷,
- * And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
- * Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
- * Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,

⁷ *She bears a duke's revenues, &c.*] See Vol. VII. p. 12, n. 5.

' She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
 The very train of her worst wearing-gown
 Was better worth than all my father's lands,
 * Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms⁸ for his daughter;
 ' *Suf.* Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her⁹;
 * And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
 * That she will light to listen to the lays,
 * And never mount to trouble you again.
 * So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
 * For I am bold to counsel you in this.
 * Although we fancy not the cardinal,
 * Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
 * Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
 * As for the duke of York,—this late complaint¹
 * Will make but little for his benefit:
 * So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
 * And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Enter King HENRY, YORK and SOMERSET conversing
 with him; Duke and Dutcheſs of GLOSTER, Cardinal
 BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WAR-
 WICK.*

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
 Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
 Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
 Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
 Dispute not that; York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

⁸ —two dukedoms—] The dutchies of Anjou and Maine, which Henry surrendered to Regnier, on his marriage with Margaret. See Sc. I. MALONE.

⁹ —lim'd a bush for her;] In the original play in quarto:

"I have set lime-twigs that will entangle them." MALONE.

¹ —this late complaint] That is, The complaint of Peter the armourer's man against his master, for saying that York was the rightful king. JOHNSON.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

* *Sal.* Peace, son;—and shew some reason, Buckingham,

* Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

* *Q. Mar.* Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

* *Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough himself

* To give his censure²: these are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace

* To be protector of his excellence?

* *Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm;

* And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

* *Suf.* Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.

* Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou?)

* The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:

* The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

* And all the peers and nobles of the realm

* Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

* *Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's
bags

* Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

* *Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,

* Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

* *Buck.* Thy cruelty in execution,

* Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,

* And left thee to the mercy of the law.

* *Q. Mar.* Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,—

* If they were known, as the suspect is great,—

* Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[Exit GLOSTER. The Queen drops her fan.

* Give me my fan³: What, minion! can you not?

[gives the Dutchess a box on the ear.

² — his censure:] Through all these plays *censure* is used in an indifferent sense, simply for judgment or opinion. JOHNSON.

It is so used by all the contemporaries of Shakspeare. See Vol. I. p. 113, n. 8. MALONE.

³ Give me my fan;] In the original play the queen drops not a *fan*, but a *glove*.

“Give me my glove; why minion, can you not see?”

See p. 128, n. 2; p. 136, n. 9; and p. 140, n. 6, and 8. MALONE.

* I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?

* *Dutch.* Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:

* Could I come near your beauty with my nails,

I'd set my ten commandments in your face⁴.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

* *Dutch.* Against her will! Good king, look to't in time;

* She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:

* Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[*Exit Dutchess*⁵.

* *Buck.* Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,

* And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:

* She's tickled now⁶; her fume needs no spurs,

* She'll gallop fast enough⁷ to her destruction.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*

Re-enter GLOSTER.

* *Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being over-blown

* With walking once about the quadrangle,

* I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

* As for your spiteful false objections,

* Prove them, and I lie open to the law:

⁴ *I'd set my ten commandments in your face.*] So, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:

"Now ten times I beseeche him that he sits,

"Thy wives x com. may ferche thy five wits."

Again, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1594: "I would set a tap abroad, and not live in fear of my wife's ten commandments."

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Exit Dutchess.*] The quarto adds, after the exit of Eleanor, the following:

"*King.* Believe me, my love, thou wert much to blame.

"I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,

"My noble uncle had been here in place.—

"But see, where he comes! I am glad he met her not." STEEV.

⁶ *She's tickled now;*] *Tickled* is here used as a trisyllable. See Vol. I. p. 120, n. 4. The editor of the second folio, not perceiving this, reads—"her fume can need no spurs;" in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

⁷ — fast enough—] The folio reads—*farre* enough. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

* But

- * But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
- * As I in duty love my king and country!
- * But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
- * I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
- * To be your regent in the realm of France.
- * *Suf.* Before we make election, give me leave
- * To shew some reason, of no little force,
- * That York is most unmeet of any man.
- * *York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
- * First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
- * Next, if I be appointed for the place,
- * My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
- * Without discharge, money, or furniture,
- * Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
- * Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
- * Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.
- * *War.* That I can witness; and a fouler fact
- * Did never traitor in the land commit.
- * *Suf.* Peace, head-strong Warwick!
- * *War.* Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.

- * *Suf.* Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
- Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!
- * *York.* Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?
- * *K. Hen.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me: What are these?
- * *Suf.* Please it your majesty, this is the man
- * That doth accuse his master of high treason:
- * His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,
- * Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
- * And that your majesty was an usurper.
- * *K. Hen.* Say, man, were these thy words?
- * *Hor.* An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

* *Pet.* By these ten bones⁸, my lords, [*holding up his hands.*] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

* *York.* Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,

* I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:—

* I do beseech your royal majesty,

* Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

* *Glo.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge.

* Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,

* Because in York this breeds suspicion:

* And let these have a day appointed them⁹

* For single combat, in convenient place;

* For he hath witness of his servant's malice:

⁸ *By these ten bones, &c.*] We have just heard a dutchess threaten to set her ten commandments in the face of a queen. The jests in this play turn rather too much on the enumeration of fingers. This adjuration is, however, very ancient. So, in *The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

“By these tenne bones I will, I have sworne.”

It occurs likewise in the mystery of *Candlemas Day*, in *Hycke Scorne*; and in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1637. STEEVENS.

⁹ *And let them have a day appointed them, &c.*] In the original play, quarto 1600, the corresponding lines stand thus:

The law, my lord, is this. By case it rests suspicious,
That a day of combat be appointed,
And these to try each other's right or wrong,
Which shall be on the thirtieth of this month;
With ebon staves and sandbags combating,
In Smithfield, before your royal majesty.

An opinion has prevailed that *The whole Contention, &c.* printed in 1600, was an imperfect surreptitious copy of Shakspeare's play as exhibited in the folio; but what spurious copy, or imperfect transcript taken in short-hand, ever produced such variations as these? MALONE.

* This

* This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom¹.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; * for God's sake,
* pity my case! the spight of man prevaileth against me.
* O, Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able
* to fight a blow; O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

* *K. Hen.* Away with them to prison: and the day

* Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—

* Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*

¹ — *duke Humphrey's doom.*] After this line, Mr. Theobald introduced from a longer speech in the quarto, the two following lines:

"*King.* Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,

"We make your grace regent over the French."

The plea urged by Theobald for their introduction was, that otherwise Somerset thanks the king before he had declared his appointment; but Shakspeare, I suppose, thought Henry's assent might be expressed by a nod. Somerset knew that Humphrey's *doom* was final; as likewise did the Armourer, for he, like Somerset, accepts the combat, without waiting for the king's confirmation of what Gloster had said. Shakspeare therefore not having introduced the following speech, which is found in the first copy, we have no right to insert it. That it was not intended to be preserved, appears from the concluding line of the present scene, in which Henry addresses Somerset; whereas in the quarto, Somerset goes out, on his appointment. This is one of those minute circumstances which may be urged to shew that these plays, however afterwards worked up by Shakspeare, were *originally* the production of another author, and that the quarto edition of 1600 was printed from the *copy* originally written by that author, whoever he was. MALONE.

After the lines inserted by Theobald, the king continues his speech thus:

———— over the French;

And to defend our rights 'gainst foreign foes,

And so do good unto the realm of France.

Make haste, my lord; 'tis time that you were gone:

The time of truce, I think, is full expir'd.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty,

And take my leave, to post with speed to France. [*Exit Som.*

King. Come, uncle Gloster; now let's have our horse,

For we will to St. Albans presently.

Madam, your hawk, they say, is swift of flight,

And we will try how she will fly to-day. [*Exeunt.* STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The same. The Duke of Gloster's Garden.

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE².

* *Hume.* Come, my masters; the dutchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

* *Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore provided; Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms * ?

* *Hume.* Ay; What else? fear you not her courage.

* *Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—* John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Dutchess, above.

* *Dutch.* Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this geer; the sooner the better.

* *Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night³,

The

² *Enter, &c.]* The quarto reads:

Enter ELEANOR, with Sir John HUM, Roger BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer, and Margery JOURDAINE a witch.

Eleanor. Here, sir John, take this scroll of paper here, Wherein is writ the questions you shall ask:
And I will stand upon this tower here,
And hear the spirit what it says to you;
And to my questions write the answers down.

[*She goes up to the tower.*

STEEVENS.

* — our exorcisms.] See Vol. III. p. 475, n. 7. MALONE.

³ — the silent of the night,] *Silent*, though an adjective, is used by Shakspeare as a substantive. So, in *The Tempest*, the *vast* of night is used for the greatest part of it. The old quarto reads—the *silence* of the night. The variation between the copies is worth notice.

Bolingbrook

- * The time of night when Troy was set on fire ;
- * The time when scritch-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl⁴,
- * And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
- * That time best fits the work we have in hand.
- * Madam, sit you, and fear not ; whom we raise,
- * We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle; Bolingbroke, or Southwell, reads, Con-juro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the spirit riseth.

* Spir. Adsum.

* M. Jourd. Asmath,

- * By the eternal God, whose name and power
- * Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask ;
- * For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.
- * Spir. Ask what thou wilt :—That I had said and done⁵ !

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of him become⁶ ?

[Reading out of a paper.

Spir.

Bolingbrooke makes a circle.

Bol. Dark night, dread night, the silence of the night,
Wherein the furies mask in hellish troops,
Send up, I charge you, from Cocytus' lake
The spirit Askalon to come to me ;
To pierce the bowels of this centrick earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye !
Askalon, ascend, ascend !"

In a speech already quoted from the quarto, Eleanor says, they have — cast their spells in *silence of the night*. STEEVENS.

4 — *ban-dogs howl*,] The etymology of the word *ban-dogs* is unsettled. They seem, however, to have been designed by poets to signify some terriffick beings whose office it was to *make night bideous*, like those mentioned in the first book and eighth satire of *Horace* :

" ——— serpentes, atque videres

" *Infernas errare canes*." STEEVENS:

5 — *That I had said and done !*] It was anciently believed that spirits who were raised by incantations, remain'd above ground, and answer'd questions with reluctance. See both *Lucan* and *Statius*. STEEVENS.

6 — *What shall of him become ?*] Here is another proof of what has been already suggested. In the quarto 1600, it is concerted between Mother Jourdain and Bolingbroke that *he* should frame a circle, &c. and that she should " fall prostrate on the ground," to " whisper with the

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.*

Boling. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

Spir. By Water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand⁷.

‘ Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

‘ *Boling.* Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:

‘ False fiend, avoid⁸!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

the devils below.” (Southwell is not introduced in that piece.) Accordingly, as soon as the incantations begin, *Bolingbroke* reads the questions out of a paper, as here. But our poet has expressly said in the preceding part of this scene that Southwell was to read them. Here however he inadvertently follows his original as it lay before him, forgetting that consistently with what he had already written, he should have deviated from it. He has fallen into the same kind of inconsistency in *Romeo and Juliet*, by sometimes adhering to and sometimes deserting the poem on which he formed that tragedy. MALONE.

⁷ *Than where castles mounted stand.*] I remember to have read this prophecy in some of our old chronicles, where, I think, it runs thus:

“ Safer shall he be on sand,

“ Than where castles mounted stand:”

at present I do not recollect where. STEEVENS.

⁸ *False fiend, avoid!*] Instead of this short speech at the dismissal of the spirit, the old quarto gives us the following:

“ Then down, I say, unto the damned pool,

“ Where Pluto in his fiery waggon sits,

“ Riding, amidst the sing’d and parched smoaks,

“ The road of *Dytas*, by the river Styx;

“ There howle and burn for ever in those flames;

“ Rise, Jordane, rise, and stay thy charming spells:—

“ ‘Zounds! we are betray’d!”

Dytas is written by mistake for *Ditis*, the genitive case of *Dis*, which is used instead of the nominative by more than one ancient author. So, in Tho. Drant’s Translation of the fifth Satire of *Horace*, 1567:

“ And by that meanes made manye soules lord *Ditis*’ hall to seeke.” STEEVENS.

Here again we have such a variation as never could have arisen from an imperfect transcript. MALONE.

Enter YORK, and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their guards, and others.

* *York.* Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
 * Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
 * What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
 * Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
 * My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
 * See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

* *Dutch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
 * Injurious duke; that threat'ft where is no cause.

* *Buck.* True, madam, none at all. What call you this? *[Shewing her the papers.]*

* Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
 * And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—
 * Stafford, take her to thee.— *[Exit Dutch. from above.]*
 * We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;
 * All.—Away! *[Exeunt guards, with SOUTH. BOLING. &c.]*

* *York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well?

* A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
 Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
 What have we here?

[Reads.]

*The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
 But him out-live, and die a violent death.*

* Why, this is just,

* *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?*

B,

9 *Lord Buckingham, methinks, &c.]* This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators had heard in the scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first edition of this play. POPE.

They are not, it is true, found in this scene, but they are repeated in the subsequent scene, in which Buckingham brings an account of this proceeding to the king. This also is a *variation* that only could proceed from various authors. MALONE.

* *Tell me, &c.]* Yet these two words were not in the paper read by Bolingbroke, which York has now in his hand; nor are they in the original play. Here we have a species of inaccuracy peculiar to Shakespeare, of which he has been guilty in other places. See p. 118, where
 Gloster

By Water shall he die, and take his end.—

What shall betide the duke of Somerset?—

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

• Come, come, my lords;

• These oracles are hardly attain'd¹,

• And hardly understood.

• The king is now in progress towards saint Albans;

• With him, the husband of this lovely lady:

• Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;

• A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

• *Buck.* Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,

• To be the post, in hope of his reward.

• *York.* At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within

• there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

• Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,

• To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Saint Albans.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hollaing.

• *Q. Mar.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook²,

• I saw not better sport these seven years' day:

• Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;

Gloster and Winchester read the same paper differently, and the note in the APPENDIX on that variation, which I had not attended to till that sheet was worked off. See also Vol. IV. p. 55, n. 6. MALONE.

¹ — *are hardly attain'd,*] i. e. a great risque and hazard is run to obtain them. THEOBALD.

The folio reads—*bardly*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

² — *for flying at the brook,*] The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl. JOHNSON.

And,

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out³.

* *K. Hen.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,

* And what a pitch she flew above the rest*!—

* To see how God in all his creatures works!

* Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high⁴.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,

My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;

They know, their master loves to be aloft⁵,

* And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

* *Glo.* My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind

* That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

* *Car.* I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.

* *Glo.* Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?

Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?

* *K. Hen.* The treasury of everlasting joy!

* *Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts

* Beat on a crown⁶, the treasure of thy heart;

Pernicious

³ — *the wind was very high;*

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.] I am told by a gentleman better acquainted with falconry than myself, that the meaning, however expressed, is, that the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather. JOHNSON.

The wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game. PERCY.

The ancient books of hawking do not enable me to decide on the merits of such discordant explanations. It may yet be remarked, that the terms belonging to this once popular amusement, were in general settled with the utmost precision; and I may at least venture to declare, that a mistress might have been kept at a cheaper rate than a falcon. To compound a medicine to cure one of these birds of worms, it was necessary to destroy no fewer animals than a lamb, a culver, a pigeon, a buck, and a cat. I have this intelligence from the *Booke of Hawkinge*, &c. by dame Julyana Bernes, bl. l. no date. STEEVENS.

* *And what a pitch, &c.*] In the old play we find:

"Uncle Gloster, how high your hawk did soar,

"*And on a sudden sow'd the partridge down.*" MALONE.

⁴ — *are fain of climbing high.*] *Fain*, in this place, signifies *fond*.

The word (as I am informed) is still used in Scotland. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *to be aloft,*] Perhaps alluding to the adage: "High flying hawks are fit for princes." See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *thine eyes and thoughts*

Beat on a crown,] So, in the *Tempest*:

"Do

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth't it so with king and common-weal!

' *Glo.* What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown per-
réptory?

* *Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*

' Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;

' With such holiness can you do it*?

' *Suf.* No malice, sir; no more than well becomes

' So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord;

An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,

Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,

Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glo. Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that!

[*Aside to the Cardinal.*

' *Car.* Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*

' *Glo.* Make up no factious numbers for the matter,

' In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*

' *Car.* Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,

' This evening, on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*

' *K. Hen.* How now, my lords?

' *Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloster,

' Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,

' We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword.

[*Aside to GLO.*

"Do not infest your mind with *beating on*

"The strangeness of this business."

Again, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

"This her mind *beats on*,"

I have given these instances of this phrase, because Dr. Johnson's interpretation of it was certainly incorrect. He supposed there was an allusion to a hawk's *bating* the wing. MALONE.

Again, in Lilly's *Maids Metamorphosis*, 1600:

"With him whose restless *thoughts* do *beat on* thee." STEEV.

* —*can you do it?*] The old play, quarto 1600, reads more intelligibly,—"*Good uncle, can you dote?*" MALONE.

Glo.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you.

[*Aside.*]

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

* *Glo.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for
this,

* Or all my fence shall fail⁸.

[*Aside.*]

* *Car.* *Medice teipsum*;

* Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. }

[*Aside.*]

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs,
lords⁹.

* How irksome is this musick to my heart!

* When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

* I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter an Inhabitant of Saint Albans, crying, A Miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Inhab. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

7 *Are you advis'd, &c.*] Do you understand?—This line, which in the old copy is given to Gloster, was, I think, rightly transferred by Mr. Theobald to the Cardinal. In the original play the Cardinal desires Gloster to bring "his sword and buckler." The *two-hand sword* was sometimes called the *long sword*, and in common use before the introduction of the rapier. Justice Shallow in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* boasts of the exploits he had performed in his youth with this instrument. See Vol. I. p. 228, n. 8. MALONE.

8 — *my fence shall fail.*] *Fence* is the art of defence. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"Despight his nice *fence*, and his active practice." STEEVENS.

9 *The winds grow high, so do your stomachs, lords.*] This line Shakspeare hath injudiciously adopted from the old play, changing only the word *color* [choler] to *stomachs*. In the old play the altercation appears not to be concealed from Henry. Here Shakspeare certainly intended that it should pass between the Cardinal and Gloster *aside*; and yet he has inadvertently adopted a line, and added others, that imply that Henry has heard the appointment they have made. MALONE.

* *K. Hen.* Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls
 * Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his brethren; and
 SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a chair; his
 wife and a great multitude following.*

* *Car.* Here come the townsmen on procession,
 * To present your highness with the man.

* *K. Hen.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
 * Although by his sight his sin be multiply'd.

* *Glo.* Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king,
 * His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

* *K. Hen.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
 * That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st have
 better told:

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

* *K. Hen.* Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great
 to thee:

* Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

* But still remember what the Lord hath done.

* *Q. Mar.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by
 chance,

* Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

* *Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

* A hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep

* By good faint Alban; who said,—*Simpcox, come*;

* Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

* — *Simpcox, come*;] The old copy has *Simon*. Probably *Sim.* only
 was set down in the Mf. it being a very frequent practice in the dra-
 matick Mfs. of our author's time to write only the first syllable of
 proper names. Mr. Theobald, I find, had made the same emendation,
 though it was not followed in the subsequent editions; and an anony-
 mous writer, I have lately observed, has accounted as I have done for the
 mistake. MALONE.

* *Wife.*

- * *Wife*. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
 * Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How cam'st thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glo. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.
Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
 * *Wife*. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
 * *Glo*. 'Mafs, 'thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.
 * *Simp*. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
 * And made me climb, with danger of my life.
 * *Glo*. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
 * Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—
 * In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.
 * *Simp*. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and faint Alban.
Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.
K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.
 * *Wife*. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, firrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glo. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
Glo. Then Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave
 In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,

Thou might'st as well have known all our names,
As thus to name the several colours we
Do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours;
But suddenly to nominate them all,
It is impossible.—

My lords, saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think that cunning * to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles
in your town, and things call'd whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself
from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah
beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with
your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to
stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry, A Miracle!*]

* *K. Hen.* O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?

* *Q. Mar.* It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

* *Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

* *Wife.* Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipt through every market town till
they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*]

* — that *cunning*—] Folio—*it cunning*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.
That was probably contracted in the Ms. yt. MALONE.

- * *Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to day.
 * *Suf.* True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.
 * *Glo.* But you have done more miracles than I;
 * You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly².

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

- * *K. Hen.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?
 * *Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold³.
 * A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent⁴,—
 * Under the countenance and confederacy
 * Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
 * The ring-leader and head of all this rout,—
 * Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
 * Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
 * Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
 * Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
 * Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
 * And other of your highness' privy council,
 * As more at large your grace shall understand.
 * *Car.* And so, my lord protector, by this means
 * Your lady is forth-coming⁵ yet at London.

- ² — *whole towns to fly.*] Here in the old play the king adds:
 "Have done, I say; and let me hear no more of that."

MALONE.

- ³ *Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold. &c.*] In the original play the corresponding speech stands thus; and the variation is worth noting:

"Ill news for some, my lord, and this it is,
 "That proud dame Elinor, our protector's wife,
 "Hath plotted treasons 'gainst the king and peers,
 "By witchcrafts, forceries, and conjurings:
 "Who by such means did raise a spirit up,
 "To tell her what hap should betide the state;
 "But ere they had finish'd their devilish drift,
 "By York and myself they were all surpriz'd,
 "And here's the answer the devil did make to them."

MALONE.

- ⁴ *A sort — lewdly bent,*] *Lewdly*, in this place, and in some others, does not signify *wantonly*, but *wickedly*. STEEVENS.

The word is so used in old acts of parliament. *A sort* is a company. See Vol. II. p. 490, n. 5. MALONE.

- ⁵ *Your lady is forth-coming—*] That is, Your lady is in custody.

JOHNSON.

* This

- * This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
- * 'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to GLOSTER.*

- * *Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
- * Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers:
- * And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
- * Or to the meanest groom.
- * *K. Hen.* O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
- * Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
- * *Q. Mar.* Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
- * And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
- * *Glo.* Madam, for myself⁶, to heaven I do appeal,
- * How I have lov'd my king, and common-weal:
- * And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
- * Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
- * Noble she is; but, if she have forgot
- * Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
- * As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
- * I banish her, my bed, and company;
- * And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
- * That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.
- * *K. Hen.* Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
- * To-morrow, toward London, back again,
- * To look into this business thoroughly,
- * And call these foul offenders to their answers;
- * And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
- * Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

⁶ *Madam for myself, &c.] Thus in the original play:*

- " And pardon me, my gracious sovereign,
- " For here I swear unto your majesty,
- " That I am guiltless of these heinous crimes,
- " Which my ambitious wife hath falsely done:
- " And for she would betray her sovereign lord,
- " I here renounce her from my bed and board;
- " And leave her open for the law to judge,
- " Unless she clear herself of this foul deed." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

London. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

* *York.* Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
 ' Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
 ' In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
 ' In craving your opinion of my title,
 ' Which is infallible⁷, to England's crown.

* *Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
 The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—

' Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
 ' The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
 ' The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
 ' Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,
 ' Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:
 ' The fifth, was Edmond Langley⁸, duke of York;
 ' The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
 ' William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
 ' Edward, the Black Prince, dy'd before his father;
 ' And left behind him Richard, his only son,
 ' Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king;
 ' Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
 ' The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
 ' Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
 ' Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
 ' Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
 ' And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know⁹,
 ' Harmless Richard was murder'd traiterously.

* *War.*

⁷ *Which is infallible,*] I know not well whether he means the opinion or the title is infallible. JOHNSON.

Surely he means his title. MALONE.

⁸ *The fifth, was Edmond Langley, &c.*] The author of the original play has ignorantly enumerated Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, as Edward's fifth son; and represented the Duke of York as Edward's second son. MALONE.

⁹ — *as all you know,*] In the original play the words are, "—as you both know". This mode of phraseology, when the speaker addresses

- * *War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth ;
- * Thus got the house of Lancaſter the crown.
- * *York.* Which now they hold by force, and not by right ;
- * For Richard, the firſt ſon's heir, being dead,
- * The iſſue of the next ſon ſhould have reign'd.
- * *Sal.* But William of Hatfield dy'd without an heir.
- * *York.* The third ſon, duke of Clarence, (from whoſe line
- * I claim the crown,) had iſſue—Philippe, a daughter,
- * Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.
- * Edmund had iſſue—Roger, earl of March :
- * Roger had iſſue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
- * *Sal.* This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
- * As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ;
- * And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
- * Who kept him in captivity, till he died¹.

* But,

only two perſons, is peculiar to Shakspeare. In *K. Henry IV.* P II, Act III. ſc. i. the king addreſſing Warwick and Surrey, ſays,

“ Why then good morrow to you *all*, my lords.” MALONE.

[*Who kept him in captivity, till he died.*] I have obſerved in a former note, (p. 44, n. 8.) that the hiſtorians as well as the dramatick poets have been ſtrangely miſtaken concerning this Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March, who was ſo far from being “ kept in captivity till he died,” that he appears to have been at liberty during the whole reign of King Henry V. and to have been truſted and employed by him ; and there is no proof that he ever was confined, as a *ſtate-prifoner*, by King Henry IV. Being only ſix years of age at the death of his father in 1398, he was delivered by Henry in ward to his ſon Henry Prince of Wales ; and during the whole of that reign, being a minor and related to the family on the throne, both he and his brother Roger were under the particular care of the king. At the age of ten years, in 1402, he headed a body of Herefordſhire men againſt Owen Glendower ; and they being routed, he was taken priſoner by Owen, and is ſaid by Walsingham to have contracted a marriage with Glendower's daughter, and to have been with him at the battle of Shrewſbury ; but I believe the ſtory of his being affianced to Glendower's daughter is a miſtake, and that the hiſtorian has confounded Mortimer with Lord Gray of Ruthvin, who was likewise taken priſoner by Glendower, and actually did marry his daughter. Edmond Mortimer Earl of March married Anne Stafford, the daughter of Edmond Earl of Stafford. If he was at the battle of Shrewſbury he was probably brought there againſt his will, to grace the cauſe of the rebels. The Percies in the Manifeſto which they

* But, to the rest.

- *York.* His eldest sister, Anne,
- My mother, being heir unto the crown,
- Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son
- To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.

they published a little before that battle, speak of him, not as a confederate of Owen's, but as the rightful heir to the crown, whom Owen had confined, and whom, finding that the king for political reasons would not ransom him, they at their own charges had ransomed. After that battle, he was certainly under the care of the king, he and his brother in the seventh year of that reign having had annuities of two hundred pounds and one hundred marks allotted to them, for their maintenance during their minorities.

In addition to what I have already said respecting the trust reposed in him during the whole reign of K. Henry V. I may add, that in the sixth year of that king this Earl of March was with the Earl of Salisbury at the siege of Fresnes; and soon afterwards with the king himself at the siege of Melun. In the same year he was constituted *LIEUTENANT OF NORMANDY*. He attended Henry when he had an interview with the French King, &c. at Melun, to treat about a marriage with Catharine, and he accompanied the queen when she returned from France in 1422, with the corpse of her husband.

One of the fources of the mistakes in our old histories concerning this earl, I believe, was this: he was probably confounded with one of his kinsmen, a Sir John Mortimer, who was confined for a long time in the Tower, and at last was executed in 1424. That person however, could not have been his uncle (as has been said in p. 44, n. 8.) for he had but one legitimate uncle, and his name was *Edmond*. The Sir John Mortimer, who was confined in the Tower, was perhaps cousin german to the last Edmond Earl of March, the illegitimate son of his uncle Edmond.

I take this opportunity of correcting an inaccuracy in the note above referred to. I have said that Lionel Duke of Clarence was married to Elizabeth the daughter of the Earl of Ulster, in 1360. I have since learned that he was affianced to her in his tender years; and consequently Lionel, having been born in 1338, might have had his daughter Philippa in 1354. Philippa, I find, was married in 1370, at the age of sixteen, to Edmond Mortimer Earl of March, who was himself born in 1351. Their son Roger was born in 1371, and must have been married to Eleanor, the daughter of the Earl of Kent, in the year 1388, or 1389, for their daughter Anne, who married Richard Earl of Cambridge, was born in 1389. Edmond Mortimer, Roger's eldest son, (the Mortimer of Shakspeare's *K. Henry IV.* and the person who has given occasion to this tedious note,) was born in the latter end of the year 1392; and consequently when he died in his castle at Trim in Ireland, in 1424-5, he was thirty-two years old. MALONE.

• By

* By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
 * To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
 * Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
 * Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence;
 * So, if the issue of the elder son
 * Succeed before the younger, I am king.

* *War.* What plain proceedings are more plain than
 this?

* Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
 * The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
 * Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
 * It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
 * And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
 * Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;
 * And, in this private plot², be we the first,
 * That shall salute our rightful sovereign
 * With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

* *York.* We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
 * Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
 * With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:
 * And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
 * But with advice, and silent secrecy.
 * Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
 * Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
 * At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
 * At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
 * Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
 * That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:
 * 'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
 * Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

* *Sal.* My lord, break we off; we know your mind at
 full.

* *War.* My heart assures me³, that the earl of Warwick

² — *private plot,*] Sequester'd spot of ground. MALONE.

³ *My heart assures me,*] Instead of this couplet, we find in the old play no less than ten lines; so that if we suppose that piece to be an imperfect transcript of this, we must acknowledge the transcriber had a good *sprag* memory, for he remembered what he never could have either heard or seen. MALONE.

- ‘ Shall one day make the duke of York a king.
- ‘ *York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
- ‘ Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
- ‘ The greatest man in England, but the king. [*Exeunt,*

S C E N E III.

The same. A Hall of justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the Dutcheſs of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

- ‘ *K. Hen.* Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloſter’s wife :
- ‘ In fight of God, and us, your guilt is great ;
- ‘ Receive the ſentence of the law, for ſins
- ‘ Such as by God’s book are adjudg’d to death.—
- * You four, from hence to priſon back again ;
[*to Jourd. &c.*
- * From thence, unto the place of execution :
- * The witch in Smithfield ſhall be burn’d to aſhes,
- * And you three ſhall be ſtrangled on the gallows.—
- ‘ You, madam, for you are more nobly born, [*to the Dut.*
- ‘ Deſpoiled of your honour in your life,
- ‘ Shall, after three days’ open penance⁴ done,
- ‘ Live in your country here, in baniſhment,
- ‘ With ſir John Stanley, in the iſle of Man.
- ‘ *Dutch.* Welcome is baniſhment, welcome were my death.
- * *Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou ſeeſt, hath judg’d thee ;
- * I cannot juſtify whom the law condemns.—
- [*Exeunt the Dutcheſs, and the other Priſoners, guarded.*
- ‘ Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
- ‘ Ah, Humphrey, this diſhonour in thine age
- ‘ Will bring thy head with ſorrow to the ground !—
- ‘ I beſeech your majeſty, give me leave to go ;

4 — after three days’ open penance—] In the original play the king particularly ſpecifies the mode of penance. “ Thou ſhalt two days do penance barefoot, in the ſtreets, with a white ſheet,” &c. MALONE.

‘ Sorrow

' Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease².

' *K. Hen.* Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster: ere thou go,

' Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself

' Protector be: and God shall be my hope,

' My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;

' And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,

' Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

* *2 Mar.* I see no reason, why a king of years

* Should be to be protected like a child.—

' God and king Henry govern England's realm³:

' Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

' *Glo.* My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:

' As willingly do I the same resign,

' As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;

And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,

As others would ambitiously receive it.

' Farewel, good king: When I am dead and gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*

* *2 Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;

* And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,

* That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—

* His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;

* This staff of honour raught⁴:—'There let it stand,

' Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

* *Suf.* Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;

* Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days⁵.

² *Sorrow would solace, and my age would ease.*] That is, Sorrow would have, sorrow requires, solace, and age requires ease. JOHNSON.

³ *God and king Henry govern England's realm:*] The word *realm* at the end of two lines together is displeasing; and when it is considered that much of this scene is written in rhyme, it will not appear improbable that the author wrote, *govern England's belm.* JOHNSON.

So, in a preceding scene of this play

And you yourself shall steer the happy *belm.* STEEVENS.

⁴ *This staff of honour raught:*—] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb *reach*, and is frequently used by Spenser. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *in her youngest days.*] Eleanor was certainly not a young woman. We must therefore suppose that the pronoun *her* refers to *pride*, and stands for *its*;—a licence which Shakspeare often takes. MASON.

Or the meaning may be, in her, i. e. Eleanor's, youngest days of power. But the assertion, which ever way understood, is untrue. MALONE.

' *York.*

- ' York. Lords, let him go⁶.—Please it your majesty,
 ' This is the day appointed for the combat ;
 ' And ready are the appellant and defendant,
 ' The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
 ' So please your highness to behold the fight.
 * Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord ; for purposely therefore
 * Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.
 ' K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things
 fit ;
 ' Here let them end it, and God defend the right !
 * York. I never saw a fellow worse bested⁷,
 * Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
 * The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk ; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it⁸ ; a drum before him ; at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff ; accompanied by prentices drinking to him.

1. *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack ; And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2. *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco⁹.

⁶ *Lords, let him go.]* i.e. Let him pass out of your thoughts. Duke Humphrey had already left the stage. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *worse bested.]* In a worse plight. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *with a sand-bag fastened to it ;]* As, according to the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and sword ; so those of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag cramm'd hard with sand. To this custom Hudibras has alluded in these humorous lines :

“ Engag'd with money-bags, as bold

“ As men with sand-bags did of old.” WARBURTON.

Mr. Symphon, in his notes on Ben Jonson, observes, that a passage in St. Chrysostom very clearly proves the great antiquity of this practice.

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *a cup of charneco.]* Charneco was, I believe, a sweet wine. It is very often mentioned by old writers, but none of the passages in which it is mentioned, that I have seen, ascertain either its quality, or the country where it was produced. MALONE.

3. *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; And a fig for Peter!

1. *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2. *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Pet. I thank you all: * drink, and pray for me, I pray * you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this * world.*—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Pet. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Pet. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: * and touching the duke of York,—will take * my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; * And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart¹.

¹ — as *Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.*] I have added this from the old quarto. WARBURTON.

Ascapart—the giant of the story—a name familiar to our ancestors, is mentioned by Dr. Donne:

“ Those *Ascaparts*, men big enough to throw

“ Charing-crofs for a bar,” &c. JOHNSON.

The figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare not having adopted these words, according to the hypothesis already stated, they ought perhaps not to be here introduced. However, I am not so wedded to my own opinion, as to oppose it to so many preceding editors, in a matter of so little importance, and therefore I have admitted Dr. Warburton's emendation. MALONE.

KING HENRY VI.

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- * *York*. Dispatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double².
- * Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.
[*Alarum. They fight; and Peter strikes down his master.*
Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.
[*Dies.*
- * *York*. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God,
* and the good wine in thy master's way.
* *Pet.* O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this
* presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!
K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt * :
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The same. A street.

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning cloaks.

- * *Glo.* Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;
* And, after summer, evermore succeeds
* Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold³:

² — *this knave's tongue begins to double.*] So, in Holinshed, whose narrative Shakspeare has deserted, by making the armourer confess treason.—“When he should have come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went; and so was slain without guilt: as for the false servant he lived not long,” &c. STEEVENS.

* *For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt.*] According to the ancient usage of the duel, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. We have a remarkable instance of this in an account of the *Duellum inter Dominum Johannem Hannelsy, Militem, & Robertum Katlenton, Armigerum, in quo Robertus fuit occisus*. From whence, says the historian, “*magna fuit evidentia quod militis causa erat vera, ex quo mors alterius sequebatur.*” A. Murimuth, ad ann. 1380 p. 149.

BOWLE.

³ *Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:*] So, in Sackville's *Induction*:

“The wrathful winter 'proaching on apace.— REED.

* So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet ⁴.—
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

* *Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
* To watch the coming of my punish'd dutchess:
* Uneath ⁵ may she endure the flinty streets,
* To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious looks laughing at thy shame;
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
* But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare
* My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Dutches of GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with papers pinn'd upon her back, her feet bare; and a taper burning in her hand; Sir John Stanley, a sheriff, and officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

* *Glo.* No, stir not for your lives; let her pass by ⁶.

Dutch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!

⁴ — as seasons fleet.—] To *fleet* is to change. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— now the *fleeting* moon

“ No planet is of mine.” STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary supposes to *fleet* (as here used) to be the same as to *flit*; that is, to be in a flux or transient state; to pass away. MALONE.

⁵ *Uneath*—] i. e. scarcely. POPE.

Eath is the ancient word for *ease* or *easy*. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. 6:

“ More *eath* was now impression to receive.”

Uneath is commonly used by the same author for *not easily*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *No, stir not, &c.*] In the original play thus:

“ I charge you for your lives, stir not a foot;

“ Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,

“ But let them do their office as they should.” MALONE.

* See

- * See, how the giddy multitude do point,
- * And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
- * Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
- * And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
- And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Dutch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:

For, whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,
 And thou a prince, protector of this land,
 'Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
 Mail'd up in shame⁷, with papers on my back;
 * And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
 * To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
 The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
 And, when I start, the envious people laugh,
 And bid me be advised how I tread.
 ' Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
 * Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;
 * Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?
 * No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
 * To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.
 Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
 And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
 Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
 As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn dutches,
 ' Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
 To every idle rascal follower.
 But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
 Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
 Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
 For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
 ' With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
 And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
 Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
 And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
 * But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,

⁷ *Mail'd up in shame,*] Wrapped up; bundled up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance. JOHNSON.

- * Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.
- * *Glo.* Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;
- * I must offend, before I be attainted:
- * And had I twenty times so many foes,
- * And each of them had twenty times their power,
- * All these could not procure me any scathe^s,
- * So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
- * Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
- * Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
- * But I in danger for the breach of law.
- * Thy greatest help is quiet⁹, gentle Nell:
- * I pray thee, fort thy heart to patience;
- * These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*]

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

- * *Sher.* An't please your grace, here my commission stays:
- * And sir John Stanley is appointed now
- * To take her with him to the isle of Man.

* *Glo.* Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?

* *Stan.* So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again⁹;
And I may live to do you kindness, if

^s — any scathe,] *Scathe* is harm, or mischief. Chaucer, Spenser, and all our ancient writers, are frequent in their use of this word.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Thy greatest help is quiet,*] The poet has not endeavoured to raise much compassion for the dutches, who indeed suffers but what she had deserved. JOHNSON.

¹ — *the world may laugh again;*] That is, The world may look again favourably upon me. JOHNSON.

You do it her. And so, fir John, farewell.

Dutch. What gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.*]

Dutch. Art thou gone too? * All comfort go with thee!

* For none abides with me: my joy is—death;

* Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,

* Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—

* Stanley, I prythee, go, and take me hence;

* I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

* Only convey me where thou art commanded.

* *Stan.* Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;

* There to be us'd according to your state.

* *Dutch.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:

* And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

* *Stan.* Like to a dutchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,

* According to that state you shall be us'd.

* *Dutch.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;

* Although thou hast been conduct of my shame *!

* *Sher.* It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

* *Dutch.* Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.—

* Come, Stanley, shall we go?

* *Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,

* And go we to attire you for our journey.

* *Dutch.* My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:

* No, it will hang upon my richest robes,

* And shew itself, attire me how I can.

* Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison ². [*Exeunt.*]

² — *I long to see my prison.*] This impatience of a high spirit is very natural. It is not so dreadful to be imprisoned, as it is desirable in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of gazers. JOHNSON.

This is one of those touches that certainly came from the hand of Shakspeare; for these words are not in the old play. MALONE.

* — *conduct of my shame!*] That is, *conductor*. See Vol. I. p. 98, n. 7. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Abbey at Bury.

Enter to the parliament, King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and Others.

- ' K. Hen. I muse, my lord of Gloster is not come :
 ' 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
 ' Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
 ' Q. Mar. Can you not see ? or will you not observe
 ' The strangeness of his alter'd countenance ?
 ' With what a majesty he bears himself ;
 ' How insolent of late he is become,
 ' How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself ?
 ' We know the time, since he was mild and affable ;
 ' And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
 ' Immediately he was upon his knee,
 ' That all the court admir'd him for submission :
 ' But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
 ' When every one will give the time of day,
 ' He knits his brow, and shews an angry eye,
 ' And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
 ' Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
 ' Small curs are not regarded, when they grin ;
 ' But great men tremble, when the lion roars ;
 ' And Humphrey is no little man in England.
 ' First, note, that he is near you in descent ;
 ' And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.
 ' Me seemeth³ then, it is no policy,—
 ' Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
 ' And his advantage following your decease,—
 ' That he should come about your royal person,
 ' Or be admitted to your highness' council.
 ' By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts ;

³ *Me seemeth*—] That is, it seemeth to me ; a word more grammatical than *metbinks*, which has, I know not how, intruded into its place. JOHNSON.

' And,

* And, when he please to make commotion,
 * 'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
 * Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
 * Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,
 * And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
 * The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
 * Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
 * If it be fond *, call it a woman's fear;
 * Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
 * I will subscribe, and say—I wrong'd the duke.
 * My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
 * Reprove my allegation, if you can;
 * Or else conclude my words effectual.

* *Suf.* Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
 * And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
 I think, I should have told your grace's tale *.

* The dutchess, by his subornation,
 * Upon my life, began her devilish practices;
 * Or if he were not privy to those faults,
 * Yet, by reputing of his high descent *,
 * (As next the king, he was successive heir,)
 * And such high vaunts of his nobility,
 * Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick dutchess,
 * By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
 Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
 * And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
 The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
 No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
 Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

* *Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,
 * Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

* *If it be fond,*] Idle, foolish. See Vol. III. p. 66, n. 5. MALONE.

4 — *your grace's tale.*] Suffolk uses *bigbness* and *grace* promiscuously to the queen. *Majesty* was not the settled title till the time of king James the First. JOHNSON.

5 *Yet, by reputing of his high descent,*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—*repeating*. *Reputing of his high descent*, is *valuing himself upon it*. The same word occurs in the fifth act:

“And in my conscience do *repute* his grace,” &c. STEEVENS.

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,

- * Levy great sums of money through the realm,
- * For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
- * By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

- * *Buck.* Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
- * Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

- * *K. Hen.* My lords, at once: The care you have of us,
- * To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
- * Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my conscience?
- * Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
- * From meaning treason to our royal person
- * As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
- * The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
- * To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond
affiance!

- * Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
- * For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
- * Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
- * For he's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.
- * Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
- * Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
- * Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

* *Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?

- * *Som.* That all your interest in those territories
- * Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset: But God's will be done!

York: Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England⁶.

⁶ *Cold news for me; &c.*] These two lines York had spoken before in the first act of this play. He is now meditating on his disappointment, and comparing his former hopes with his present loss. STEVENS.

- * Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
- * And caterpillars eat my leaves away :
- * But I will remedy this gear⁷ ere long,
- * Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

[*Aside.*]*Enter GLOSTER.*

* *Glo.* All happiness unto my lord the king !
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
‘ Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art :
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk’s duke *, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest ;
* A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
* The purest spring is not so free from mud,
* As I am clear from treason to my sovereign :
Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilty ?

York. ’Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of
France,

And, being protector, stay’d the soldiers’ pay ;
By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so ? What are they, that think it !
‘ I never robb’d the soldiers of their pay,
‘ Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
‘ So help me God, as I have watch’d the night,—
‘ Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England !
‘ That do it that e’er I wrested from the king.
‘ Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
‘ Be brought against me at my trial day !
‘ No ! many a pound of mine own proper store,
‘ Because I would not tax the needy commons,
‘ Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
‘ And never ask’d for restitution.

7 — *this gear*—] *Gear* was a general word for things or matters.

JOHNSON.

So, in the story of *King Darius*, an interlude, 1565 :

“ Wyll not yet this *gere* be amended,

“ Nor your sinful acts corrected ?” STEEVENS.

* *Well, Suffolk’s duke,*] The folio has—*Well, Suffolk, thou,—*
The defect of the metre shews that the word was omitted, which I
have supplied from the old play. MALONE.

M 4

* *Car.*

* *Car.* It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

* *Glo.* I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;

* For I should melt at an offender's tears,

* And lowly words were ransom for their fault.

* Unless it were a bloody murderer,

* Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor passengers,

* I never gave them condign punishment:

* Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd

* Above the felon, or what trespass else.

* *Suf.* My lord, these faults are easy⁸, quickly answer'd;

* But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,

* Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

* I do arrest you in his highness' name;

* And here commit you to my lord cardinal

* To keep, until your further time of trial.

* *K. Hen.* My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,

* That you will clear yourself from all suspects⁹;

My conscience tells me, you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous!

* Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,

* And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;

* Foul subornation is predominant,

* And equity exil'd your highness' land.

* I know, their complot is to have my life;

* And, if my death might make this island happy,

* And prove the period of their tyranny,

⁸ —these faults are easy,—] *Easy* is slight, inconsiderable, as in other passages of this author. JOHNSON.

⁹ —from all suspects;] The folio reads—*suspence*. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The corresponding line in the original play stands thus:

“ Good uncle, obey to this arrest;

“ I have no doubt but thou shalt clear thyself.” MALONE.

So, in a following scene:

“ If my suspect be false, forgive me, God!” STEEVENS.

“ I would

* I would expend it with all willingness:
 * But mine is made the prologue to their play;
 * For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
 * Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
 * Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
 * And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
 * Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
 * The envious load that lies upon his heart;
 * And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
 * Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
 * By false accuse doth level at my life:—
 * And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
 * Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
 * And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
 * My liefeft¹ liege to be mine enemy:—
 * Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
 * Myself had notice of your conventicles,
 * And all to make away my guiltless life:
 * I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
 * Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
 * The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
 A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

* *Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable:
 * If those, that care to keep your royal person
 * From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
 * Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
 * And the offender granted scope of speech,
 * 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
 * With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
 * As if she had suborned some to swear
 * False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

* *2. Mar.* But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed;—
 * Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!—
 * And well such losers may have leave to speak.

¹ — *liefeft*—] is *dearest*. JOHNSON.

See p. 116, n. 6. MALONE.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—

* Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner,

* *Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:

* Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,

* And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.

* Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!

* For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear².

[*Exeunt Attendants, with GLOSTER.*

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret³; my heart is drown'd with
grief,

* Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;

* My body round engirt with misery;

* For what's more miserable than discontent?—

* Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see

* The map of honour⁴, truth, and loyalty;

² *Ab! that my fear were false! &c.*] The variation is here worth noting. In the original play, instead of these two lines, we have the following:

“Farewell my sovereign; long may'st thou enjoy

“Thy father's happy days, free from annoy!” MALONE.

³ *Ay, Margaret, &c.*] Of this speech the only traces in the quarto are the following lines. In the king's speech a line seems to be lost:

Queen. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

King. Yea, Margaret; my heart is kill'd with grief;

* * * * *

Where I may fit, and sigh in endless moan,

For who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.

If therefore, according to the conjecture already suggested, these plays were originally the composition of another author, the speech before us belongs to Shakspeare. It is observable that one of the expressions in it is found in his *Richard II.* and in the *Rape of Lucrece*; and in perusing the subsequent lines one cannot help recollecting the trade which his father has by some been supposed to have followed. MALONE.

* *The map of honour,—*] In *K. Richard II.* if I remember right, we have the same words. Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

“Shewing life's triumph in the map of death,” MALONE.

* And

- * And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
- * That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
- * What lowering star now envies thy estate,
- * That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
- * Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
- * Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
- * And as the butcher takes away the calf,
- * And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays⁵,
- * Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
- * Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
- * And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
- * Looking the way her harmless young one went,
- * And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
- * Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
- * With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
- * Look after him, and cannot do him good;
- * So mighty are his vowed enemies.
- * His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
- * Say—*Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.* [Exit.
- * 2. Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's
hot beams.
- * Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
- * Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's shew
- * Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
- * With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
- * Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank⁷,

⁵ *And as the butcher takes away the calf,*

And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,] It is common for butchers to tie a rope or halter about the neck of a calf when they take it away from the breeder's farm, and to beat it gently if it attempts to stray from the direct road. The duke of Gloster is borne away like the calf, that is, he is taken away upon his feet; but he is not carried away as a burthen on horseback, or upon men's shoulders, or in their hands. TOLLET.

* *Free lords, &c.*] By this she means (as may be seen by the sequel) you, who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the king, but are men of the world, and know how to live. WARBURTON.

⁷ — *in a flowering bank,*] i. e. in the flowers growing on a bank. Some of the modern editions read unnecessarily—*on a flowering bank.*

MALONE.

* With

- * With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
- * That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
- * Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
- * (And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,)
- * This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
- * To rid us from the fear we have of him.
- * *Car.* That he should die, is worthy policy;
- * But yet we want a colour for his death:
- * 'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.
- * *Suf.* But, in my mind, that were no policy:
- * The king will labour still to save his life,
- * The commons haply rise to save his life;
- * And yet we have but trivial argument,
- * More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.
- * *York.* So that, by this, you would not have him die,
- * *Suf.* Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.
- * *York.* 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death^s.—
- * But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
- * Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
- * Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
- * To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
- * As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?
- * *Mar.* So the poor chicken should be sure of death.
- * *Suf.* Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not madness then,
- * To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
- * Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
- * His guilt should be but idly posted over,
- * Because his purpose is not executed.

^s 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.] Why York had more reason than the rest for desiring Humphrey's death, is not very clear; he had only decided the deliberation about the regency of France in favour of Somerset. JOHNSON.

York had more reason, because duke Humphrey stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself as the termination of his ambitious views. So A& III. sc. v:

*For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me.* STEEVENS.

' No;

' No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
 ' By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
 ' Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
 ' As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.⁹
 ' And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him:
 ' Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
 ' Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
 ' So he be dead; for that is good deceit
 ' Which mates him first, that first intends deceit¹.

* *2. Mar.* Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

⁹ *No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
 By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
 Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
 As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.*

The meaning of the speaker is not hard to be discovered, but his expression is very much perplexed. He means that the fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be by nature an enemy to sheep, even before he has actually killed them; so Humphrey may be properly destroyed, as being proved by arguments to be the king's enemy, before he has committed any actual crime.

Some may be tempted to read *treasons* for *reasons*, but the drift of the argument is to shew that there may be *reason* to kill him before any *treason* has broken out. JOHNSON.

As seems to be here used for *like*. Sir T. Hanmer reads, with some probability, *As* Humphrey's prov'd, &c. In the original play, instead of these lines, we have the following speech:

Suf. And so think I, madam; for as you know,
 If our king Henry had shook hands with death,
 Duke Humphrey then would look to be our king.
 And it may be, by policy he works,
 To bring to pass the thing which now we doubt.
 The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb;
 But if we take him ere he doth the deed,
 We should not question if that he should live.
 No, let him die, in that he is a fox,
 Lest that in living he offend us more. MALONE.

¹ — *for that is good deceit*

Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.] *To mate*, I believe, means here as in many other places in our author's plays, to confound or destroy; from *matar*, Span. to kill. See Vol. IV. p. 416, n. 8. MALONE.

Mates him means—that first puts an end to his moving. *To mate* is a term in chess, used when the king is stopped from moving, and an end put to the game. PERCY.

Suf.

- * *Suf.* Not resolute, except so much were done ;
- * For things are often spoke, and seldom meant :
- * But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
- * Seeing the deed is meritorious,
- * And to preserve my fovereign from his foe,—
- * Say but the word, and I will be his priest².
- * *Car.* But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
- * Ere you can take due orders for a priest :
- * Say, you consent, and censure well the deed³,
- * And I'll provide his executioner,
- * I tender to the safety of my liege.
- * *Suf.* Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
- * *Q. Mar.* And so say I.
- * *York.* And I : and now we three have spoke it,
- * It skills not⁴ greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

* *Mef.* Great lords⁵, from Ireland am I come amain,
 * To signify—that rebels there are up,

² — *I will be his priest.*] I will be the attendant on his last scene, I will be the last man whom he will see. JOHNSON.

³ — *and censure well the deed,*] That is, approve the deed, judge the deed good. JOHNSON.

⁴ *It skills not—*] It is of no importance. JOHNSON.

So, in Sir T. More's *Utopia*, translated by R. Robinson, 1624 :
 " I will describe to you one or other of them, for it *skilleth* not greatly which." MALONE.

⁵ *Great Lords, &c.*] I shall subjoin this speech as it stands in the quarto:

" Madam, I bring you news from Ireland ;
 " The wild Onele, my lord, is up in arms,
 " With troops of Irish kerns, that uncontroll'd
 " Doth plant themselves within the English pale,
 " And burn and spoil the country, as they go."

Surely here is not an imperfect exhibition of the lines in the folio, hastily taken down in the theatre by the ear or in short-hand, as I once concurred with others in thinking to be the case. We have here an original and distinct draught ; so that we must be obliged to maintain that Shakspeare wrote *two* plays on the present subject, a hasty sketch, and a more finished performance ; or else must acknowledge, that he formed the piece before us on a foundation laid by another writer.

MALONE.

* And

- * And put the Englishmen unto the sword :
- * Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
- * Before the wound do grow incurable ;
- * For, being green, there is great hope of help.
- * *Car.* A breach, that craves a quick expedient * stop !
- * What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?
- * *York.* That Somerset be sent as regent thither :
- * 'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd ;
- * Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
- * *Som.* If York, with all his far-fet policy,
- * Had been the regent there instead of me,
- * He never would have staid in France so long.
- * *York.* No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done :
- * I rather would have lost my life betimes,
- * Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
- * By staying there so long, till all were lost.
- * Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin :
- * Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.
- * *Q. Mar.* Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
- * If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :—
- * No more, good York ;—sweet Somerset, be still ;—
- * Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
- * Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.
- York.* What, worse than naught ? nay, then a shame
take all !
- * *Som.* And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame !
- * *Car.* My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
- * The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
- * And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :
- * To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
- * Collected choicely, from each county some,
- * And try your hap against the Irishmen ?
- * *York.* I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
- * *Suf.* Why, our authority is his consent ;
- * And, what we do establish, he confirms :
- * Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
- * *York.* I am content : Provide me soldiers, lords,

* —*expedient*—] i. e. expeditious. See Vol. IV. p. 494, n. 5 ;
and Vol. V. p. 27, n. 7. MALONE.

- * Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
 * *Suf.* A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd⁶.
 * But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.
 * *Car.* No more of him; for I will deal with him,
 * That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
 * And so break off; the day is almost spent:
 * Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
 * *York.* My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
 * At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
 * For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
 * *Suf.* I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
 * *[Exeunt all but York.]*
 * *York.* Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
 * And change misdoubt to resolution:
 * Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
 * Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:
 * Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
 * And find no harbour in a royal heart.
 * Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on
 * thought;
 * And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
 * My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
 * Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
 * Well, nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
 * To send me packing with an host of men:
 * I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
 * Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
 * 'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
 * I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd

⁶ — *that I will see perform'd.*] In the old play this office is given to Buckingham:

Queen. — my lord of Buckingham,
 Let it be your charge to muster up such soldiers,
 As shall suffice him in these needful wars.

Buck. Madam, I will; and levy such a band
 As soon shall overcome those Irish rebels:
 But York, where shall those soldiess stay for thee?

York. At Bristol I'll expect them ten days hence.

Buck. Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.

[Exit Buck.]

Here again we have a very remarkable variation. MALONE.

* You

- * You put sharp weapons in a mad man's hands.
- * Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
- * I will stir up in England some black storm,
- * Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell :
- * And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
- * Until the golden circuit on my head ⁷,
- * Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
- * Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw ⁸.
- * And, for a minister of my intent,
- * I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
- * John Cade of Ashford,
- * To make commotion, as full well he can,
- * Under the title of John Mortimer.
- * In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
- * Oppose himself against a troop of kerns ;
- * And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
- * Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine :
- * And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
- * Caper upright like a wild Morisco⁹,

* Shaking

⁷ *Until the golden circuit on my head,*] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ All that impedes thee from the golden round,

“ Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem

“ To have thee crown'd withall.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II :

“ ——— a sleep,

“ That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd

“ So many English kings.” MALONE.

⁸ — *mad-bred flaw.*] *Flaw* is a sudden violent gust of wind.

JOHNSON.

⁹ — *a wild Morisco,*] A Moor in a military dance, now called Morris, that is, a Moorish dance. JOHNSON.

In *Albion's Triumph*, a masque, 1631, the seventh entry consists of mimicks or Moriscos.

The *Morris-dance* was the *Tripudium Mauritanicum*, a kind of horn-pipe. Junius describes it thus: “ — faciem plerunque inficiunt fuligine, et peregrinum vestium cultum assumunt, qui ludicris talibus indulgent, ut Mauri esse videantur, aut e longius remotâ patriâ credantur advolasse, atque insolens recreationis genus advexisse.”

In the churchwardens' acco'mpts of the parish of St. Helen's in Abington, Berkshire, from the first year of the reign of Philip and Mary, to the thirty-fourth of queen Elizabeth, the *Morrice* bells are mentioned. Anno 1560, the third of Elizabeth,—“ For two doffin of

- * Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
- * Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern¹,
- * Hath he conversed with the enemy;
- * And undiscover'd come to me again,
- * And given me notice of their villainies.
- * This devil here shall be my substitute;
- * For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
- * In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble:
- * By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
- * How they affect the house and claim of York.
- * Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
- * I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
- * Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
- * Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will,)
- * Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
- * And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
- * For, Humphrey being dead², as he shall be,
- * And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.]

SCENE II³.

Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

- * 1. Mur. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
- * We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
- * 2. Mur.

Morris bells." As these appear to have been purchased by the community, we may suppose this diversion was constantly practised at their publick festivals. See the plate of *Morris-dancers* at the end of the first part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Toller's remarks annexed to it.

STEEVENS.

¹ — *like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,*] See Vol. IV. p. 398, n. 2; and p. 267, n. 1. MALONE.

² *For, Humphrey being dead, &c.*] Instead of this couplet we find in the old play these lines:

" And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,
 " None then can stop the light to England's crown,
 " But York can tame, and headlong pull them down."

MALONE.

³ *Scene II.*] This scene, and the directions concerning it, stand thus in the quarto edition:

Then

- * 2. *Mur.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
- * Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

- * 1. *Mur.* Here comes my lord.
- * *Suf.* Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?
- * 1. *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
- * *Suf.* Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
- * I will reward you for this venturous deed.
- * The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
- * Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
- * According as I gave directions?
- * 1. *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.
- * *Suf.* Away, be gone! [*Exeunt Murderers.*]

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and Others.

- * *K. Hen.* Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
- * Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
- * If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
- * *Suf.* I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*]
- * *K. Hen.* Lords, take your places;—And, I pray you all,
- * Proceed no farther 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
- * Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
- * He be approv'd in practice culpable.
- * 2. *Mar.* God forbid, any malice should prevail,
- * That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
- * Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

Then the curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest, and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolk to them.

Suff. How now, sirs! what have you dispatch'd him?

One. Yea, my lord; he's dead, I warrant you.

Suff. Then see the cloathes laid smooth about him still,
That when the king comes, he may perceive
No other, but that he died of his own accord.

2. All things is handsome now, my lord.

Suff. Then draw the curtaines again, and get you gone,
And you shall have your firm reward anon. [*Exit Murderers.*]

STEEVENS.

* *K. Hen.*

* *K. Hen.* I thank thee, Margaret⁴; these words content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

• How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?

'Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord ; Gloster is dead.

* 2. Mar. Marry, God forefend !

Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night,

* The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[The king swoons.

2. *Mar.* How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

* *Som.* Rear up his body ; wring him by the nose.

* 2. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O, Henry, ope thine eyes!

* *Suf.* He doth revive again;—Madam, be patient.

* *K. Hen.* O heavenly God!

* 2. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort?

K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now^s to fing a raven's note,

* Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers ;

And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,

‘ By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

• Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

* Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.

* Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;

* Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

* *I thank thee, Margaret;*] The folio reads—I thank thee, *Nell*; and Mr. Theobald, conceiving that “there can be no reason why the king should forget his own wife’s name,” reads—“*Well*, these words,” &c. which the subsequent editors too hastily adopted. Though the king could not well forget his wife’s name, either Shakspeare or the transcriber might. That *Nell* is not a mistake of the press for *Well* is clear from a subsequent speech of the *queen’s* in this scene, where *Eleanor*, the name of the Dutchess of Gloster, is again *three times* printed instead of *Margaret*. No reason can be assigned why the proper correction should be made in all those places, and not here. MALONE.

⁵ — *right now*—] Just now, even now. JOHNSON.

‘ Upon

- * Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
 * Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.
 * Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
 * Yet do not go away;—Come, basilisk*,
 * And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
 * For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
 * In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.
Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
 * Although the duke was enemy to him,
 * Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death:
 * And for myself,—foe as he was to me,
 * Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
 * Or blood-consuming figs recall his life,
 * I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
 * Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking figs⁶,
 * And all to have the noble duke alive.
 * What know I how the world may deem of me?
 * For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
 * It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
 * So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
 * And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
 * This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
 * To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!
Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is⁷.
 What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
 * What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf⁸?

* Be

* *Come, basilisk, &c.*] So Mantuanus, a writer very popular at this time.

"Natus in ardente Lydiæ basiliscus arena,

"Vulnerat aspectu, luminibusque nocet." MALONE.

⁶ — *with blood-drinking figs,*] So, in another of Shakspeare's plays:

"—dry sorrow drinks my blood." MALONE.

⁷ *Be woe for me,*] That is, Let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me. JOHNSON.

⁸ *What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?*] This allusion which has been borrowed by many writers from the Proverbs of Solomon, and Psalm lviii. may receive an odd illustration from the following passage in *Gower de Confessione Amantis*, B. I. fol. x.

- * Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
- * Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
- * Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
- * Erect his statue then, and worship it,
- * And make my image but an ale-house sign.
- Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
- * And twice by aukward wind⁹ from England's bank
- * Drove back again unto my native clime?
- What boded this, but well-fore-warning wind
- Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
- * Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
- * What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
- * And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
- * And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
- * Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
- * Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
- * But left that hateful office unto thee:
- * The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
- * Knowing, that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
- * With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:

"A serpent, whiche that aspidis
 "Is cleped, of his kinde hath this,
 "That he the stone noblest of all,
 "The whiche that men carbuncle call,
 "Bereth in his heed above on hight;
 "For whiche whan that a man by sight
 "(The stone to wyne, and him to dante)
 "With his carecte him wolde enchante,
 "Anone as he perceiveth that,
 "He leyeth downe his one eare all plat
 "Unto the grounde, and halt it fast;
 "And eke that other eare als faste
 "He stoppeth with his tailla so sore
 "That he the wordes, lasse or more,
 "Of his entbatement ne bereth:
 "And in this wise him selfe he skiereth,
 "So that he hath the wordes wayved,
 "And thus his eare is nought deceived."

Shakspeare has the same allusion in *Troilus and Cressida*: "Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice of any true decision." STEEVENS.
 9 — aukward wind—] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read *adverse winds*. STEEVENS.

* The

- * The splitting rocks cowl'd in the sinking sands¹,
- * And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
- * Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
- * Might in thy palace perish Margaret².
- * As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
- * When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
- * I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
- * And when the dusky sky began to rob
- * My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
- * I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
- * A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
- * And threw it towards thy land; the sea receiv'd it;
- * And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
- * And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
- * And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
- * And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
- * For losing ken of Albion's wish'd coast.
- * How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
- * (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
- * To sit and witch me³, as Ascanius did,
- * When he to madding Dido, would unfold
- * His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
- * Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
- * Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
- * For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

¹ *The splitting rocks, &c.*] The sense seems to be this.—The rocks hid themselves in the sands, which sunk to receive them into their bosom. STEEVENS.

² *Might in thy palace perish Margaret.*] The verb *perish* is here used actively. So, in the *Maid's Tragedy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ——— let not my sins

“ *Perish* your noble youth.” STEEVENS.

³ *To sit and witch me,*] The old copy has—*watch* me. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who observes that the poet forgot the passage in the *Æneid*, the history of the destruction of Troy being related to Dido, not by Ascanius, but *Æneas*.

It may be remarked, that this mistake was certainly the mistake of Shakspeare, whoever may have been the original author of the first sketch of this play; for this long speech of Margaret's is founded on one in the quarto, consisting only of seven lines, in which there is no allusion to Virgil. MALONE.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK, and SALISBURY. The Commons press to the door.

* *War.* It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 * That good duke Humphrey traiterously is murder'd
 * By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
 * The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
 * That want their leader, scatter up and down,
 * And care not who they sting in his revenge.
 * Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
 * Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true ;
 But how he died, God knows, not Henry⁴ :

* Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
 * And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege : — Stay, Salisbury,
 With the rude multitude, till I return.

[*Warwick goes into an inner room, and Salisbury retires.*]

* *K. Hen.* O thou that judgest all things, stay my
 thoughts ;

* My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
 * Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life !
 * If my suspect be false, forgive me, God ;
 * For judgment only doth belong to thee !
 * Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
 * With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain⁵
 * Upon his face an ocean of salt tears ;
 * To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
 * And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling :
 * But all in vain are these mean obsequies ;
 * And, to survey his dead and earthy image,
 * What were it but to make my sorrow greater ?

⁴ — *not Henry :*] The poet commonly uses Henry as a word of three syllables. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *and to drain—*] This is one of our poet's harsh expressions. As when a thing is *drain'd*, drops of water issue from it, he licentiously uses the word here in the sense of *dropping*, or *disfilling*.

MALONE.
 [The

*The folding doors of an inner chamber are opened, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his bed: WARWICK and Others standing by it*⁶.

* *War.* Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

* *K. Hen.* That is to see how deep my grave is made:

* For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;

* For seeing him, I see my life in death⁷.

* *War.* As surely as my soul intends to live

* With that dread King, that took our state upon him

* To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,

* I do believe that violent hands were laid

* Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

* What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

* *War.* See, how the blood is settled in his face!

Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost⁸,

* OF

⁶ This stage-direction I have inserted as best suited to the exhibition. The stage-direction in the quarto is—"Warwick draws the curtaines, [i. e. draws them open] and shews Duke Humphry in his bed." In the folio: "A bed with Gloster's body put forth." These are some of the many circumstances which prove, I think, decisively, that the theatres of our author's time were unfurnished with scenes. In those days, as I conceive, curtains were occasionally hung across the middle of the stage on an iron rod, which, being drawn open, formed a second apartment, when a change of scene was required. The direction in the folio, "to put forth a bed," was merely to the property-man to thrust a bed forwards behind those curtains, previous to their being drawn open. See the *Account of the ancient Theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

⁷ For seeing him, I see my life in death.] I think the meaning is, I see my life in the arms of death; I see my life expiring, or rather expired. The conceit is much in our author's manner. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—the death of each day's life." MALONE.

The poet's meaning is, *I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death.* PERCY.

* *Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, &c.*] All that is true of the body of a dead man, is here said by Warwick of the soul. I would read:

Oft have I seen a timely-parted corse.

I cannot but stop a moment to observe that this horrible description is scarcely the work of any pen but Shakspeare's. JOHNSON.

A timely-parted ghost means a *body* that has become inanimate in the common course of nature; to which violence has not brought a
timely/s

* Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
 * Being all* descended to the labouring heart;

timeless end. The opposition is plainly marked afterwards, by the words—"As guilty of duke Humphrey's *timeless* death."

The corresponding lines appear thus in the quarto; by which, if the notion that has been already suggested be well founded, the reader may see how much of this deservedly admired speech is original, and how much super-induced:

" Oft have I seen a timely-parted *ghost*,
 " Of ashy semblance, pale, and bloodless:
 " But, lo! the blood is settled in his face,
 " More better coloured than when he liv'd.
 " His well proportion'd beard made rough and stern;
 " His fingers spread abroad, as one that grasp'd
 " For life, yet was by strength surpriz'd. The least
 " Of these are probable. It cannot choose
 " But he was murdered."

In a subsequent passage, also in the original play, which Shakspeare has not transferred into his piece, the word *ghost* is again used as here. Young Clifford addressing himself to his father's *dead body*, says,

" O dismal sight! see, where he breathless lies,
 " All smear'd and welter'd in his luke-warm blood!
 " Sweet father, to thy *murder'd ghost* I swear," &c.

Our author therefore is not chargeable here with any impropriety, or confusion. He has only used the phraseology of his time. MALONE.

This is not the first time that Shakspeare has confounded the terms that signify *body* and *soul*, together. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

" ——— damned *spirits* all,
 " That in cross-ways and floods have *burial*."

It is surely the *body* and not the *soul* that is committed to the earth, or whelm'd in the water. The word *ghost*, however, is licentiously used by our ancient writers. In Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. viii. Sir Guyon is in a swoon, and two knights are about to strip him, when the Palmer say:

" ——— no knight so rude I weene,
 " As to doen outrage to a sleeping *ghost*."

Again, in the short copy of verses printed at the conclusion of the three first books of Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, 1596:

" And grones of *buried ghosts* the heavens did perse."

Again, in our author's *K. Richard II*:

" The *ghosts* they have depos'd."

Again, in *Certain secret wonders of nature*, by Edward Fenton, 4to. bl. l. 1569: "—astonished at the view of the mortified *ghost* of him that lay dead." STEEVENS.

* *Being all*—] That is, the blood being all descended, the substantive being comprized in the adjective *bloodless*. MASON.

* Who,

' Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
 ' Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
 ' Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
 ' To blush and beautify the cheek again.
 ' But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
 ' His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
 ' Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
 ' His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
 ' His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
 ' And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
 ' Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
 ' His well proportion'd beard⁹ made rough and rugged,
 ' Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
 ' It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
 ' The least of all these signs were probable.

' *Suf.* Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
 ' Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
 ' And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

' *War.* But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's
 foes;

' And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
 ' 'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;
 ' And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.

' *Q. Mar.* Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
 ' As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
 And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
 But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,
 Although the kite soar with unbloody'd beak?
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

' *Q. Mar.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your
 knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;

⁹ *His well proportion'd beard—*] His beard nicely trim'd and adjust-
 ed. See Vol. V. p. 524, n. 2. MALONE.

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge :—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Som. and Others.*]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him ?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still ; with reverence may I say ;
For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour !
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip ; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy :
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men !

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence :

* Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,

* And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

* *K. Hen.* What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?

* Thrice

- * Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just * ;
- * And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
- * Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

Q. Mar. What noise is this ?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

* *K. Hen.* Why, how now, lords ? your wrathful weapons drawn

* Here in our presence ? dare you be so bold ?—

* Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here ?

Suf. The traiterous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. - Re-enter SALISBURY.

* *Sal.* Sirs, stand apart ; the king shall know your mind.—

Dread lord ; the commons send you word by me,

Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,

Or banished fair England's territories,

* They will by violence tear him from your palace,

* And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.

They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died ;

* They say, in him they fear your highness' death ;

* And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—

* Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

* As being thought to contradict your liking,—

* Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

* They say, in care of your most royal person,

* That, if your highness should intend to sleep,

* And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,

* In pain of your dislike, or pain of death ;

* Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,

* Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,

* That slyly glided towards your majesty,

* It were but necessary you were wak'd ;

* *Thrice is he arm'd, &c.]* So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion* :

“ Come, Moor ; I'm arm'd with more than complete steel,

“ The justice of my quarrel.” MALONE.

* Left,

- * Left, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
- * The mortal worm⁹ might make the sleep eternal :
- * And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
- * That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,]
- * From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is ;
- * With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
- * Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
- * They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*within.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons; rude unpolish'd hinds;
 Could send such message to their sovereign :
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
 To shew how quaint an orator¹ you are :
 But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
 Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
 Sent from a fort² of tinkers to the king.

Commons [*within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in.

- * *K. Hen.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
- * I thank them for their tender loving care :
- * And had I not been 'cited so by them,
- * Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;
- * For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
- * Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
- * And therefore,—by his majesty I swear,
- * Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
- * He shall not breathe infection in this air³

⁹ *The mortal worm*—] Serpents in general, were anciently called *worms*. So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607, Pope Alexander says when he takes off the aspicks from the young princes :

“ How now, proud *worms* ? how tastes yon princes' blood ? ”

STEEVENSON.

Mortal is here, as in many other places, *deadly*. MALONE.

¹ — *how quaint an orator*—] *Quaint* for *dextrous*, *artificial*. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* : “ — a ladder *quaintly* made of cords.”

MALONE.

² — *a fort*—] Is a *company*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 490. n. 5. MALONE.

³ *He shall not breathe infection in this air*] That is, he shall not contaminate this air with his infected breath. MALONE.

* But

KING HENRY VI.

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* But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit SALISBURY.]

* *Q. Mar.* O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

* *K. Hen.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.

* No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,

* Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.

* Had I but said, I would have kept my word;

* But, when I swear, it is irrevocable:—

* If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found

* On any ground that I am ruler of,

* The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—

* Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;

* I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exeunt K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.]

* *Q. Mar.* Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!

* Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,

* Be play-fellows to keep you company!

* There's two of you; the devil make a third!

* And three-fold vengeance tend upon your steps!

* *Suf.* Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,

* And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

* *Q. Mar.* Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!

* Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan*,

* I would invent as bitter searching terms,

* As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,

Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

* With full as many signs of deadly hate,

* *Mischance and sorrow, &c.*] In the original play the queen is still more violent:

"Hell-fire and vengeance go along with you!" MALONE.

* *Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,*] The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gather mandrakes is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity. JOHNSON.

As

As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave :
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words ;
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;
 My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract ;
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban :
 And even now my burden'd heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink ⁵ !
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste !
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees ⁶ !
 Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks !
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings ⁷ !
 Their musick, frightful as the serpent's hiss ;
 And boding scritch-owls make the concert full !
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk ; thou torment'st thyself ;

- * And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
- * Or like an over-charged gun,—recoil,
- * And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave ⁸ ?
 Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

⁵ — *Poison be their drink !*] Most of these execrations are used, in the very words of Shakspeare, by Lee, in his *Cæsar Borgia*, Act IV.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *a cypress tree !*] *Cypress* was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *murdering basilisks !—lizard's stings !*] It has been said of the *basilisk* that it had the power of destroying by a single glance of its eye. A *lizard* has no sting, but is quite inoffensive. STEEVENS.

See p. 181, n. *. MALONE.

⁸ *You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave ?*] This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves ; but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage. JOHNSON.

* *Q. Mar.*

* *Q. Mar.* O, let me entreat thee cease⁹! Give me thy hand,

- That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
- Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
- To wash away my woeful monuments.
- O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand; [*kisses his hand.*]
- That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
- Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee¹!
- So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
- 'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
- As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
- I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
- Adventure to be banished myself:
- And banished I am, if but from thee.
- Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—
- O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
- Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
- Loth'er a hundred times to part than die.
- Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

- 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
- A wilderness is populous enough,
- So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
- For where thou art, there is the world itself,
- With every several pleasure in the world;
- And where thou art not, desolation.

⁹ O, let me entreat thee, &c.] Instead of the first four lines of this speech, we find in the old play these, which Shakspeare has availed himself of elsewhere:

“ No more, sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France;

“ Or live where thou wilt within this world's globe,

“ I'll have an Irish [Iris] that shall find thee out.” MALONE.

¹ That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,

Through whom a thousand sighs, &c.] That by the impression of my kiss for ever remaining on thy hand thou mightest think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee. JOHNSON.

See the song introduced in *Measure for Measure*:

“ But my kisses bring again,

“ Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.”

Of this image our author appears to have been fond, having introduced it in several places. There is no trace of it in the old play. MALONE.

- * I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
- * Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

* *Q. Mar.* Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?

* *Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
* For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
* That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
* Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
* Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
* Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
* The secrets of his over-charged soul¹:
* And I am sent to tell his majesty,
* That even now he cries aloud for him.

* *Q. Mar.* Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit Vaux.*

* Ah me! what is this world? what news are these²?
* But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss³,
* Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
* Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
* And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
* Theirs for the earth's increase*, mine for my sorrows?

¹ *And whispers to his pillow, as to him,*

The secrets, &c.] The first of these lines is in the old play. The second is unquestionably our author's. The thought appears to have struck him; for he has introduced it again in *Macbeth*:

" ——— Infected minds

" To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets." MALONE.

² *Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?*] Instead of this line, the quarto reads:

Oh! what is worldly pomp? all men must die,

And woe am I for Beaufort's heavy end. STEEVENS.

³ *— at an hour's poor loss,*] I believe the poet's meaning is, *Wherefore do I grieve that Beaufort has died an hour before his time*, who, being an old man, could not have had a long time to live? STEEVENS.

This certainly may be the meaning; yet I rather incline to think that the queen intends to say, "Why do I lament a circumstance, the impression of which will pass away in the short period of an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk, my affection for whom no time will efface?" MALONE.

* *— for the earth's increase,*] See Vol. II. p. 467, n. 8. MALONE.

* Now,

• Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st, is coming;

• If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

• *Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live:

• And in thy fight to die, what were it else,

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?

Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

• As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,

Dying with mother's dug between its lips:

Where, from thy fight⁴, I should be raging mad,

• And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,

• To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;

• So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul⁵,

• Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.

To die by thee, were but to die in jest;

From thee to die, were torture more than death:

O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

• *Q. Mar.* Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive⁶,

• It is applied to a deathful wound.

• To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;

• For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,

I'll have an Iris⁷ that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st cask

⁴ Where, from thy fight,—] In the preambles of almost all the statutes made during the first twenty years of queen Elizabeth's reign, the word *where* is used instead of *whereas*. It is so used here. MALONE.

⁵ — turn my flying soul,] Perhaps Mr. Pope was indebted to this passage in his *Eloisa to Abelard*, where he makes that votarist of exquisite sensibility say:

"See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,

"Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul." STEEV.

⁶ Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,] This word was generally, in our author's time, written, and, I suppose, pronounced, *corfive*; and the metre shews that it ought to be so pronounced here. So, in *The Alchymist*, "*corfive* waters." Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"His son distrest, a *corfive* to his heart." MALONE.

⁷ I'll have an Iris—] *Iris* was the messenger of Juno. JOHNSON.

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"——— this distemper'd messenger of wet,

"The many-colour'd *Iris*,—". STEEVENS.

That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so funder we;
This way fall I to death.

2. *Mar.* This way for me.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE III.

London. *Cardinal Beaufort's Bed-chamber.*

Enter King HENRY⁸, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and
Others. *The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.*

* *K. Hen.* How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to
thy sovereign.

* *Enter King Henry, &c.]* The quarto offers the following stage
directions. *Enter King and Salisbury, and then the curtaines be drawne,*
and the cardinal is discovered in his bed, rawing and staring as if he
were mad. STEEVENS.

This description did not escape our author, for he has availed him-
self of it elsewhere. See the speech of Vaux in p. 194. MALONE.

* *How fares my lord, &c.]* This scene, and that in which the dead
body of the duke of Gloster is described, are deservedly admired. HAV-
ING already submitted to the reader the lines on which the former scene
is founded, I shall now subjoin those which gave rise to that before us:

"*Car.* O death, if thou wilt let me live but one whole year,
I'll give thee as much gold as will purchase such another island.

"*King.* O see, my lord of Salisbury, how he is troubled.

"*Lord Cardinal,* remember, Christ must have thy soul.

"*Car.* Why, dy'd he not in his bed?

"What would you have me to do then?

"Can I make men live, whether they will or no?

"Sirrah, go fetch me the strong poison, which

"The 'pothecary sent me.

"O, see where duke Humphrey's ghost doth stand,

"And stares me in the face! Look; look; comb down his hair.

"So now, he's gone again. Oh, oh, oh.

"*Sal.* See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.

"*King.* Lord Cardinal, if thou diest assured of heavenly bliss,

"Hold up thy hand, and make some sign to me.

[*The Cardinal dies.*]

"O see, he dies, and makes no sign at all.

"O God, forgive his soul!

"*Sal.* So bad an end did never none behold;

"But as his death, so was his life in all.

"*King.* Forbear to judge, good Salisbury, forbear;

"For God will judge us all. Go take him hence,

"And see his funerals be perform'd." [*Exeunt.* MALONE.

"*Car.*

- * *Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure¹,
 * Enough to purchase such another island,
 * So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
 * *K. Hen.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
 * When death's approach is seen so terrible!
 * *War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
 * *Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.
 * Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?
 * Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?²—
 * O! torture me no more, I will confesse.—
 * Alive again? then shew me where he is;
 * I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
 * He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them *.—
 * Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

¹ *If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure, &c.*] The following passage in Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VI. fol. 70, b. suggested the corresponding lines to the author of the old play: "During these doynges, Henry Beauford, byshop of Winchester, and called the riche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde.—This man was—haut in stomach and hygh in countenance, ryche above measure of all men, and to fewe liberal; disdaynful to his kynne, and dreadful to his lovers. His covetous insafiable and hope of long lyfe made hym bothe to forget God, his pryncce, and hymselfe, in his latter dayes; for Doctor Johan Baker, his pryvie counsailler and his chapellayn, wrote, that lying on his death-bed, he said these words. 'Why should I dye, havyng so muche riches? If the whole realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Fye, will not death be hyered, nor will money do nothyng? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought my selfe halfe up the whele, but when I sawe myne other nephew of Gloucester disceased, then I thought my selfe able to be equal with kinges, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worne a trypple croune. But I se nowe the worlde fayleth me, and so I am deceyved; praying you all to pray for me.'" MALONE.

² *Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?*] So, in *King John*:

"We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—"

"Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?"

"Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?"

"Have I commandment on the pulse of life?" MALONE.

* *He hath no eyes, &c.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,

"Which thou dost glare with."

- Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
- Give me some drink ; and bid the apothecary
- Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
- * *K. Hen.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
- Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
- O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
- That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
- And from his bosom purge this black despair!
- * *War.* See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.
- * *Sal.* Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.
- * *K. Hen.* Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
- Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
- Hold up thy hand³, make signal of thy hope.—
- He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!
- * *War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
- * *K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all⁴.—
- Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
- And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt*⁵.

³ *Hold up thy band,*] Thus in the old play of *King John*, 1591, Pandulph sees the king dying, and says:

“ Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,

“ *Lift up your band*, in token you forgive.”

Again:

“ *Lift up thy band*, that we may witness here,

“ Thou diest the servant of our Saviour Christ:—

“ Now joy betide thy soul!” STEEVENS.

* *Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.*—]

“ Peccantes culpare cave, nam labimur omnes,

“ Aut sumus, aut fuimus, vel possumus esse quod hic est.”

JOHNSON.

⁵ *Exeunt.*] This is one of the scenes which have been applauded by the criticks, and which will continue to be admired when prejudice shall cease, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. These are beauties that rise out of nature and of truth; the superficial reader cannot miss them, the profound can image nothing beyond them.

JOHNSON.

A C T

A C T IV. S C E N E I⁶.

Kent. *The Sea-shore near Dover.*

Firing heard at sea⁷. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, and Others; with them SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen prisoners.

* *Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day⁸
* Is crept into the bosom of the sea ;

* And

⁶ The circumstance on which this scene is founded, is thus related by Hall in his Chronicle:—" But fortune wold not that this flagitious person [the Duke of Suffolk, who being impeached by the Commons was banished from England for five years] shoulde so escape ; for when he shipped in Suffolke, entendinge to be transported into France, he was encontered with a shippe of warre apperteinyng to the Duke of Excester, the Constable of the Towre of London, called *the Nicholas of the Towre*. The capitaine of the same bark with small fight entered into the duke's shyppe, and perceyving his person present, brought him to Dover rode, and there on the one syde of a cocke-bote, caused his head to be stryken of, and left his body with the head upon the sandes of Dover ; which corse was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfelde college in Suffolke, and there buried." MALONE.

⁷ *Firing heard at sea.*] Perhaps Ben Jonson was thinking of this play, when he put the following declaration into the mouth of Morose in the *Silent Woman*. " Nay, I would fit out a play that were nothing but *fighys at sea*, drum, trumpet, and target." STEEVENS.

⁸ *The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day,*] The epithet *blabbing* applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darknes as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidante of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*. JOHNSON.

Remorseful is pitiful. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

" ——— a gentleman,

" Valiant, wise, *remorseful*, well accomplish'd."

The same idea occurs in *Macbeth* :

" Scarf up the tender eye of *pitiful day*." STEEVENS.

This speech is an amplification of the following one in the first part of *The Whole Contention*, &c. quarto, 1600 :

" Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yield ;

" Unlade their goods with speed, and *sink their ship*."

O 4

" Here

- And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
- That drag the tragick melancholy night;
- Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
- Clip dead men's graves⁹, and from their misty jaws
- Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
- Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
- For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
- Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
- Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
- Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
- And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
- The other, [*pointing to Suffolk.*] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.
- *1. Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.
- *Mastr.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
- *Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
- *Cap.* What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
- And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
- Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall;
- The lives of those which we have lost in fight,

“ Here master, this prisoner I give to you,

“ This other the master's mate shall have;

“ And Walter Whickmore, thou shalt have this man;

“ And let them pay their ranfome ere they pass.

“ *Suff.* Walter!”

[*he starteth.*]

Had Shakspeare's play been taken down by the ear, or an imperfect copy otherwise obtained, his lines might have been mutilated, or imperfectly represented; but would a new circumstance (like that of *sinking Suffolk's ship*) not found in the original, have been *added* by the copyist?—On the other hand, if Shakspeare new modelled the work of another, such a circumstance might will be *omitted*. MALONE.

9 ——— *the jades*

That drag the tragick melancholy night,

Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings

Clip dead men's graves,

] The wings of the jades that drag night appears an unnatural image, till it is remembered that the chariot of the night is supposed, by Shakspeare, to be drawn by dragons. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 505, n. 8. MALONE.

• Cannot

- * Cannot be counter-pois'd¹ with such a petty sum.
 * 1. *Gent.* I'll give it, fir; and therefore spare my life.
 * 2. *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.
 * *Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
 * And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die; [*to Suf.*
 * And so should these, if I might have my will.
 * *Cap.* Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.
 * *Suf.* Look on my George², I am a gentleman;
 * Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
 * *Whit.* And so am I; my name is—Walter Whitmore.
 * How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?
 * *Suf.* Thy name affrights me³, in whose sound is death.
 * A cunning man did calculate my birth,
 * And told me—that by *Water* I should die⁴:
 * Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
 * Thy name is—*Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.
 * *Whit.* *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
 * Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name*,

* But

¹ Cannot be counterpois'd—] I suspect that a line has been lost, preceding—"The lives of those," &c. and that this speech belongs to *Whitmore*; for it is inconsistent with what the captain says afterwards. The word *cannot* is not in the folio. The old play affords no assistance. The word now added is necessary to the sense, and is a less innovation on the text than what has been made in the modern editions—*Nor can those lives*, &c. MALONE.

² Look on my George,] In the first edition it is *my ring*. WARBURT.

Here we have another proof of what has been already so often observed. A *ring* and a *George* could never have been confounded either by the eye or the ear. So, in the original play the ransom of each of Suffolk's companions is a hundred pounds, but here a thousand crowns. MALONE.

³ Thy name affrights me—] But he had heard his name before, without being startled by it. In the old play, as soon as ever the captain has consigned him to "*Walter Whickmore*," Suffolk immediately exclaims, *Walter!* Whickmore asks him, why he fears him, and Suffolk replies, "It is thy name affrights me."—Our author has here, as in some other places, fallen into an impropriety, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. MALONE.

⁴ — by *Water*—] See the fourth scene of the first act of this play. STEEVENS.

* *Ne'er yet did base dishonour*, &c.] This and the following lines are founded on these two in the old play:

"And therefore ere I merchant-like sell blood for gold,

"Then cast me headlong down into the sea."

The

* But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
 * Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
 * Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
 * And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[lays hold on Suffolk.]

* *Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
 The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

* *Whit.* The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
 Jove sometime went disguis'd, And why not I?⁵

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

* *Suf.* Obscure and lowly swain⁶, king Henry's blood,
 The honourable blood of Lancaster,

* Must not be shed by such a jaded groom⁷.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrop?

* Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

* And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

* How often hast thou waited at my cup,

* Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

The new image which Shakspeare has introduced into this speech,
 "— my arms torn and defac'd,"—is found also in *King Richard II*:

"From my own windows torn my household coat,

"Raz'd out my impress; leaving me no sign,—

"Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—

"To shew the world I am a gentleman."

See the notes on that passage, Vol. V. p. 51, n. 7, and 8. MALONE.

⁵ *Jove sometime went disguis'd, &c.*] This verse is omitted in all
 but the first old edition, [quarto, 1600,] without which what follows
 is not sense. The next line also,

Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,

was falsely put in the Captain's mouth. POPE.

⁶ — lowly swain,] The folio reads—*lowly* swain. STEEVENS.

The quarto *lowly*. In a subsequent passage the folio has the word
 right:

By such a *lowly* vassal as thyself.

Lowly was undoubtedly an error of the press. MALONE.

⁷ — a jaded groom.] I suppose he means a low fellow, fit only to
 attend upon horses; which in our author's time were frequently term-
 ed *jades*. The original play has *jady*, which conveys this meaning (the
 only one that the words seem to afford,) more clearly, *jaded* being lia-
 ble to an equivocal. MALONE.

* When

- * When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
 * Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
 * Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride⁸:
 * How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
 * And duly waited for my coming forth?
 * This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
 * And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue*.
 * *Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
 * *Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
 * *Suf.* Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
 * *Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long boat's side
 * Strike off his head.
 Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.
 Cap. Yes, Poole.
 Suf. Poole?
 Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?
 * Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
 * Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
 * Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,

⁸ — *abortive pride*:] Pride that has had birth too soon, pride issuing before its time. JOHNSON.

* — *charm thy riotous tongue.*] i. e. restrain thy licentious talk; compel thee to be silent See Vol. III. p. 320, n. 3, and Mr. Steevens's note in *Othello*, A&V. sc. ult. where Iago uses the same expression. It occurs frequently in the books of our author's age. MALONE.

⁹ *Cap. Yes, Poole.*

Suf. Poole?] These two little speeches are found in the quarto, but not in the folio. It is clear from what follows that these speeches were not intended to be rejected by Shakspeare, but accidentally omitted at the press. I have therefore restored them. See p. 202, n. 5. MALONE.

I think the two intermediate speeches should be inserted in the text, to introduce the captain's repetition of *Poole*, &c. STEEVENS.

¹ *Poole? Sir Poole? lord?*] The dissonance of this broken line makes it almost certain that we should read with a kind of ludicrous climax:

Poole? Sir Poole? lord Poole?

He then plays upon the name *Poole*, *kennel*, *puddle*. JOHNSON.

In the old play the reply of the captain is—

“Yea, Poole, puddle, kennel, sink and dirt.” MALONE.

* For

- * For swallowing⁹ the treasure of the realm :
- * Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground ;
- * And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
- * Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain¹,
- * Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again :
- * And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
- * For daring to affy² a mighty lord
- * Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
- * Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
- * By devilish policy art thou grown great,
- * And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd
- * With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
- * By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France :
- * The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
- * Disdain to call us lord ; and Picardy
- * Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our forts,
- * And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
- * The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
- * Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
- * As hating thee, are rising³ up in arms :
- * And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
- * By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
- * And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
- * Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours
- * Advance our half-fac'd sun⁴, striving to shine,
- * Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus*.
- * The commons here in Kent are up in arms :

⁹ For *swallowing*—] He means, perhaps, so as to prevent thy swallowing, &c. So, in the *Puritan*, 1607 : “—he is now in huckster's handling for running away.” I have met with many other instances of this kind of phraseology. The more obvious interpretation, however, may be the true one. MALONE.

¹ — *shalt grin in vain*,] From hence to the end of this speech is undoubtedly the original composition of Shakspeare, no traces of it being found in the elder play. MALONE.

² — *to affy*—] To *affy* is to betroth in marriage. STEEVENS.

³ — *are rising*—] Old Copy—and rising. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁴ — *whose hopeful colours*

Advance our half-fac'd sun,] “Edward III. bare for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud.” Camden's *Remaines*. MALONE.

* And,

- * And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
- * Is crept into the palace of our king,
- * And all by thee :—Away ! convey him hence.
- * *Suf.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
- * Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges !
- * Small things make base men proud : ‘ this villain here,
- * Being captain of a pinnace⁵, threatens more
- * Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate⁶.
- * Drones suck not eagles’ blood, but rob bee-hives.
- * It is impossible, that I should die
- * By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
- * Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me* :
- * I go of message from the queen to France ;
- * I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.
- * *Cap.* Walter,—
- * *Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

⁵ *Being captain of a pinnace,*] A *pinnace* did not anciently signify, as at present, a man of war’s boat, but a ship of small burthen. So, in *Winwood’s Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 118 : “ The king (James I.) naming the great ship, Trade’s Increase ; and the prince, a *pinnace* of 250 tons (built to wait upon her) Pepper-corn.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.*] “ *Bargulus, Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit,*” Cicero *de Officiis*, lib. ii. cap. 11. WARBURTON.

Dr. Farmer observes that Shakspeare might have met with this pirate in two translations. Robert Whytinton, 1533, calls him “ *Bargulus*, a pirate upon the see of Illiry ;” and Nicholas Grimald, about twenty-three years afterwards, “ *Bargulus*, the Illyrian robber.”

Bargulus does not make his appearance in the quarto, but we meet with another hero in his room. The Captain, says Suffolk,

Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,
The great Macedonian pirate.

I know nothing more of this *Abradas*, than that he is mentioned by Greene in his *Penelope’s Web*, 1601 : “ *Abradas*, the great Macedonian pirat, thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean.” STEEVENS.

Here we see another proof of what has been before suggested. See p. 153, n. 3 ; and p. 201, n. 2. MALONE.

* *Thy words move rage, and not remorse in me :*] This line Shakspeare has injudiciously taken from the Captain, to whom it is attributed in the original play, and given it to Suffolk ; for what *remorse*, that is, *pity*, could Suffolk be called upon to shew to his *assailant* ; whereas the Captain might with propriety say to his *raptive*,—thy haughty language exasperates me, instead of exciting my *compassion*. MALONE.

* *Suf.*

* *Suf. Pene gelidus timor occupat artus*⁷:—'tis thee I
I fear.

' *Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

' What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

' *1. Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

' *Suf.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,

' Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

' Far be it, we should honour such as these

' With humble suit: no, rather let my head

' Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,

' Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;

' And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,

' Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

* True nobility is exempt from fear:—

* More can I bear, than you dare execute⁸.

' *Cap.* Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

' *Suf.* Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can*,

' That

⁷ *Pene gelidus timor occupat artus*:] The folio, where alone this line is found, reads—*Pine*, &c. a corruption, I suppose, of the word that I have substituted in its place. I know not what other word could have been intended. The editor of the second folio, and all the modern editors, have escaped the difficulty, by suppressing the word. The measure is of little consequence, for no such line, I believe, exists in any classical author. Dr. Grey refers us to "*Ovid de Trist.* 313, and *Metamorph.* 247:" a very wide field to range in; however with some trouble I found out what he meant. The line is not in Ovid; (nor I believe in any other poet;) but in his *De Tristibus*, lib. 1. El. iii. 113, we find

Navita, confessus gelido pallore timorem,—

and in his *Metamorph.* Lib. IV. 247, we meet with these lines:

Ille quidem gelidos radiorum viribus artus,

Si queat, in vivum tentat revocare calorem. MALONE.

⁸ *More can I bear, than you dare execute.*] So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

" — I am able now, methinks,

" (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)

" To endure more miseries, and greater far,

" Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer."

Again, in *Othello*:

" Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,

" As I have to be hurt." MALONE.

* *Come soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.*] In the folio this line is given the Captain by the carelessness of the printer or transcriber. The present regulation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and followed by Dr. Warburton. See the latter part of note 5, p. 202. MALONE.

Surely this line belongs to Suffolk. No cruelty was meditated beyond decollation;

- * That this my death may never be forgot!—
 * Great men oft die by vile bezonians⁹:
 * A Roman sworder¹ and banditto slave
 * Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand²
 * Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,
 * Pompey the great³: and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[Exit *SUF.* with Whitmore and others.

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
 It is our pleasure, one of them depart:—
 Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE, with Suffolk's body.

- * *Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,

decollation; and without such an introduction, there is an obscure abruptness in the beginning of his reply to the captain. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *bezonians.*] *Bisognoso*, is a mean low man. So, in Markham's *English Husbandman*, p. 4: "The ordinary tillers of the earth, such as we call husbandmen; in France peasants, in Spain *besonyans*, and generally the clouthoe." See Vol. V. p. 429, n. 8. STEEVENS.

¹ *A Roman sworder, &c.*] i. e. Herennius a centurion, and Popilius Laenas, tribune of the soldiers. STEEVENS.

² — *Brutus' bastard hand*—] Brutus was the son of Servilia, a Roman lady, who had been concubine to Julius Cæsar. STEEVENS.

³ *Pompey the great*;] The poet seems to have confounded the story of Pompey with some other. JOHNSON.

This circumstance might be advanced as a slight proof, in aid of many stronger, that our poet was no classical scholar. Such a one could not easily have forgotten the manner in which the life of Pompey was concluded. Spenser likewise abounds with deviations from established history and fable. STEEVENS.

Pompey being killed by Achilles and Septimius at the moment that the Egyptian fishing-boat in which they were, reached the coast, and his head being thrown into the sea, (a circumstance which Shakspeare found in North's translation of Plutarch) his mistake does not appear more extraordinary than some others which have been remarked in his works.

It is remarkable that the introduction of Pompey was among Shakspeare's additions to the old play: This may account for the classical error, into which probably the original author would not have fallen. In the quarto the lines stand thus:

"A sworder, and banditto slave

"Murdered sweet Tully;

"Brutus' bastard hand stabb'd Julius Cæsar,

"And Suffolk dies by pirates on the seas," MALONE.

* Until

* Until the queen his mistress bury it⁴.

[Exit.]

* 1. *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

* His body will I bear unto the king:

* If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;

* So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[Exit, with the body.]

SCENE II.

Blackheath:

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

* *Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword⁵, though made of
* a lath; they have been up these two days.

* *John.* They have the more need to sleep now then.

* *Geo.* I tell thee⁶, Jack Cade the clothier means to
* dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new
* nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well,
I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentle-
men came up.

* *Geo.* O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in
* handicrafts-men.

* *John.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather a-
* prons.

* *Geo.* Nay more, the king's council are no good work-
* men.

* *John.* True; And yet it is said,—Labour in thy vo-

* *There let his head, &c.*] Instead of this speech the quarto gives us
the following:

Cap. Off with his head, and send it to the queen,

And ransomless this prisoner shall go free,

To see it safe delivered unto her. STEEVENS.

See p. 205, n. 6, and the notes there referred to. MALONE.

⁵ — *get thee a sword,*] The quarto reads—Come away *Nick*, and
put a long staff in thy pike, &c. STEEVENS.

So afterwards, instead of "*Cade the clothier*," we have in the quarto
"*Cade the dyer of Ashford*." See the notes above referred to. MALONE.

⁶ *I tell thee,—*] In the original play this speech is introduced more
naturally. *Nick* asks George "*Sirra George, what's the matter?*"
to which George replies, "*Why marry, Jack Cade, the dyer of Ashford*
here," &c. MALONE.

* cation:

* eation : which is as much to say, as,—let the magistrates
* be labouring men ; and therefore should we be magi-
* strates.

* *Geo.* Thou hast hit it : for there's no better sign of a
* brave mind, than a hard hand.

* *John.* I see them ! I see them ! There's Best's son,
* the tanner of Wingham ;—

* *Geo.* He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make
* dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher⁷,—

* *Geo.* Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniqui-
* ty's throat cut like a calf.

* *John.* And Smith the weaver :—

* *Geo.* *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

* *John.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the butcher, SMITH the
weaver, and others in great number.

* *Cade.* We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed
* father,—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings⁸. [*Aside.*

* *Cade.* —for our enemies shall fall before us⁹, inspired
* with

⁷ And Dick the butcher, —] In the first copy thus :

" Why there's Dick the butcher, and Robin the sadler, and Will
that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and
Gregory that should have your parnell, and a great sort more, is come from
Rochester and from Maidstone, and Canterbury, and all the towns bere-
abouts, and we must all be lords, or squires, as soon as Jack Cade is king."

See p. 127, n. 2 ; p. 133, n. 3 ; p. 201, n. 2 ; and p. 205, n. 6.

MALONE.

⁸ — a cade of herrings.] That is, a barrel of herrings. I suppose
the word *keg*, which is now used, is *cade* corrupted. JOHNSON.

Nash speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against
a cade of herrings, and says, " That the rebel Jacke Cade was the
first that devised to put redde herrings in *cados*, and from him they
have their name." *Praise of the Red Herring*, 1599. STEEVENS.

⁹ — our enemies shall fall before us,] He alludes to his name *Cade*,
from *cado*, Lat. to fall. He has too much learning for his character.

JOHNSON.

We John Cade, &c.] This passage, I think, should be regulated thus :
Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father, for our ene-
mies shall fall before us ;—

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. Inspired with the spirit, &c. TYRWHITT.

‘ with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—
 ‘ Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

[*Aside.*]

‘ *Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

‘ *Dick.* I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*]

‘ *Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar’s daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*]

‘ *Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel with her

‘ furr’d pack¹, she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*]

‘ *Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage^{*}. [*Aside.*]

* *Cade.* Valiant I am.

* *Smith.* A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*]

Cade. I am able to endure much.

In the old play the corresponding passage stands thus:

Cade. I John Cade, so named for my valiancy,—

Dick. Or rather for stealing of a cade of sprats.

The transposition recommended by Mr. Tyrwhitt is so plausible, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But *Dick*’s quibbling on the word *of* (which is used by *Cade*, according to the phraseology of our author’s time, for *by*, and as employed by *Dick* signifies—*on account of*,) is so much in Shakspeare’s manner, that no change ought, I think, to be made. If the words “Or rather of stealing,” &c. be postponed to—“For our enemies shall fall before us;” *Dick* then, as at present, would assert—that *Cade* is not so called on account of his enemies falling before him, but on account of a particular theft; which indeed would correspond sufficiently with the old play; but the quibble on the word *of*, which appears very like a conceit of Shakspeare, would be destroyed. *Cade*, as the speeches stand in the folio, proceeds to assign the origin of his name without paying any regard to what *Dick* has said. MALONE.

¹ — *furr’d pack*,] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. JOHNSON.

In the original play the words are—“and now being not able to occupy her furred pack,”—under which perhaps “more was meant than meets the ear.” MALONE.

* — *but the cage*.] A cage was formerly a term for a prison. See Minshew, in v. We yet talk of jail-birds. MALONE.

Dick.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market days together. [*Aside.*]

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof². [*Aside.*]

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i'the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*]

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops³; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to graze. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money⁴; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing⁵, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 'tis

² — *for his coat is of proof.*] A quibble between two senses of the word; one as being able to resist, the other as being *well tried*, that is, long worn. HANMER.

³ — *the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops;*] See Nash's *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592: "I believe *boopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *boope*, and no more." It appears from a passage in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson, that "burning of cans" was one of the offices of a city magistrate. I suppose he means such as were not of statutable measure. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *there shall be no money;*] To mend the world by banishing money is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the sign or ticket of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise immediately from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his or her share of the goods of life. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Is not this a lamentable thing, &c.*] This speech was transposed by Shakspere, it being found in the old play in a subsequent scene. MALONE.

the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies*.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations⁶, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.
 '—Come hither, firrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters⁷;—
 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy

* *We took him, &c.*] We must suppose that Smith had taken the Clerk some time before, and left him in the custody of those who now bring him in. In the old play *Will the weaver* enters with the Clerk, though he has not long before been conversing with Cade. Perhaps it was intended that Smith should go out after his speech—ending, “for his coat is of proof:” but no *Exit* is marked in the old copy. It is a matter of little consequence.—It is, I think, most probable that *Will* was the true name of this character, as in the old play, (so Dick, George, John, &c.) and that *Smith*, the name of some low actor, has crept into the folio by mistake. MALONE.

⁶ —obligations,] That is, bonds. MALONE.

⁷ —on the top of letters;] i. e. of letters missive, and such like publick acts. See Mabillon's *Diplomata*. WARBURTON.

In the old anonymous play, called *The famous Victories of Henry V. containing the honourable Battell of Agincourt*, I find the same circumstance. The archbishop of Burges (i. e. Bruges) is the speaker, and addresses himself to king Henry:

“I beseech your grace to deliver me your safe

“Conduct, under your broad seal *Emanuel*.”

The king in answer says:

“——— deliver him safe conduct

“Under our broad seal *Emanuel*.” STEEVENS.

‘name?’

' name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest
' plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought
up, that I can write my name.

' *All.* He hath confes'd: away with him; he's a vil-
' lain, and a traitor.

' *Cade.* Away with him, I say: hang him with his
' pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*]

Enter MICHAEL.

' *Mich.* Where's our general?

' *Cade.* Here I am, thou particular fellow.

' *Mich.* Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his
' brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

' *Cade.* Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down:
' He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as him-
' self: He is but a knight, is 'a?

' *Mich.* No.

' *Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a knight
' presently; Rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have at him⁸.

*Enter Sir Humphrey STAFFORD, and William his Bro-
ther, with drum and forces.*

* *Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,

* Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down,

* Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;—

* The king is merciful, if you revolt.

* *W. Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,

* If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these filken-coated slaves, I pass not⁹;
It is to you, good people, that I speak,

⁸ — *have at him.*] After this speech the old play has the following
words:

—Is there any more of them that be knights?

Tom. Yea, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher; rise up sir Dick
Butcher. Sound up the drum.

See p. 201, n. 2; and p. 205, n. 6. MALONE.

⁹ — *I pass not;*] I pay them no regard. JOHNSON.

So, in Drayton's *Quest of Cyntbia*:

" Transform me to what shape you can,

" *I pass not* what it be." STEEVENS,

* O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;

* For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

* *Staf.* Villain, thy father was a plaisterer;

* And thou thyself, a sheerman, Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

* *W. Staf.* And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,

Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; Did he not?

* *Staf.* Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

* *Cade.* Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true:

* The elder of them, being put to nurse,

* Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;

* And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,

* Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:

* His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

* *Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words,

* That speaks he knows not what?

* *All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

* *Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself, [*Aside.*]
Go to, sirrah, Tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns,—I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

* *Dick.* And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

* *Cade.* And good reason; for thereby is England
* maim'd¹, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that

¹ — is *England* maim'd,] The folio has—*main'd*. The correction was made from the old play. I am not, however, sure that a blunder was not intended. Daniel has the same conceit; C. W. 1595:

“Anjou and *Maine*, the *main* that foul appears—.” MALONE.

* lord Say hath gelded the common-wealth², and made it
 * an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French,
 * and therefore he is a traitor.

* *Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance!

* *Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are
 * our enemies: go to then, I ask but this; Can he, that
 * speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good coun-
 * sellor, or no?

* *All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

* *W. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
 * Affail them with the army of the king.

* *Staf.* Herald, away: and, throughout every town,
 * Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
 * That those, which fly before the battle ends,
 * May, even in their wives' and children's fight,
 * Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
 * And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, and forces.*]

* *Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow me.—
 * Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.

* We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:

* Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;

* For they are thrifty honest men, and such

* As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

* *Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.

* *Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are most
 * out of order. Come, march forward³. [*Exeunt.*]

² — *both gelded the common-wealth,*] Shakspeare hath here transgressed a rule laid down by Tully, *De Oratore*: “Nolo morte dici Africani castratam esse rempublicam.” The character of the speaker, however, may countenance such indelicacy. In other places our author, less excuseably, talks of *gelding* purses, patrimonies, and continents.

STEEVENS.

This peculiar expression is Shakspeare's own, not being found in the old play. In *K. Richard II.* Ross says that Henry of Bolingbroke has been—

“Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.”

So Cade here says, that the commonwealth is *bereft* of what it before possessed, namely, certain provinces in France. MALONE.

³ *Come, march forward.*] In the first copy, instead of this speech, we have only—Come, Sirs, *St. George for us, and Kent.* See p. 153, n. 3; p. 201, n. 2; and p. 205, n. 6. MALONE.

SECOND PART OF S C E N E III.

Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two parties enter, and fight, and both the Staffords are slain.

* *Cade.* Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

* *Dick.* Here, sir.

* *Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behav'dst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—
* The Lent shall be as long again as it is⁴; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

* *Dick.* I desire no more.

* *Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less.
* This monument of the victory will I bear⁵; and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

* *Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

* *Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, reading a supplication; the duke of BUCKINGHAM, and lord SAY with him: at a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's head.

* *Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind,
* And makes it fearful and degenerate;
* Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.

⁴ —as long again as it is;] The word *again*, which was certainly omitted in the folio by accident, was restored from the old play, by Mr. Steevens, on the suggestion of Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

⁵ This monument of the victory will I bear;] Here Cade must be supposed to take off Stafford's armour. So, Holinshed:

“Jack Cade, upon victory against the Staffords, apparelled himself in sir Humphrey's brigandine, set full of gilt nails, and so in some glory returned again toward London.” STEEVENS.

* But

- * But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
- * Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
- * But where's the body that I should embrace?
- Buck.* What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication⁶?
- * *K. Hen.* I'll send some holy bishop to entreat⁷:
- * For God forbid, so many simple souls
- * Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
- * Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
- * Will parly with Jack Cade their general.—
- * But stay, I'll read it over once again.
- * *2. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
- * Rul'd, like a wandering planet⁸, over me;
- * And could it not enforce them to relent,
- * That were unworthy to behold the same?
- K. Hen.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.
- * *Say.* Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

⁶ —to the rebels' supplication?] “And to the intent that the cause of this glorious capitaynes comyng thither might be shadowed from the king and his counsayll, he sent to him an humble *supplication*,—affirmyng his comyng not be against him, but against divers of his counsayll,” &c. Hall, Henry VI. fol. 77. MALONE.

⁷ I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:] Here, as in some other places, our author has fallen into an inconsistency, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. In the old play, the king says not a word of sending any *bishop* to the rebels; but says, he will himself come and parly with them, and in the mean while orders *Clifford* and *Buckingham* to gather an army and to go to them. See p. 218, n. 9. Shakspeare, in new modelling this scene, found in Holinshed's Chronicle the following words: “—to whome [*Cade*] were sent from the king, the *Archbishop of Canterburie* and *Humphrey duke of Buckingham*, to common with him of his griefs and requests.” This gave birth to the line before us; which our author afterwards forgot, having introduced in scene viii. only *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, conformably to the old play. MALONE.

⁸ Rul'd, like a wandering planet,] Predominated irresistibly over my passions, as the planets over the lives of those that are born under their influence. JOHNSON.

The old play led Shakspeare into this strange exhibition; a queen with the head of her murdered paramour on her bosom, in the presence of her husband! MALONE.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. How now, madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love*, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

* *K. Hen.* How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

* *Mes.* The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!
* Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
* Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;
* And calls your grace usurper, openly,
* And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
* His army is a ragged multitude
* Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
* Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
* Hath given them heart and courage to proceed;
* All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
* They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.

* *K. Hen.* O graceless men! they know not what they do⁹.

* *Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,
* Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
* These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

* *K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
* Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

* *Say.* So might your grace's person be in danger;
* The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
* And therefore in this city will I stay,
* And live alone as secret as I may.

* *I fear, my love,*] The folio has here—I fear *me*, love, which is certainly sense; but as we find “*my love*” in the old play, and these lines were adopted without retouching, I suppose the transcriber's ear deceived him. MALONE.

⁹ —*what they do.*] Instead of this line, in the old copy we have—

“Go, bid Buckingham and Clifford gather

“An army up, and meet with the rebels,” MALONE.

Enter

Enter another Messenger.

- * 2. *Mes.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge; the citizens
 * Fly and forsake their houses;
 * The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
 * Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
 * To spoil the city, and your royal court.
 * *Buck.* Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.
 * *K. Hen.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.
 * *Q. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.
 * *K. Hen.* Farewel, my lord; [*to Lord Say.*] trust not the Kentish rebels.
 * *Buck.* Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.
 * *Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence,
 * And therefore am I bold and resolute, [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The same. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, and Others, on the walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1. *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
 But I am troubled here with them myself,
 The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
 But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
 And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:
 Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
 And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ — be betray'd.] *Be*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

S C E N E

SECOND PART OF SCENE VI.

The same. Cannon-Street.

Enter Jack Cade, and his followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sol. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there³. *[They kill him.*

* *Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you

* Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gather'd together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire⁴; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the king's forces, headed by Matthew Gough. They fight; the citizens are routed, and Matthew Gough⁵ is slain.

Cade. So, firs:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick.

² *Knock him down there.*] So, Holinshed, p. 634: "He also put to execution in Southwark diverse persons, some for breaking his ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance, lest they should bewraie his base lineage, disparaging him for his usurped surname of Mortimer."

STEEVENS.

³ — *set London bridge on fire;*] At that time London-bridge was made of wood. "After that, (says Hall) he entered London and cut the ropes of the draw-bridge." The houses on London-bridge were in this rebellion burnt, and many of the inhabitants perished. MALONE.

⁴ — *Matthew Gough—*] "A man of great wit and much experience

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

* *Dick.* Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth⁵.

* *John.* Mafs, 'twill be fore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

[*Aside.*

* *Smith.* Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*

* *Cade.* I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

* *John.* Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out. [*Aside.*

* *Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

* *Mes.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; * he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens⁶, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, with the Lord SAY.

* *Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—

ence in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in service of the king and his father." Holinshed, p. 635.

STEEVENS.

⁵ — *that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.*] This alludes to what Holinshed has related of *Wat Tyler*, p. 432. "It was reported indeed, that he should saie with great pride, putting his hands to his lips, that within four daies *all the lawes of England should come forth of his mouth.*" TYRWHITT.

⁶ — *one and twenty fifteens,*] "This capteine [*Cade*] assured them — if either by force or policie they might get the king and queene into their hands, he would cause them to be honourably used, and take such order for the punishing and reforming of the misdemeanours of their bad counsellours, that neither *fifteens* should hereafter be demanded, nor anie impositions or taxes be spoken of." Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 632. A *fifteen* was the fifteenth part of all the moveables or personal property of each subject. MALONE.

* Ah,

' Ah, thou say, thou serge⁷, nay, thou buckram lord !
 ' now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal.
 ' What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up
 ' of Normandy unto mounseieur Basimecu⁸, the dauphin of
 ' France ? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even
 ' the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that
 ' must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art.
 ' Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the
 ' realm, in erecting a grammar-school : and whereas,
 ' before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score
 ' and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used⁹;
 ' and,

7 — *thou say, thou serge,*] It appears from Minshew's Dict. 1617, that *say* was a kind of serge. It is made entirely of wool. There is a considerable manufactory of *say* at Sudbury near Colchester. This stuff is frequently dyed green, and is yet used by some mechanicks in aprons. MALONE.

8 — *mounseieur Basimecu,*] Shakspeare probably wrote *Baisfermycu*, or, by a designed corruption, *Basemycu*, in imitation of his original, where also we find a word half French, half English,—“ Monfieur Buffminecu.” MALONE.

9 — *printing to be used;*] Shakspeare is a little too early with this accusation. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have been led into this mistake by Daniel, in the fifth book of his *Civil Wars*, who introduces *printing* and *artillery* as contemporary inventions :

“ Let there be found two fatal instruments,
 “ The one to publish, th’ other to defend
 “ Impious contention, and proud discontents;
 “ Make that *instamped characters* may send
 “ Abroad to thousands thousand men’s intents;
 “ And, in a moment, may dispatch much more
 “ Than could a world of pens perform before.”

Shakspeare’s absurdities may always be countenanced by those of writers nearly his contemporaries.

In the tragedy of *Herod and Antipater*, by Gervase Markham and William Sampson, who were both scholars, is the following passage :

“ Though *cannons* roar, yet you must not be deaf.”

Spenser mentions *cloth* made at Lincoln during the ideal reign of K. Arthur, and has adorn’d a castle at the same period “ with cloth of *Arras* and of *Toure*.” Chaucer introduces *guns* in the time of Antony and Cleopatra, and (as Mr. Warton has observed) Salvator Rosa places a *cannon* at the entrance of the tent of Holofernes.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Meerman in his *Origines Typographicæ* hath availed himself of
 this

‘and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity *,
 ‘thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy
 ‘face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk
 ‘of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words, as
 ‘no christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appoint-
 ‘ed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about
 ‘matters they were not able to answer¹. Moreover, thou
 ‘hast put them in prison; and, because they could not
 ‘read, thou hast hang’d them²; when, indeed, only for
 ‘that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost
 ‘ride on a foot-cloth³, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought’st not to let thy horse wear a
 cloak⁴, when honest men than thou go in their hose and
 doublets.

* Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for
 * example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

‘Say. Nothing but this: ’Tis *bona terra, mala gens*⁵.

‘Cade.

this passage in Shakspeare, to support his hypothesis, that printing
 was introduced into England (before the time of Caxton) by Frederick
 Corfellis, a workman from Haerlem, in the time of Henry VI.

BLACKSTONE.

* — *contrary to the king, his crown, &c.*] “Against the peace of
 the said lord the now king, his crown, and dignity,” is the regular
 language of indictments. MALONE.

¹ — *to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to
 answer.*] The old play reads, with more humour,—“to hang honest
 men that steal for their living.” MALONE.

² — *because they could not read, thou hast hang’d them;*] That is,
 they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy.

JOHNSON.

³ *Thou dost ride on a footcloth,*] A *footcloth* was a kind of housing,
 which covered the body of the horse, and almost reached the ground. It
 was sometimes made of velvet, and bordered with gold lace. MALONE.

⁴ — *to let thy horse wear a cloak,*] This is a reproach truly charac-
 teristical. Nothing gives so much offence to the lower ranks of man-
 kind as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *bona terra, mala gens.*] After this line the quarto proceeds
 thus:

“Cade.

* *Cade.* Away with him, away with him! he speaks
* Latin.

* *Say.* Hear me but speak, and bear me where you
will.

- * Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
- * Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle⁶;
- * Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
- * The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
- * Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
- * I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
- * Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
- * Justice with favour have I always done;
- * Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
- * When have I aught exacted at your hands,
- * Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
- * Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
- * Because my book preferr'd me to the king⁷:

* And

" *Cade.* Bonum terrum, what's that?

" *Dick.* He speaks French.

" *Will.* No, 'tis Dutch.

" *Nick.* No, 'tis Outalian: I know it well enough."

Holinshed has likewise stigmatized the Kentish men, p. 677. "The *Kentish-men*, in this season (whose minds be ever moveable at the change of princes) came," &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:]* So, in Cæsar's *Comment. B. V.* "Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui *Cantium* incolunt." The passage is thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1590. "Of all the inhabitantes of this isle, the *civilest* are the Kentishfolke." STEEVENS.

So, in Lilly's *Euphues and his England*, 1580, a book which the author of the *Whole Contention*, &c. probably, and Shakspeare certainly, had read: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle the *Kentishmen* are the *civilest*." MALONE.

⁷ *When have I aught exacted at your hands,*

Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

Because my book preferr'd me to the king.] This passage I know

not well how to explain. It is pointed [in the old copy] so as to make Say declare that he preferred clerks to maintain Kent and the king. This is not very clear; and besides he gives in the following line another reason of his bounty, that learning raised him, and therefore he supported learning. I am inclined to think Kent slipped into this passage by chance, and would read:

Wb

- * And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
- * Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—
- * Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
- * You cannot but forbear to murder me.
- * This tongue hath parly'd unto foreign kings
- * For your behoof,—
- * *Cade.* Tut ! when struck'st thou one blow in the field ?
- * *Say.* Great men have reaching hands : oft have I struck
- * Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.
- * *Geo* O monstrous coward ! what, to come behind folks !
- * *Say.* These cheeks are pale for watching for your good^s.
- * *Cade.* Give him a box o'the ear, and that will make 'em red again.
- * *Say.* Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
- * Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.
- * *Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the
- * help of a hatchet⁹.

When have I aught exacted at your hands,

But to maintain the king, the realm, and you ? JOHNSON.

I concur with Dr. Johnson in believing the word *Kent* to have been shuffled into the text by accident. Lord Say, as the passage stands [in the folio], not only declares he had preferred men of learning to maintain *Kent, the king, the realm*, but adds tautologically *you* ; for it should be remembered that they are Kentish men to whom he is now speaking. I would read, *Bent* to maintain, &c. i. e. *strenuously resolved to the utmost, to, &c.* STEEVENS.

The punctuation to which Dr. Johnson alludes, is that of the folio :

When have I aught exacted at your hands ?

Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,

Large gifts, have I bestow'd on learned clerks, &c.

I have pointed the passage differently, the former punctuation appearing to me to render it nonsense. I suspect, however, with the preceding editors, that the word *Kent* is a corruption. MALONE.

^s —for *watching*—] That is, in consequence of watching. So Sir John Davies :

“ And shuns it still, although for thirst she die.”

The second folio and all the modern editions read—*with watching.*

MALONE.

⁹ — *and the help of a hatchet.*] I suppose, to cut him down after he has been hanged, or perhaps to cut off his head. The article (*a hatchet*) was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

* *Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man¹?

* *Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provokes me?

* *Cade.* Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

* *Say.* Tell me, wherein have I offended most?

* Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?

* Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

* Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

* Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

* These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding²,

* This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

* O, let me live!

* *Cade.* I feel remorse in myself with his words: but

* I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so

* well for his life³. Away with him! he has a familiar

* under his tongue⁴; he speaks not o' God's name. Go,

* take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently;

* and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James

* Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both

* upon two poles hither.

* *All.* It shall be done.

¹ *Why dost thou quiver, man?* &c.] Otway has borrowed this thought in *Venice Preserved*:

"*Spinosa.* You are trembling, sir.

"*Renault.* 'Tis a cold night indeed, and I am aged,

"Full of decay and natural infirmities." STEEVENS.

² *These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding.*] I formerly imagined that the word *guiltless* was misplaced, and that the poet wrote—

These hands are guiltless, free from blood-shedding.

But change is unnecessary. *Guiltless* is not an epithet to *blood-shedding*, but to *blood*. These hands are free from shedding *guiltless* or innocent blood. So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

"For then my *guiltless blood* must cry against them." MALONE.

³ — *he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.*] This sentiment is not merely designed as an expression of ferocious triumph, but to mark the eternal enmity which the vulgar bear to those of more liberal education and superior rank. The vulgar are always ready to depreciate the talents which they behold with envy, and insult the eminence which they despair to reach. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *a familiar under his tongue;*] A *familiar* is a dæmon who was supposed to attend at call. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"*Love is a familiar*; there is no angel but love." STEEVENS.

* *Say.*

- * Say. Ah, countrymen ! if when you make your prayers,
 * God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
 * How would it fare with your departed souls ?
 * And therefore yet relent, and save my life.
 * Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with Lord SAY.*]

- * The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on
 * his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute ; there shall not
 * a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maiden-
 * head ere they have it⁵ : Men shall hold of me *in capite*⁶ ;
 * and we charge and command, that their wives be as
 * free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell *.
 * Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and
 * take up commodities upon our bills ?

* Cade.

⁵ — *shall pay to me her maidenhead, &c.*] Alluding to an ancient usage on which B. and Fletcher have founded their play called the *Custom of the Country*. See Mr. Seward's note at the beginning of it. STEEVENS.

See Blount's *GLOSSOGRAPHIA*, 8vo, 1681, in v. *Marcbeta*. Hector Boethius and Skene both mention this custom as existing in Scotland till the time of Malcolm the Third, A.D. 1057. MALONE.

Blount's account of this custom has received the sanction of several eminent antiquaries ; but a learned writer, Sir David Dalrymple, controverts the fact, and denies the actual existence of the custom. See *Annals of Scotland*. Judge Blackstone, in his *Commentaries*, is of opinion it never prevailed in *England*, though he supposes it certainly did in Scotland. REED.

⁶ — *in capite* ;] This equivoue, for which the author of the old play is answerable, is too learned for Cade. MALONE.

* — *or tongue can tell.*] After this, in the old play, Robin enters to inform Cade that London bridge is on fire and Dick enters with a serjeant ; i. e. a bailiff ; and there is a dialogue consisting of seventeen lines, of which Shakspeare has made no use whatsoever. MALONE.

⁷ — *take up commodities upon our bills* ?] Perhaps this is an equivoue alluding to the *brown bills*, or halberds, with which the commons were anciently armed. PERCY.

Thus, in the original play :

" Nick. But when shall we take up those commodities which
 " you told us of ?

" Cade. Marry, he that will lustily stand to it, shall take up
 " these commodities following : Item, a gown, a kirtle, a pet-

" ticoat, and a smocke."

If the *Whole Contention, &c.* printed in 1600, was an imperfect transcript of Shakspeare's Second and Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* (as it

‘ *Cade*. Marry, presently.

‘ *All*. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord SAY and his son-in-law.

‘ *Cade*. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another⁸; for they loved well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt*.

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his rabblement.

* *Cade*. Up Fish-street! down saint Magnus’ corner!

* kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—

[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*

* What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound

* retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and old CLIFFORD, with forces.

‘ *Buck*. Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee:

‘ Know, *Cade*, we come ambassadors from the king

has hitherto been supposed to be,) we have here another extraordinary proof of the *inventive* faculty of the transcriber.—It is observable that the equivocal which Dr. Percy has taken notice of, is *not* found in the old play, but is found in Shakspeare’s *Much ado about nothing*:

“ *Ber*. We are likely to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men’s bills.

“ *Con*. A commodity in question, I warrant you.”

See Vol. II. p. 262. MALONE.

⁸ *Let them kiss one another*;] This is from the *Mirror for Magistrates*, in the legend of *Jack Cade*:

“ With these two heads I made a pretty play,

“ For pight on poles I bore them through the strete,

“ And for my sport made *each kisse other swete*.” FARMER.

It is likewise found in Holinshed, p. 634: “—and as it were in a spite caused them in every street to *kisse* together.” STEEVENS.

So also in Hall, Henry VI. folio 78. MALONE.

‘ Unto

‘ Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled;
 ‘ And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
 ‘ That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

‘ *Clif.* What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
 ‘ And yield to mercy, whilst ’tis offer’d you;
 ‘ Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
 ‘ Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
 ‘ Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!
 ‘ Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
 ‘ Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
 ‘ Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

‘ *All.* God save the king! God save the king!

‘ *Cade.* What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so
 ‘ brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him?
 ‘ will you needs be hang’d with your pardons about
 ‘ your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through
 ‘ London gates, that you should leave me at the White-
 ‘ hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would never have
 ‘ given out these arms, till you had recover’d your an-
 ‘ cient freedom: but you are all recreants, and dastards;
 ‘ and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them
 ‘ break your backs with burdens, take your houses over
 ‘ your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before
 ‘ your faces: For me,—I will make shift for one; and
 ‘ so—God’s curse ’light upon you all!

‘ *Clif.* What say ye, countrymen? &c.] The variation in the original
 play is worth noting:

“ Why countrymen, and warlike friends of Kent,
 “ What means this mutinous rebellion,
 “ That you in troops do muster thus yourselves,
 “ Under the conduct of this traitor, Cade?
 “ To rise against your sovereign lord and king,
 “ Who mildly hath this pardon sent to you,
 “ If you forsake this monstrous rebel here.
 “ If honour be the mark whereat you aim,
 “ Then haste to France, that our forefathers won,
 “ And win again that thing which now is lost,
 “ And leave to seek your country’s overthrow.

“ *All.* A Clifford, a Clifford.

[*They forsake Cade.*

Here we have precisely the same versification which we find in all
 the tragedies and historical dramas that were written before the time
 of Shakspeare. MALONE.

- ‘ *All.* We’ll follow Cade, we’ll follow Cade.
 ‘ *Clif.* Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
 ‘ That thus you do exclaim—you’ll go with him?
 ‘ Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
 ‘ And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
 ‘ Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
 ‘ Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
 ‘ Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
 ‘ Wer’t not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
 ‘ The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
 ‘ Should make a start o’er seas, and vanquish you?
 ‘ Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
 ‘ I see them lording it in London streets,
 ‘ Crying—*Villageois* * ! unto all they meet.
 ‘ Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
 ‘ Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman’s mercy.
 ‘ To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
 ‘ Spare England, for it is your native coast:
 ‘ Henry hath money¹, you are strong and manly;
 ‘ God on our side, doubt not of victory.
 ‘ *All.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we’ll follow the king,
 ‘ and Clifford.
 ‘ *Cade.* Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro,
 ‘ as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales
 ‘ them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave
 ‘ me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to
 ‘ surprize me: my sword make way for me², for here is
 ‘ no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have
 ‘ through the very midst of you! and heavens and honour
 ‘ be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only

* — *Villageois* !] Old Copy—*Villiage*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.
 MALONE.

¹ *Henry hath money*,] Dr. Warburton reads—Henry hath *mercy*, but he does not seem to have attended to the speaker’s drift, which is to lure them from their present design by the hope of French plunder. He bids them spare England, and go to France, and encourages them by telling them that all is ready for their expedition; that they have *strength*, and the king has *money*. JOHNSON.

² — *my sword make way for me*,] In the original play Cade employs a more-vulgar weapon: “My *staff* shall make way through the midst of you, and so a pox take you all!” MALONE.

KING HENRY VI.

231

' my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me
' betake me to my heels. [Exit.

' Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;
' And he, that brings his head unto the king,
' Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[Exeunt some of them.

' Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean

' To reconcile you all unto the king.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Kenelworth Castle.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET,
on the terrace of the Castle.

- * K. Hen. Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,
- * And could command no more content than I?
- * No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
- * But I was made a king, at nine months old³;
- * Was never subject long'd to be a king,
- * As I do long and wish to be a subject⁴.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and CLIFFORD.

* Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

* K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpriz'd?

3 — *I was made a king at nine months old:*] So all the historians agree.
And yet in Part I. p. 67, king Henry is made to say:

"I do remember how my father said,"—

a plain proof that the whole of that play was not written by the same hand as this. BLACKSTONE.

4 — *to be a subject.*] In the original play before the entry of Buckingham and Clifford, we have the following short dialogue, of which Shakspeare has here made no use:

"King. Lord Somerset, what news hear you of the rebel Cade?

"Som. This, my gracious lord, that the lord Say is done to death, and the city is almost sack'd.

"King. God's will be done; for as he hath decreed,

"So it must be; and be it as he please,

"To stop the pride of these rebellious men.

"Queen. Had the noble duke of Suffolk been alive,

"The rebel Cade had been suppress'd ere this,

"And all the rest that do take part with him."

This sentiment he has attributed to the queen in sc. iv. MALONE.

Q 4

* Or

* Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter, below, a great number of Cade's followers, with
halters about their necks.*

* *Clif.* He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
* And humbly thus with halters on their necks
* Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.
* *K. Hen.* Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
* To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
* Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
* And shew'd how well you love your prince and country;
* Continue still in this so good a mind,
* And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
* Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
* And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
* I do dismiss you to your several countries.
All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

* *Mes.* Please it your grace to be advertised,
* The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
* And with a puissant and a mighty power,
* Of galloglass⁵, and stout kerns⁶,

⁵ *Then, heaven, &c.]* Thus, in the original play:

“ *King.* Stand up, you simple men, and give God praise,
“ For you did take in hand you know not what;
“ And go in peace, obedient to your king,
“ And live as subjects; and you shall not want,
“ Whilst Henry lives and wears the English crown.

“ *All.* God save the king, God save the king.” MALONE.

⁶ *Of galloglasses, and stout kerns,]* These were two orders of foot soldiers among the Irish. See Dr. Warburton's note on the second scene of the first act of *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

“ The *galloglasse* useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered. The *kern* is an ordinary souldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his peece, being commonly good markmen. Kerne [*Kigheyren*] signifieth a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than for rake-hells, or the devils blacke garde.” Stanihurst's *Description of Ireland*, Ch. 8. f. 28.

BOWLE.

* Is

- * Is marching hitherward in proud array ;
- * And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
- * His arms are only to remove from thee
- * The duke of Somersfet, whom he terms a traitor.
- * *K. Hen.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York
distress'd ;
- * Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
- * Is straitway calm, and boarded with a pirate⁷ :
- * But now⁸ is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd ;
- * And now is York in arms, to second him.—
- * I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him ;
- * And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
- * Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower ;—
- * And, Somersfet, we will commit thee thither,
- * Until his army be dismiss'd from him.
- * *Som.* My lord,
- * I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
- * Or unto death, to do my country good.
- * *K. Hen.* In any case, be not too rough in terms ;
- * For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.
- * *Buck.* I will, my lord ; and doubt not so to deal,
- * As all things shall redound unto your good.

⁷ *Is straitway calm, and boarded with a pirate:]* Thus the first folio, where alone this passage is found. The editor of the second folio, who appears to have been wholly unacquainted with Shakspeare's phraseology, changed *calm* to *claim'd*. The editor of the third folio changed *claim'd* to *calm'd* ; and the latter word has been adopted, unnecessarily in my apprehension, by the modern editors. Many words were used in this manner in our author's time, and the import is precisely the same as if he had written *calm'd*. So, in *King Henry IV.* "— what a *candy* deal of courtesy," which Mr. Pope altered improperly to—" what a deal of *candy'd* courtesy." See Vol. V. p. 142, n. 8, and 9.

By my *state* Henry, I think, means, *his realm* ; which had recently become quiet and peaceful by the defeat of Cade and his rabble. "*With a pirate,*" agreeably to the phraseology of Shakspeare's time, means, "*by a pirate.*" MALONE.

I believe *calm'd* [not *claim'd*] is right. The commotion raised by Cade was over, and the mind of the king was subsiding into a *calm*, when York appeared in arms, to raise fresh disturbances, and deprive it of its momentary peace. STEEVENS.

⁸ But *now* —] *But* is here not adversative.—It was only *just now*, says Henry, that Cade and his followers were routed. MALONE.

* *K. Hen.*

SECOND PART OF

- * *K. Hen.* Come, wife, let's in^o, and learn to govern better;
 * For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

Kent. Iden's Garden¹.*Enter CADE.*

- * *Cade.* Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that have a
 * sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days
 * have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out,
 * for all the country is lay'd for me; but now am I so
 * hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a
 * thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on
 * a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden; to see if
 * I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which
 * is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather.
 * And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good:
 * for, many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan² had
 * been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when
 * I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served
 * me

* *Come, wife, let's in, &c.]* In the old play the king concludes the scene thus:

- "Come, let us haste to London now with speed,
 "That solemn processions may be sung,
 "In laud and honour of the God of heaven,
 "And triumph of this happy victory." MALONE.

* *Kent. Iden's garden.]* Holinshed, p. 635, says: "— a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eiden, awaited so his time, that he tooke the said Cade in a garden in *Suffex*, so that there he was slain at Hothfield, &c."

Instead of the soliloquy with which the present scene begins, the quarto has only this stage-direction. *Enter Jack Cade at one doore, and at the other M. Alexander Eyden and his men, and Jack Cade lies down picking of beards, and eating them.* STEEVENS.

² — *but for a sallet, my brain-pan, &c.]* A *sallet* is a helmet. Minshieu conjectures that it is derived a "*salut*, Gal. because it keepeth the head whole from breaking." He adds, "*alias salade dicitur, a G. salade, idem; utrumque vero celando, quod caput tegit.*"

The word undoubtedly came to us from the French. In the Stat. 4 and 5 Ph. and Mary, ch. 2. we find—"twentie haquebuts, and twentie morians or *sallets*." MALONE.

So,

- * me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the
- * word *fallet* must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

- * *Iden.* Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
- * And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
- * This small inheritance, my father left me,
- * Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
- * I seek not to wax great by others' waining³;
- * Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy⁴;
- * Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
- * And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

* *Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for
 * a fray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah,
 * villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns
 * of the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make
 * thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow my sword
 * like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

- * *Iden.* Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
- * I know thee not; Why then should I betray thee?
- * Is't not enough, to break into my garden,

So, in Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*: "— One of the company seeing Brutus athirst also, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his *fallet*." STEEVENS.

Brain-pan for *skull*, occurs, I think, in Wickliff's translation of Judges, xix. 53. WHALLEY.

³ — *by others'* waining;] The folio reads—*warning*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Is in the preceding line was supplied by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

⁴ *Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;*] Or accumulate riches, without regarding the odium I may incur in the acquisition, however great that odium may be. *Envy* is often used in this sense by our author and his contemporaries. It may, however, have here its more ordinary acceptation.

This speech in the old play stands thus:

- " Good Lord, how pleasant is this country life !
- " This little land my father left me here,
- " With my contented mind, serves me as well,
- " As all the pleasures in the court can yield,
- " Nor would I change this pleasure for the court."

Here surely we have not a hasty transcript of our author's lines, but the distinct composition of a preceding writer. The versification must at once strike the ear of every person who has perused any of our old dramas. MALONE.

* And

- * And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
- * Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
- * But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was
broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have
eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five
men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail⁵,
I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

* *Iden.* Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.

- * Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine⁶,
- * See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks.
- * Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser:
- * Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
- * Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
- * My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
- * And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
- * Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
- * As for words, whose greatness answers words,
- * Let this my sword report what speech forbears⁷.

* *Cade.* By my valour, the most complete champion
* that ever I heard.—‘Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut
* not out the burly-boned clown in chins of beef ere thou

⁵ — as dead as a door-nail,] See *K. Henry IV.* P. II. A&V. sc. iii.
[Vol. V. p. 429.] STEEVENS.

⁶ *Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine, &c.*] This and the follow-
ing nine lines are an amplification by Shakspeare on these three of the
old play:

“ Look on me, my limbs are equal unto thine,
“ And every way as big: then hand to hand
“ I'll combat with thee. Sirra, fetch me weapons,
“ And stand you all aside.” MALONE.

⁷ *As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.*] For more words,
whose pomp and tumour may answer words, and only words, I shall
forbear them, and refer the rest to my sword. JOHNSON.

So, in the third part of *K. Henry VI*:

“ I will not bandy with thee, word for word,
“ But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.”

More (As for more words) was an arbitrary and unnecessary addition
made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

‘ sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God^s on my knees, thou
 ‘ may’st be turn’d to hobnails. [*They fight. Cade falls.*
 ‘ O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me:
 ‘ let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me
 ‘ but the ten meals I have lost, and I’d defy them all.
 ‘ Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to
 ‘ all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquer’d
 ‘ soul of Cade is fled.

‘ *I den.* Is’t Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
 ‘ Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
 ‘ And hang thee o’er my tomb, when I am dead⁹:

^s — *I beseech God*—] The folio reads—*I beseech Jove*. This hea-then deity, with whom Cade was not likely to be much acquainted, was undoubtedly introduced by the editor of the folio to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. ch. 21. In the old play 1600, he says, “I beseech *God* thou might’st fall into some *smith’s band*, and be turned to hobnails.” This the editor of the *second* edition of the quarto play, no date, but printed in 1619, changed (from the same apprehension) to “I *would* thou might’st fall,” &c. These alterations fully confirm my note on *King Henry V.* Vol. V. p. 556, n. 2.—Contrary to the general rule which I have observed in printing this play, I have not adhered in the present instance to the reading of the folio; because I am confident that it proceeded not from Shakspeare, but his editor, who, for the reason already given, makes Falstaff say to Prince Henry—“I knew ye as well as he that made ye,” instead of—“*By the Lord, I knew ye,*” &c. MALONE.

⁹ — *when I am dead*:] How Iden was to hang a sword over his own tomb, after he was dead, it is not easy to explain. The sentiment is more correctly expressed in the quarto:

Oh sword, I honour thee for this, and in my chamber
 Shalt thou hang, as a monument to after age,

For this great service thou hast done to me. STEEVENS.

Here again we have a single thought considerably amplified. Shakspeare in new moulding this speech, has used the same mode of expression that he has employed in the *Winter’s Tale*: “If thou’lt see a thing to *talk on*, when *thou art dead* and rotten, come hither.” i. e. for people to talk of. So again, in a subsequent scene of the play before us:

“And *dead men’s cries* do fill the empty air.”

Which of our author’s plays does not exhibit expressions equally bold as “I will hang thee,” to express “I will have thee hung?”

I must just observe, that most of our author’s *additions* are strongly characteristick of his manner. The making Iden’s sword wear the stains of Cade’s blood on its point, and comparing those stains to a herald’s coat, declare at once the pen of Shakspeare. MALONE.

* Ne’er

- * Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
- * But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
- * To emblaze the honour that thy master got.
- * *Cade.* Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory!
- * Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never fear'd any, am vanquish'd by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*]
- * *Iden.* How much thou wrong'st me¹, heaven be my judge.
- * Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
- * And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
- * So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell².
- * Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels

¹ *How much thou wrong'st me,*] That is, in supposing that I am proud of my victory. JOHNSON.

An anonymous writer suggests that the meaning may be, that Cade wrongs Iden by undervaluing his prowess, and declaring that he was subdued by famine, not by the valour of his adversary.—I think Dr. Johnson's is the true interpretation. MALONE.

² *So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.*] Not to dwell upon the wickedness of this horrid wish, with which Iden debases his character, the whole speech is wild and confused. To draw a man by the heels, headlong, is somewhat difficult; nor can I discover how the dunghill would be his grave, if his trunk were left to be fed upon by crows. These I conceive not to be the faults of corruption but negligence, and therefore do not attempt correction. JOHNSON.

The quarto is more favourable both to Iden's morality and language. It omits this savage wish, and makes him only add, after the lines I have just quoted:

I'll drag him hence, and with my sword
Cut off his head, and bear it with me.

The player editors seem to have preferred want of humanity and common sense, to fewness of lines, and defect of versification. STEEVENS.

By *headlong* the poet undoubtedly meant, with his head trailed along the ground. By saying, "the dunghill shall be thy grave," Iden means, the dunghill shall be the place where thy *dead body shall be laid*: the dunghill shall be the *only* grave which thou shalt have. Surely in poetry this is allowable. So, in *Macbeth*:

—our monuments

"Shall be the maws of kites."

After what has been already stated, I fear it must be acknowledged, that this faulty *amplification* was owing rather to our author's desire to expand a scanty thought of a preceding writer, than to any want of judgment in the player editors. MALONE.

- Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
- And there cut off thy most ungracious head ;
- Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
- Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[Exit, dragging out the body.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK attended, with drum and colours : his forces at some distance.

- *York.* From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
- And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head :
- Ring, bells, aloud ; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
- To entertain great England's lawful king.
- Ah, *sancta majestas* ! who would not buy thee dear ?
- Let them obey, that know not how to rule ;
- This hand was made to handle nought but gold :
- I cannot give due action to my words,
- Except a sword, or scepter, balance it³.
- A scepter shall it have, have I a soul⁴ ;
- On which I'll tofs the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter

³ — *balance it.*] That is, Balance my hand. JOHNSON.

⁴ *A scepter shall it have, have I a soul ;*] I read :

A scepter shall it have, have I a sword.

York observes that his hand must be employed with a sword or scepter ; he then naturally observes, that he has a sword, and resolves that if he has a sword he will have a scepter. JOHNSON.

I rather think York means to say—If I have a *soul*, my hand shall not be without a scepter. STEEVENS.

This certainly is a very natural interpretation of these words, and being no friend to alteration merely for the sake of improvement, we ought, I think, to acquiesce in it. But some difficulty will still remain ; for if we read, with the old copy, *soul*, York threatens to “ tofs the flower-de-luce of France on his *scepter*,” which sounds but oddly. To tofs it on his *sword*, was a threat very natural for a man who had already triumphed over the French. So, in *H. Henry VI. P. III*:

“ The soldiers should have tofs'd me on their pikes.”

However,

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

- * Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
- * The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
- * *Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
- * *York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
- * Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
- * *Buck.* A messenger from Henry, our dread liege;
- * To know the reason of these arms in peace;
- * Or why, thou—being a subject as I am⁵,—
- * Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
- * Should'st raise so great a power without his leave;
- * Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.
- * *York.* Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great⁶.
- * O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint;
- * I am so angry at these abject terms;
- * And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
- * On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
- * I am far better born than is the king;
- * More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;
- * But I must make fair weather yet a while,
- * Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—

Aside.

However, in the licentious phraseology of our author, York may mean, that he will *wield his sceptre*, (that is, exercise his royal power,) when he obtains it, so as to abase and destroy the French.—The following line also in *King Henry VIII.* adds support to the old copy:

“Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel.” MALONE.

5 — *being a subject as I am.*] Here again in the old play we have the style and verification of our author's immediate predecessors:

“Or that thou, being a subject as I am,

“Should'st thus approach so near with colours spread,

“Whereas the person of the king doth keepe.” MALONE.

6 *Scarce can I speak, &c.*] The first nine lines of this speech are founded on the following in the old play:

“A subject as he is!

“O, how I hate these spiteful abject terms!

“But York dissemble, till thou meet thy sonnet,

“Who now in arms expect their father's fight,

“And not far hence I know they cannot be.” MALONE.

* O Buck-

* O Buckingham⁷, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
 * That I have given no answer all this while;
 * My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
 * The cause why I have brought this army hither,
 * Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,
 * Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

* *Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy part:
 * But if thy arms be to no other end,
 * The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
 * The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

* *York.* Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
 * Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
 * Meet me to-morrow in saint George's field,
 * You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.—
 * And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
 * Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
 * As pledges of my fealty and love,
 * I'll send them all as willing as I live;
 * Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
 * Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

* *Buck.* York, I commend this kind submission:
 * We twain will go into his highness' tent⁸.

Enter King HENRY, attended.

* *K. Hen.* Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
 * That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

* *York.* In all submission and humility,
 * York doth present himself unto your highness.

* *K. Hen.* Then what intend these forces thou dost
 bring?

⁷ O Buckingham,] O, which is not in the authentick copy, was added, to supply the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁸ We twain will go into his highness' tent.] Shakspeare has here deviated from the original play without much propriety.—He has followed it in making Henry come to Buckingham and York, instead of their going to him;—yet without the introduction found in the quarto, where the lines stand thus:

Buck. Come, York, thou shalt go speak unto the king;—

But see, his grace is coming to meet with us. MALONE.

SECOND PART OF

- * *York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from hence * ;
 * And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
 * Who since I hear'd to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with Cade's head.

- * *Iden.* If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
 * May pass into the presence of a king,
 * Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
 * The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
 * *K. Hen.* The head of Cade * ?—Great God, how just
 art thou !—
 * O, let me view his visage being dead,
 * That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
 * Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him ?
 * *Iden.* I was; an't like your majesty.
 * *K. Hen.* How art thou call'd ? and what is thy degree ?
 * *Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name ;
 * A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
 * *Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
 * He were created knight for his good service.
 * *K. Hen.* Iden, kneel down ; [*he kneels.*] Rise up a
 knight.
 * We give thee for reward a thousand marks ;
 * And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
 * *Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a bounty,

* *York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from hence ;] The correspond-
 ing speech to this is given in the old play to Buckingham, who acquaints
 the king with the plea that York had before made to him for his rising :
 " To heave the duke of Somerset," &c. This variation could never
 have arisen from copyists, short-hand writers, or printers. MALONE.

* *The head of Cade ?*] The speech corresponding to this in the first
 part of the *Whole Contention*, &c. 1600, is alone sufficient to prove that
 piece the work of another poet :

King. First, thanks to heaven, and next, to thee, my friend,
 That hast subdu'd that wicked traitor thus.
 O, let me see that head, that in his life
 Did work me and my land such cruel spight.
A visage stern; coal-black his curled locks ;
Deep trenched furrows in his frowning brow,
Presageth warlike humours in his life.
 Here take it hence, and thou for thy reward
 Shalt be immediately created knight :
 Kneel down, my friend, and tell me what's thy name. MALONE.

* And

- * And never live but true unto his liege¹!
- * *K. Hen.* See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen;
- * Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET.

- * *Q. Mar.* For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
- * But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
- * *York.* How now! is Somerset at liberty²?
- * Then, York, unloose thy long imprison'd thoughts,
- * And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
- * Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
- * False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
- * Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
- * King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
- * Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
- * Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
- * That head of thine doth not become a crown;
- * Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
- * And not to grace an awful princely scepter.
- * That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
- * Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
- * Is able with the change to kill and cure³.

¹ *May Iden, &c.* Iden has said before:

*Lord! who would live turmoiled in a court,
And may enjoy, &c.*

Shakspeare makes Iden rail at those enjoyments which he supposes to be out of his reach; but no sooner are they offered to him but he readily accepts them. ANONYMOUS.

In Iden's eulogium on the happiness of rural life, and in his acceptance of the honours bestowed by his majesty, Shakspeare has merely followed the old play. MALONE.

² *How now! &c.* This speech is greatly amplified, and in other respects very different from the original, which consists of but ten lines.

MALONE.

³ — like to Achilles' spear,

Is able with the change to kill and cure.]

Myfus et Æmonia juvenis qua cuspide vulnus

Senferat, hac ipsa cuspide sensit opem. PROPERT. Lib. II. El. I.

Greene in his *Orlando Furioso*, 1599, has the same allusion:

* Where I took hurt, there have I heal'd myself;

* As those that with Achilles' lance were wounded,

* Fetch'd help at self-same pointed speare.' MALONE.

- ‘ Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,
 ‘ And with the same to act controlling laws.
 ‘ Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
 ‘ O’er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.
 ‘ *Som.* O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
 ‘ Of capital treason ’gainst the king and crown:
 * Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
 * *York.* Would’st have me kneel? first let me ask of
 these⁴,
 * If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
 * Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail; [*Exit an Attend.*
 * I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
 * They’ll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.
 ‘ *Q. Mar.* Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
 [*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*
 * To say, if that the bastard boys of York
 * Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
 * *York.* O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
 * Out-cast of Naples, England’s bloody scourge!
 ‘ The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
 ‘ Shall be their father’s bail; and bane to those
 ‘ That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with forces, at one side; at the other, with forces also, old CLIFFORD and his son.

- * See, where they come; I’ll warrant, they’ll make it
 good.
 * *Q. Mar.* And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.
 ‘ *Clif.* Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
 [*Kneels.*

⁴ — *first let me ask of these,*] By *these* Mr. Tyrwhitt supposes York means his knees, “on which he lays his hands, or at least points to them.” I have no doubt that York means either his sons, whom he mentions in the next line, or his troops, to whom he may be supposed to point. Dr. Warburton transposed the lines, placing that which is now the middle line at the beginning of the speech. But, like many of his emendations, it appears to have been unnecessary. The folio reads — *of thee*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Sons* was substituted for *son* by the editor of the second folio. The correction is justified both by the context and the old play. “For my enfranchisement,” instead of — *of my*, &c. was likewise his correction. MALONE.
 ‘ *York.*

* *York.* I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?

* Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

* We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;

* For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

* *Cliff.* This is my king, York, I do not mistake;

* But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:—

* To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

* *K. Hen.* Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour⁵

* Makes him oppose himself against his king.

* *Cliff.* He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,

* And chop away that factious pate of his.

* *Q. Mar.* He is arrested, but will not obey;

* His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

* *York.* Will you not, sons?

* *Edw.* Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

* *Rich.* And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

* *Cliff.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

* *York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so;

* I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—

* Call hither to the stake my two brave bears⁶,

* That, with the very shaking of their chains,

* They may astonish these fell lurking curs⁷;

* Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me⁸.

Drums.

5 — *a bedlam and ambitious humour*—] The word *bedlam* was not used in the reign of king Henry the Sixth, nor was Bethlehem Hospital (vulgarly called Bedlam) converted into a house or hospital for lunatics till the reign of king Henry the Eighth, who gave it to the city of London for that purpose. GREY.

Shakspeare was led into this anachronism by the author of the elder play. MALONE.

6 *Call hither to the stake my two brave bears*,—

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come—] The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a *bear and ragged staff* for their cognizance. SIR J. HAWK.

7 — *fell lurking curs*:] *Curs* who are at once a compound of cruelty and treachery. STEEVENS.

8 *Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me*.] Here in the old play the following lines are found:

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast;

Both thou and they shall curse this fatal hour.

Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with forces.

* *Clif.* Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,

* And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,

* If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

* *Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur

* Run back and bite, because he was withheld⁹;

* Who, being suffer'd * with the bear's fell paw,

* Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:

* And such a piece of service will you do,

* If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

* *Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,

* As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

* *York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

* *Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

* *K. Hen.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—

* Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,

* Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son!—

* What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,

* And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—

* O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?

* If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

* Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—

* Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

* And shame thine honourable age with blood?

* Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

* Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

* For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,

Buckingham accordingly enters immediately with his forces. Shakespeare, we see, has not introduced him in the present scene, but has availed himself of those lines below. MALONE.

9 *Oft have I seen, &c.*] Bear-baiting was anciently a royal sport. See Stow's Account of Queen Elizabeth's amusements of this kind; and Langham's Letter concerning that Queen's Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle. PERCY.

* — *being suffer'd*—] Being suffer'd to approach to the bear's fell paw. Such may be the meaning. I am not however sure but the poet meant, being in a state of *sufferance* or pain. MALONE.

* That

- * That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
- * *Sal.* My lord, I have consider'd with myself
- * The title of this most renowned duke ;
- * And in my conscience do repute his grace
- * The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
- * *K. Hen.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me ?
- * *Sal.* I have.
- * *K. Hen.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath ?
- * *Sal.* It is great sin, to swear unto a sin¹ ;
- * But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
- * Who can be bound by any solemn vow
- * To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
- * To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
- * To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
- * To wring the widow from her custom'd right ;
- * And have no other reason for this wrong,
- * But that he was bound by a solemn oath ?
- * *Q. Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
- * *K. Hen.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
- * *York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
- * I am resolv'd for death, or dignity².
- * *Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true,
- * *War.* You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
- To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
- Clif.* I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
- Than any thou canst conjure up to-day ;
- And that I'll write upon thy burgonet³,

¹ *It is great sin, to swear unto a sin ; &c.]* We have the same sentiment in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

" It is religion, to be thus forsworn."

Again, in *King John* :

" It is religion that doth make vows kept ;

" But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;

" And most forsworn to keep what thou dost swear." MALONE.

² — *for death, or dignity.]* The folio reads—*and dignity.* The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

³ — *burgonet,]* is a *helmet.* JOHNSON.

Might I but know thee by thy household badge⁴.

War. Now by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,

' Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

' *Y. Clif.* And so to arms, victorious father,

' To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spight,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

' *Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatick⁵, that's more than thou canst
tell.

' *Rich.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

Saint Albans.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

⁴ — *thy household badge.*] The folio has *boused* badge, owing probably to the transcriber's ear deceiving him. The true reading is found in the old play. MALONE.

⁵ *Foul stigmatick,*] A *stigmatick* is one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a stigma. STEEVENS.

This certainly is the meaning here. A *stigmatick* originally and properly signified a person who has been branded with a hot iron for some crime. See Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 1616. MALONE.

Enter

Enter YORK.

- ‘ How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?
 ‘ *York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
 ‘ But match to match I have encounter’d him,
 ‘ And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
 ‘ Even of the bonny beast he lov’d so well⁶.

Enter CLIFFORD.

- ‘ *War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chace,
 For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
 ‘ *War.* Then, nobly, York; ’tis for a crown thou
 fight’st.—
 ‘ As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
 It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail’d.

[*Exit WARWICK.*

- ‘ *Clif.* What see’st thou in me, York⁷? why dost thou
 pause?
 ‘ *York.* With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
 ‘ But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
 ‘ *Clif.* Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
 ‘ But that ’tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

⁶ *Even of the bonny beast he lov’d so well.*] In the old play:

“ The bonniest gray, that e’er was bred in North.” MALONE.

⁷ *What see’st thou in me, York? &c.*] Instead of this and the ten following lines, we find these in the old play, and the variation is worth noting:

York. Now, Clifford, since we are singled here alone,
 Be this the day of doom to one of us;
 For now my heart hath sworn immortal hate
 To thee and all the house of Lancaster.

Clif. And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,
 Vowing ne’er to stir till thou or I be slain;
 For never shall my heart be safe at rest,
 Till I have spoil’d the hateful house of York.

[*Alarums, and they fight, and York kills Clifford.*

York. Now Lancaster, sit sure; thy sinews shrink.

Come, fearful Henry, groveling on thy face,

Yield up thy crown unto the prince of York. [*Exit York.*

MALONE.

‘ *York.*

- * *York*. So let it help me now against thy sword,
 * As I in justice and true-right expresses it!
 * *Clif*. My soul and body on the action both!—
 * *York*. A dreadful lay⁸!—addresses thee instantly.
 [*They fight, and Clifford falls.*
 * *Clif*. *La fin couronne les oeuvres*⁹. [Dies¹.
 * *York*. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
 * Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [Exit.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

- * *Y. Clif*. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout²;
 * Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

* Where

- * *A dreadful lay!*—] A dreadful wager; a tremendous stake.

JOHNSON.

- ⁹ *La fin couronne les oeuvres*.] The players read:

La fin couronne les eumenes. STEEVENS.

Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

¹ *Dies*.] Our author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history, a practice not uncommon to him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance however serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland.

It is remarkable, that at the beginning of the third part of this historical play, the poet has forgot this occurrence, and there represents Clifford's death as it really happened:

"Lord Clifford and lord Stafford all abreast

"Charg'd our main battle's front; and breaking in,

"Were by the swords of common soldiers slain." PERCY.

For this inconsistency the elder poet must answer; for these lines are in the *True tragedie of Richard Duke of York*, &c. on which, as I conceive, the third part of *King Henry VI.* was founded. MALONE.

² *Shame and confusion! all is on the rout*; &c.] Instead of this long speech, we have the following lines in the old play:

Y. Clifford. Father of Cumberland!

Where may I seek my aged father forth?

O dismal sight! see where he breathless lies,

All smear'd and welter'd in his luke-warm blood!

Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberland's true house!

Sweet father, to thy murder'd ghost I swear

Immortal hate unto the house of York;

Nor never shall I sleep secure one night,

Till I have furiously reveng'd thy death,

And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

[He takes him up on his back.

And

* Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
 * Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
 * Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
 * Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
 * He, that is truly dedicate to war,
 * Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
 * Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 * The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
 [seeing his dead father.

* And the premised flames³ of the last day
 * Knit earth and heaven together!
 * Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 * Particularities and petty sounds
 * To cease⁴!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
 * To lose thy youth in peace, and to atchieve⁵
 * The silver livery of advised age⁶;
 * And, in thy reverence⁷, and thy chair-days, thus
 * To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this fight,
 * My heart is turn'd to stone*: and, while 'tis mine,
 * It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
 * No more will I their babes: tears virginal
 * Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;

And thus as old Anchises' son did bear
 His aged father on his manly back,
 And fought with him against the bloody Greeks,
 Even so will I;—but stay, here's one of them,
 To whom my soul hath sworn immortal hate. MALONE.

³ And the premised flames—] Premised, for sent before their time.
 The sense is, let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now.

WARBURTON.

⁴ To cease!] is to stop, a verb active. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ ——— be not ceas'd

“ With slight denial —.” STEEVENS.

⁵ —to atchieve] is, to obtain. JOHNSON.

⁶ —of advised age;] Advised is wise, experienced. MALONE.

⁷ And, in thy reverence,] In that period of life, which is entitled to the reverence of others. Our author has used the word in the same manner in *As you like it*, where the younger brother says to the elder, (speaking of their father,) “thou art indeed nearer to his reverence.”

MALONE.

* My heart is turn'd to stone:] So, in *Othello*: “—my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.” MALONE.

* And

- * And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
 - * Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax*.
 - * Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:
 - * Meet I an infant of the house of York,
 - * Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
 - * As wild Medea young Absyrtus did*:
 - * In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
 - * Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
- [Taking up the body.
- * As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
 - * So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders*;
 - * But then Æneas bare a living load,
 - * Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [Exit.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting, and SOMERSET is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—

* —to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.] So, in *Hamlet*:

“To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,

“And melt in her own fire.” STEEVENS.

* *As wild Medea, &c.*] When Medea fled with Jason from Colchos, she murdered her brother Absyrtus, and cut his body into several pieces, that her father might be prevented for some time from pursuing her. See Ovid, *Trist.* Lib. III. El. 9.

—divellit, divulsaque membra per agros

Dissipat, in multis invenienda locis:—

Ut genitor luctuque novo tardetur, et artus

Dum legit extinctos, triste moretur iter. MALONE.

9 The quarto copy has these lines:

Even so will I.—But stay, here's one of them,

To whom my soul hath sworn immortal hate.

Enter Richard, *and then* Clifford *lays down his father, fights with him, and Richard flies away again.*

Out, crook-back'd villain, get thee from my fight!

But I will after thee, and once again

(When I have borne my father to his tent)

I'll try my fortune better with thee yet.

[Exit young Clifford, with his father.

STEEVENS.

This is to be added to all the other circumstances which have been urged to shew that the quarto play was the production of an elder writer than Shakspeare. The former's description of Æneas is different. See p. 250, n. 2. MALONE.

* For,

' For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign¹,
The Castle in faint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death².—

* Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:

* Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and others, retreating.

* Q. Mar, Away, my lord³, you are slow; for shame, away!

* K. Hen. Can we out-run the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

* Q. Mar.

¹ For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,] Dr. Johnson justly observes that the particle *for* seems to be used here without any apparent inference. The corresponding passage in the old play induces me to believe that a line has been omitted, perhaps of this import:

" Behold, the prophecy is come to pass;

" For, underneath—" &c.

We have had already two similar omissions in this play. MALONE.

Thus the passage stands in the quarto:

Rich. So lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood!

What's here? the sign of the Castle?

Then the prophecy is come to pass;

For Somerset was forewarned of castles,

The which he always did observe; and now,

Behold, under a paltry ale-house sign,

The Castle in faint Albans, Somerset

Hath made the wizard famous by his death. STEEVENS.

² —famous in his death.—] The death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal prediction given by Jourdain, the witch, concerning this duke; which we meet with at the close of the first act of this play:

Let him shun castles:

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles, mounted, stand.

i. e. the representation of a castle, mounted for a sign. THEOBALD.

³ Away, my lord, &c.] Thus, in the old play:

Queen. Away, my lord, and fly to London straight;

Make haste, for vengeance comes along with them;

Come, stand not to expostulate: let's go.

King. Come then, fair queen, to London let us haste,

And summon a parliament with speed,

To stop the fury of these dire events. [Exit King and Queen.

Previous to the entry of the king and queen, there is the following stage-direction:

" Alarums

SECOND PART OF

- * *2. Mar.* What are you made of? you'll nor fight,
nor fly:
- * Now is it manhood, wisdom; and defence,
 - * To give the enemy way; and to secure us
 - * By what we can, which can no more but fly.
- [*Alarum afar off.*]
- * If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
 - * Of all our fortunes⁴: but if we haply scape,
 - * (As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
 - * We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
 - * And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
 - * May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

- * *Y. Clif.* But that my heart's on future mischief set,
 - * I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
 - * But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
 - * Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts⁵.
 - * Away, for your relief! and we will live
 - * To see their day, and them our fortune give:
 - * Away, my lord, away!
- [*Exeunt.*]

"Alarums again, and then enter three or four bearing the Duke of Buckingham wounded to his tent. Alarums still, and then enter the king and queen." See p. 133, n. 3, and p. 140, n. 8. MALONE.

⁴ *If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom*

Of all our fortunes:] Of this expression, which is undoubtedly Shakspeare's, he appears to have been fond. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

" — for therein should we read

" The very bottom and the soul of hope,

" The very list, the very utmost bound

" *Of all our fortunes.*"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Which sees into the bottom of my grief."

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

" To look into the bottom of my place." MALONE.

⁵ — *all our present parts.]* Should we not read? — *party.*

TYRWHITT.

The text is undoubtedly right. So, before:

" Throw in the frozen bosoms of our *part*

" Hot coals of vengeance."

I think I have met with *part for party* in other books of that time.

MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum. Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drums and colours.

- * *York.* Of Salisbury, who can report of him⁶;
 * That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
 * Aged contusions and all brush of time⁷;
 * And, like a gallant in the brow of youth⁸,
 * Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
 * Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
 * If Salisbury be lost.
 * *Rich.* My noble father,
 * Three times to-day I help him to his horse;

⁶ *Of Salisbury, &c.]* The corresponding speeches to this and the following, are these, in the original play:

York. How now, boys! fortunate this fight hath been,
 I hope to us and ours, for England's good,
 And our great honour, that so long we lost,
 Whilst faint-heart Henry did usurp our rights.
 But did you see old Salisbury, since we
 With bloody minds did buckle with the foe?
 I would not for the loss of this right hand
 That aught but well betide that good old man.

Rich. My lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
 Charging his lance with his old weary arms;
 And thrice I saw him beaten from his horse,
 And thrice this hand did set him up again;
 And still he fought with courage 'gainst his foes;
 The boldest-spirited man that e'er mine eyes beheld.

MALONE.

⁷ — *brush of time;*] The gradual detrition of time. So, in *Timon of Athens*: "—one winter's brush—" STEEVENS.

⁸ — *gallant in the brow of youth,*] The *brow of youth*, is the height of youth, as the *brow* of a hill is its summit. So, in *Othello*:

"—— the head and front of my offending."

Again, in *K. John*:

"Why here walk I in the black brow of night." STEEVENS.

* Three

- * Three times bestrid him⁹, thrice I led him off,
- * Persuaded him from any further act:
- * But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
- * And like rich hangings in a homely house,
- * So was his will in his old feeble body.
- * But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

- * *Sal.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day¹;
- * By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
- * God knows, how long it is I have to live;
- * And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
- * You have defended me from imminent death.—
- * Well, lords, we have not got that which we have²;
- * 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
- * Being opposites of such repairing nature³.

York.

⁹ *Three times bestrid him,*] That is, Three times I saw him fallen, and, striding over him, defended him till he recovered. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 245, n. 9. Of this act of friendship, which Shakespeare has frequently noticed in other places, no mention is made in the old play, as the reader may find at the other side of this page; and its introduction here is one of the numerous minute circumstances, which when united form almost a decisive proof that the piece before us was constructed on foundations laid by a preceding writer. MALONE.

¹ *Well hast thou fought, &c.*] The variation between this speech and that in the original play deserves to be noticed:

Sal. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant duke;
And thou brave bud of York's increasing house,
The small remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arm

Three times this day thou hast preserv'd my life. MALONE.

² *Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;*] i. e. we have not secured, we are not sure of retaining, that which we have acquired. In our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, a poem very nearly contemporary with the present piece, we meet with a similar expression:

"That oft they have not that which they possess." MALONE.

³ *Being opposites of such repairing nature.*] Being enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat. See Vol. IV. p. 57, n. 5.

To

- ‘ York. I know, our safety is to follow them ;
 ‘ For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
 ‘ To call a present court of parliament⁴.
 ‘ Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth :—
 ‘ What says lord Warwick, shall we after them ?

War. After them ! nay, before them, if we can.

Now by my faith⁵, lords, ’twas a glorious day :
 Saint Albans’ battle, won by famous York,
 Shall be eterniz’d in all age to come.—

Sound, drums and trumpets ;—and to London all :

And more such days as these to us befall ! [Exeunt.]

To *repair* in our author’s language is, to *renovate*. So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ O, disloyal thing !

“ That should’st *repair* my youth,—.”

Again, in *All’s well that ends well* :

“ — It much *repairs* me,

“ To talk of your good father.” MALONE.

⁴ *To call a present court of parliament.*] The king and queen left the stage only just as York entered, and have not said a word about calling a parliament. Where then could York hear this ?—The fact is, as we have seen, that in the old play the king does say, “ he will call a parliament,” but our author has omitted the lines. He has, therefore, here as in some other places, fallen into an impropriety, by sometimes following and at others deserting his original. MALONE.

⁵ *Now by my faith,*] The first folio reads—Now by my *band*. This undoubtedly was one of the many alterations made by the editors of that copy, to avoid the penalty of the Stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. See p. 237. n. 2. The true reading I have restored from the old play. MALONE.

12

THE NEW YORK

12-167

K I N G H E N R Y V I .

P A R T I I I .

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Sixth :

Edward, *Prince of Wales, his son.*

Lewis XI. *King of France.*

Duke of Somerset,

Duke of Exeter,

Earl of Oxford,

Earl of Northumberland,

Earl of Westmoreland,

Lord Clifford,

} *Lords on King Henry's side.*

Richard Plantagenet, *Duke of York.*

Edward, *Earl of March, afterwards King*

Edward IV.

Edmund, *Earl of Rutland,*

George, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*

Richard, *afterwards Duke of Gloucester,*

Duke of Norfolk,

Marquis of Montague,

Earl of Warwick,

Earl of Pembroke,

Lord Hastings,

Lord Stafford,

} *of the Duke of York's party.*

Sir John Mortimer,

Sir Hugh Mortimer,

} *uncles to the Duke of York.*

Henry, *Earl of Richmond, a Youth.*

Lord Rivers, *brother to lady Grey.* Sir William Stanley,

Sir John Montgomery. Sir John Somerville.

Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York. Lieutenant of the Tower.

A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman.

A son that has killed his father.

A father that has killed his son.

Queen Margaret.

Lady Grey, *afterwards queen to Edward IV.*

Bona, *sister to the French queen.*

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE, *during part of the third act, in France; during all the rest of the play, in England.*

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *The Parliament-House.*

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's party break in. Then, Enter the Duke of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Others, with white roses in their hats.

War. I wonder, how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,

He

¹ The action of this play (which was at first printed under this title, *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth; or, The Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaster*) opens just after the first battle at Saint Albans, [May 23, 1455,] wherein the York faction carried the day; and closes with the murder of king Henry VI. and the birth of prince Edward, afterwards king Edward V. [November 4, 1471.] So that this history takes in the space of full sixteen years. THEOBALD.

I have never seen the quarto copy of the *Second* part of THE WHOLE CONTENTION, &c. printed by *Valentine Simmes* for Thomas Millington, 1600; but the copy printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington, 1600, is now before me, and it is not precisely the same with that described by Mr. Pope and Mr. Theobald, nor does the undated edition (printed in fact, in 1619) correspond with their description. The title of the piece printed in 1600, by W. W. is as follows: *The true Tragedie of Ricbarde Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt: With the whole contention between the two houses Lancaster and Yorke: as it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his Servants. Printed at London by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe under St. Peter's Church in Cornewall, 1600.* On this piece Shakspere, as I conceive, in 1591 formed the drama before us. See p. 115, n. 1, and the Essay at the end of this play. MALONE.

The present historical drama was altered by Crowne, and brought on the stage in the year 1680, under the title of *The Miseries of Civil War.*

He sily stole away, and left his men :
 Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
 Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
 ' Chear'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
 ' Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
 ' Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
 ' Were by the swords of common soldiers slain ².

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
 ' Is either slain, or wounded dangerous :
 I cleft his beaver with a downright blow ;
 ' That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*shewing his bloody sword.*

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's
 blood, [to York, *shewing his.*

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*throwing down the duke of Somerset's head.*

* *York.* Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—

What, is your grace ³ dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norf.

Surely the works of Shakspeare could have been little read at that period ; for Crowne in his prologue, declares the play to be entirely his own composition :

" For by his feeble skill 'tis built alone,

" The divine Shakspeare did not lay one stone."

whereas the very first scene is that of Jack Cade copied almost verbatim from the second part of *K. Henry VI.* and several others from this third part, with as little variation. STEEVENS.

This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition ; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former. JOHNSON.

² *Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.*] Dr. Percy in a note on the preceding play, (p. 250, n. 1.) has pointed out the inconsistency between this account, and the representation there, Clifford being killed on the stage by the duke of York, the present speaker. Shakspeare was led into this inconsistency by the author of the original plays : if indeed there was but one author, for this circumstance might lead us to suspect that the *first* and *second* part of *The Contention*, &c. were not written by the same hand.—However, this is not decisive ; for the author, whoever he was, might have been inadvertent, as we find Shakspeare undoubtedly was. MALONE.

³ What, is your grace—] The folio reads—*But is your grace, &c.*

Norfolk. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful king,

* And this the regal seat: possess it, York;

For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;

* For hither we have broken in by force.

Norfolk. We'll all assist you; he, that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk,—Stay by me, my lords;—

* And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,

* Unless he seek to thrust you out by force. [*They retire.*]

* *York.* The queen, this day, here holds her parliament;

* But little thinks, we shall be of her council:

* By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

* *York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,

* The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells⁴.

* I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—

It was evidently a mistake of the transcriber, the word in the old play being *What*, which suits sufficiently with York's exultation; whereas *But* affords no sense whatsoever. MALONE.

⁴ —if *Warwick shake his bells.*] The allusion is to falconry. The hawks had sometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to *dare* the birds; that is, to fright them from rising. JOHNSON.

Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats himself.]

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and Others, with red roses in their hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, Even in the chair of state! belike, he means, (Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,) To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.— Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;— And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down;

My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:

He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours them, And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But, when^s the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart, To make a shambles of the parliament-house! Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats, Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[They advance to the duke.]

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne, And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet; I am thy sovereign.

^s *Exe. But when, &c.*] This line is by the mistake of the compositor given to Westmoreland. The king's answer shews that it belongs to Exeter, to whom it is assigned in the old play. MALONE.

York. Thou art deceiv'd⁶, I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was⁷.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,

In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard⁸, duke of York.

'*K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

'*York.* It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;

And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget, That we are those, which chas'd you from the field, And slew your fathers, and with colours spread March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

'*North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief; And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

'*West.* Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons, Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives, Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

'*Clif.* Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,

⁶ *Thou art deceiv'd,*] These words, which are not in the folio, were restored from the old play. The defect of the metre in the folio, makes it probable that they were accidentally omitted. The measure is, however, still faulty. MALONE.

⁷ *'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.*] York means, I suppose, that the dukedom of York was his inheritance from his father, as the earldom of March was his inheritance from his mother, Anne Mortimer, the wife of the earl of Cambridge; and by naming the earldom, he covertly asserts his right to the crown; for his title to the crown was not as duke of York, but earl of March.

In the original play the line stands thus:

"'Twas my inheritance, as *the kingdom is*,"—

and why Shakspeare altered it, it is not easy to say; for the new line only exhibits the same meaning more obscurely. MALONE.

⁸ —and *that's Richard,*] The word *and*, which was accidentally omitted in the first folio, is found in the old play. MALONE.

I send

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?

War. If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York⁹;

Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:

I am the son of Henry the fifth¹,

Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,

And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;

When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you
lose:—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, [*to York.*] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to
speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

⁹ *Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;*] This is a mistake, into which Shakspeare was led by the author of the old play. The father of Richard duke of York was earl of Cambridge, and was never duke of York, being beheaded in the life-time of his elder brother Edward duke of York, who fell in the battle of Agincourt. The folio, by an evident error of the press, reads—*My father.* The true reading was furnished by the old play. MALONE.

¹ *I am the son of Henry the fifth,*] The military reputation of Henry the Fifth is the sole support of his son. The name of Henry the Fifth dispersed the followers of Cade. JOHNSON.

K. Hen.

* *K. Hen.* Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne²,

Wherein my grandfire, and my father, sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

* Ay, and their colours—often borne in France;

And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—

Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?

* My title's good, and better far than his.

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king³.

K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's weak.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

* *K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful king:

* For Richard, in the view of many lords,

Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth;

Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,

Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown⁴?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,

But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

² *Think'st thou, &c.*] The old play here exhibits four lines that are not in the folio. They could not have proceeded from the *imagination* of the transcriber, and therefore they must be added to the many other circumstances that have been already urged, to shew that these plays were not *originally* the production of Shakspeare:

"Ah Plantagenet, why seek'st thou to depose me?"

"Are we not both Plantagenets by birth,

"And from two brothers lineally discent?"

"Suppose by right and equity thou be king,

"Think'st thou," &c. MALONE.

³ *Prove it, Henry, &c.*] *Henry* is frequently used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries as a word of three syllables. MALONE.

⁴ — *prejudicial to his crown?*] Detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty. JOHNSON.

* *York.*

* *York.* Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

* *War.* Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,

* Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—

Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,

Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive⁵,

* Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

* *K. Hen.* O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—

What matter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;

Or I will fill the house with armed men,

And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,

Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the soldiers shew themselves.*]

* *K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick, hear but one word⁶;—

* Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,

Enjoy the kingdom after my decease⁷.

Clif.

⁵ *May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,*] So, in Phaer's Translation of the fourth *Æneid*:

"But rather would I wish the ground to gape for me below."

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *hear but one word*;) *Hear* is in this line, as in some other places, used as a dissyllable. See Vol. V. p. 249, n. *. The editor of the third folio, and all the subsequent editors, read—*hear me* but one word. MALONE.

⁷ *I am content: &c.*] Instead of this speech the old play has the following lines:

"*King.* Convey the soldiers hence, and then I will.

"*War.* Capitaine, conduct them into Tuthilfields."

See

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?

War. What good is this to England, and himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

* *Clif.* How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us?

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

* *West.* Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate king,

* In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,

* And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!

Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, and
WESTMORELAND.]

* *War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge⁸, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinheret.

But, be it as it may:—I here entail

* The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign;

* And neither⁹ by treason, nor hostility,

See p. 127, n. 2; p. 133, n. 3; p. 140, n. 8; p. 201, n. 2; and p. 205, n. 6. MALONE.

⁸ *They seek revenge.*] They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been conquered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but passion. JOHNSON.

⁹ *And neither—*] *Neither, either, whether, brother, rather,* and many similar words, were used by Shakspeare as monosyllables. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“*Either* death or you I'll find immediately.”

The editor of the second folio, who appears to have been entirely ignorant of our author's metre and phraseology, not knowing this, omitted the word *And*. MALONE.

THIRD PART OF

* To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet embrace him. [coming from the throne.]

* *K. Hen.* And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes!

[Senet. The lords come forward.]

* *York.* Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle¹.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[Exeunt YORK, and his sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.]

* *K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen MARGARET, and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:

I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

[going.]

* *Q. Mar.* Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

* *Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such extremes?

* Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid.

* And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

* Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!

* Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus?

* Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;

* Or felt that pain which I did for him once;

* Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;

* Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

* Rather than have made² that savage duke thine heir,

¹ — I'll to my castle.] Sandal Castle near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. MALONE.

² Rather than have made—] Rather is here used as a monosyllable. See p. 269, n. 9. MALONE.

* And disinherited thine only son.

* *Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me :

* If you be king, why should not I succeed ?

* *K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret ;—pardon me, sweet son ;—

* The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.

* *Q. Mar.* Enforc'd thee ! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd ?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch !

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me ;

‘ And given unto the house of York such head,

* As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

* To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

* What is it, but to make thy sepulchre³,

* And creep into it far before thy time ?

* Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais ;

Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas ;

The duke is made protector of the realm ;

‘ And yet shalt thou be safe ? * such safety finds

* The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.

‘ Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

‘ The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,

‘ Before I would have granted to that act.

* But thou preferrest thy life before thine honour :

‘ And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,

‘ Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,

‘ Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,

‘ Whereby my son is disinherited⁴.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread :

‘ And spread they shall be ; to thy foul disgrace,

‘ And utter ruin of the house of York.

‘ Thus do I leave thee :—Come, son, let's away ;

³ *What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,*] The queen's reproach is founded on a position long received among politicians, that the loss of a king's power is soon followed by loss of life. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Whereby my son is disinherited.*] The corresponding line in the old play is this. The variation is remarkable.

“ Wherein thou yieldest to the house of York.” MALONE.

‘ Our

* Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field⁵, I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen MARGARET, and the Prince.*]

* *K. Hen.* Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,

* Hath made her break out into terms of rage!

* Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;

* Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,

* Will cost my crown⁶. and, like an empty eagle,

* Tire on the flesh of me⁷, and of my son!

* The loss of those three lords⁸ torments my heart:

* I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—

* Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger⁹.

* *Exe.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁵ — from *the field*,] Folio—to the field. The true reading is found in the old play. MALONE.

⁶ *Will cost my crown*,] i. e. will cost me my crown; will induce on me the expence or loss of my crown. MALONE.

⁷ *Tire on the flesh of me*,] To tire is to fasten, to fix the talons, from the French *tirer*. JOHNSON.

To tire is to peck. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

“ — the vulture tires

“ Upon the eagle's heart.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *those three lords*—] That is, of Northumberland, Westmorland, and Clifford, who had left him in disgust. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *you shall be the messenger*.] Instead of the six last lines of this speech, the first copy presents these:

‘ Come, cousin of Exeter, stay thou here,

‘ For Clifford and those northern lords be gone,

‘ I fear towards Wakefield, to disturb the duke.’

See p. 268, n. 7, and the notes there referred to. MALONE,

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

* *Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

* *York.* Why, how now, sons, and brother¹, at a strife?

* What is your quarrel? how began it first?

* *Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

* *Rich.* About that which concerns your grace, and us;

* The crown of England, father, which is yours.

* *York.* Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

* *Rich.* Your right depends not on his life, or death.

* *Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:

* By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,

* It will outrun you, father, in the end.

¹ — *sons, and brother,*] I believe we should read—*cousin* instead of *brother*, unless *brother* be used by Shakspeare as a term expressive of endearment, or because they embarked, like brothers, in one cause. Montague was only cousin to York, and in the quarto he is so called. Shakspeare uses the expression, *brother of the war*, in *King Lear*.

STEEVENS.

It should be, sons and *brothers*; my *sons*, and *brothers* to each other.

JOHNSON.

The third folio reads as Dr. Johnson advises. But as York again in this scene addresses Montague by the title of *brother*, and Montague uses the same to York, Dr. Johnson's conjecture cannot be right. Shakspeare certainly supposed them to be brothers-in-law. MALONE.

Brother is right. In the two succeeding pages York calls Montague *brother*. This may be in respect to their being *brothers of the war*, as Mr. Steevens observes, or of the same council as in *King Henry VIII.* who says to Cranmer, "You are a *brother* of us." Montague was brother to Warwick; Warwick's daughter was married to a son of York: therefore York and Montague were brothers. But as this alliance did not take place during the life of York, I embrace Mr. Steevens's interpretation rather than suppose that Shakspeare made a mistake about the time of the marriage. TOLLET.

- * *York.* I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.
 * *Edw.* But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken :
 * I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.
 * *Rich.* No ; God forbid², your grace should be for-
 sworn.
 * *York.* I shall be, if I claim by open war.
 * *Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
 * *York.* Thou canst not, son ; it is impossible.
 * *Rich.* An oath is of no moment³, being not took
 * Before a true and lawful magistrate,
 * That hath authority over him that swears :
 * Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;
 * Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
 * Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
 * Therefore, to arms. * And, father, do but think,
 * How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;
 * Within whose circuit is Elysium,
 * And all that poets feign of blifs and joy.
 * Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest,
 * Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd
 * Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
 * *York.* Richard, enough ; I will be king, or die.—

² *Rich. No ; God forbid, &c.*] Instead of this and the three follow-
 ing speeches, the old play has these lines:

Rich. An if it please your grace to give me leave,
 I'll shew your grace the way to save your oath,
 And dispossess King Henry from the crown.

York. I pr'ythee, Dick, let me hear thy devise.

See p. 268, n. 7, and the notes there referred to. MALONE.

³ *An oath is of no moment,*] The obligation of an oath is here eluded
 by very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power
 to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the ma-
 gistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to main-
 tain an usurper, taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself in the
 foregoing play, was rational and just. JOHNSON.

This speech is formed on the following one in the old play :

Rich. Then thus, my lord. An oath is of no moment,
 Being not sworn before a lawful magistrate ;
 Henry is none, but doth usurp your right ;
 And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath :

Then, noble father,
 Resolve yourself, and once more claim the crown. MALONE.

- * Brother, thou shalt to London presently⁴,
 * And whet on Warwick to this enterprize.—
 * Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,
 * And tell him privily of our intent.—
 * You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise :
 * In them I trust ; for they are soldiers,
 * Witty, courteous⁵, liberal, full of spirit.—
 * While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
 * But that I seek occasion how to rise ;
 * And yet the king not privy to my drift,
 * Nor any of the house of Lancaster ?

*Enter a Messenger*⁶.

- * But, stay ; What news ? Why com'st thou in such post ?
 * *Mef.* The queen, with all the northern earls and lords⁷,
 * Intend here to besiege you in your castle :

* She

⁴ *Brother, thou shalt to London presently,*] Thus the original play :

Edward, thou shalt to Edmond Brooke, lord Cobham,

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.

Thou, cousin Montague, shalt to Norfolk straight,

And bid the duke to muster up his soldiers,

And come to me to Wakefield presently.

And Richard, thou to London straight shall post,

And bid Richard Nevill Earl of Warwick

To leave the city, and with his men of war

To meet me at St. Albans ten days hence.

My self here in Sandall castle will provide

Both men and money, to further our attempts. MALONE.

⁵ *Witty, courteous,*] *Witty* anciently signified, of sound judgment. The poet calls Buckingham "the deep-revolving witty Buckingham."

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Enter a Messenger.*] In the folio, we have here by inadvertence, "Enter Gabriel." Gabriel was the actor who played this inconsiderable part. He is mentioned by Heywood in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612. The correction has been made from the old play. MALONE.

⁷ *The queen, with all, &c.*] I know not whether the author intended any moral instruction, but he that reads this has a striking admonition against that precipitancy by which men often use unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honestly in their power, Had York staid but a few moments, he had saved his cause from the stain of perjury. JOHNSON.

- ' She is hard by with twenty thousand men ;
 ' And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
 * *York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou,
 that we fear them?—
 ' Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me ;—
 ' My brother Montague shall post to London :
 * Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
 * Whom we have left protectors of the king,
 * With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
 * And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.
 * *Mont.* Brother, I go ; I'll win them, fear it not :
 * And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh MORTIMER.

- York.* Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles !
 ' You are come to Sandal in a happy hour ;
 The army of the queen mean to besiege us.
Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.
 ' *York.* What, with five thousand men ?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
 A woman's general ; What should we fear ?

[*A march afar off.*]

- ' *Edw.* I hear their drums ; Let's set our men in order ;
 ' And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

In October 1460, when it was established in parliament that the duke of York should succeed to the throne after Henry's death, the duke and his two sons, the earl of March and the earl of Rutland, took an oath to do no act whatsoever that might " sound to the abridgment of the natural life of King Henry the Sixth, or diminishing of his reign or dignity royal." Having persuaded the king to send for the queen and the prince of Wales, (who were then in York) and finding that she would not obey his requisition, he on the second of December set out for his castle in Yorkshire, with such military power as he had, a messenger having been previously dispatched to the earl of March, to desire him to follow his father with all the forces he could procure. The duke arrived at Sandal castle on the 24th of December, and in a short time his army amounted to five thousand men. An anonymous Remarker, however, very confidently asserts, that " this scene, so far as respects York's oath and his resolution to break it, proceeds entirely from the author's imagination." His oath is on record ; and what his resolution was when he marched from London at the head of a large body of men, and sent the message above stated to his son, it is not very difficult to conjecture.

MALONE.

' *York.*

York. Five men to twenty⁹!—though the odds be great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one;

Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter RUTLAND, and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither² shall I fly, to 'scape their hands!
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD, and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,—
Whose father² slew my father,—he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Left thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by soldiers.*]

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes³?—I'll open them.

Rut.

⁹ *Five men to twenty! &c.]* Thus, in the old play:

York. Indeed many brave battles have I won
In Normandy, whereas the enemy
Hath been ten to one, and why should I now
Doubt of the like success. I am resolv'd.
Come, let us go.

Edw. Let us march away. I hear their drums. *MALONE.*

² *Ah, whither, &c.]* This scene in the old play opens with these lines:

Tutor. Oh, fly my lord, let's leave the castle,
And fly to Wakefield straight. *MALONE.*

³ *Whose father—]* i. e. the father of which brat, namely the duke of York. *MALONE.*

³ — is he dead already? Or is it fear,

That makes him close his eyes? This circumstance is taken from Hall: "Whilst this battail was in fighting, a priest called Sir

‘ *Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o’er the wretch³
 ‘ That trembles under his devouring paws:
 And so he walks, insulting o’er his prey;
 ‘ And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—
 ‘ Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
 And not with such a cruel threat’ning look.
 Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—
 I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,
 Be thou reveng’d on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak’st, poor boy; my father’s blood
 Hath stopp’d the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father’s blood open it again;
 He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
 Were not revenge sufficient for me:
 No, if I digg’d up thy forefathers’ graves,
 And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
 It could not flake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
 The sight of any of the house of York
 Is as a fury to torment my soul;
 ‘ And till I root out their accursed line,
 ‘ And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore— [*Lifting his hand.*]

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—
 To thee I pray; Sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier’s point affords.

‘ *Rut.* I never did thee harm; Why wilt thou slay me?

Robbert Aspoll, chappellaine and schole-master to the yong erle of Rutlande, ii sonne to the above named duke of Yorke, scarce of the age of xii yeres, a faire gentleman and a maydenlike person, perceyving that flight was more safe-gard than tarrying, bothe for hym and his master, secretly conveyd therle out of the felde, by the lord Cliffordes bande, toward the towne; but or he could entre into a heuse, he was by the sayd Lord Clifford espied, folowed, and taken, and by refon of his apparell, demaunded what he was. The yong gentleman dismayed, had not a word to speake, but kneled on his knees, imploring mercy, and desiryng grace, both with holding up his handes, and making dolorous countenance, *for his speache was gone for feare.* MALONE.

⁴ *So looks the pent-up lion—*] That is, The lion that hath been long confined without food, and is let out to devour a man condemned.

JOHNSON.

Clif.

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born⁵.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest, in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die. [*Clif. stabs him.*

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ?* [*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

'*York.* The army of the queen hath got the field:
'My uncles both are slain in rescuing me¹;
'And all my followers to the eager foe
'Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
'Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
'My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them:
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
'Three times did Richard make a lane to me;

⁵ *But 'twas ere I was born.*] The author of the original play appears to have been as incorrect in his chronology as Shakspeare. Rutland was born, I believe, in 1443; according to Hall in 1448; and Cliford's father was killed at the battle of St. Albans, in 1455. Consequently Rutland was then at least seven years old; more probably twelve. The same observation has been made by an anonymous writer. MALONE.

⁹ This line is in Ovid's *Epistle from Phyllis to Demophoon*. I find the same quotation in *Have with you to Saffron Walden or Gabriel Harvey's bunt is up*, 1596. STEEVENS.

¹ *My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;*] These were two bastard uncles by the mother's side, sir John and sir Hugh Mortimer. See Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 649. PERCY.

And thrice cry'd,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*

' And full as oft came Edward to my side,

With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt

' In blood of those that had encounter'd him:

' And when the hardiest warriors did retire,

' Richard cry'd,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*

' And cry'd—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*

' *A scepter, or an earthly sepulchre!*

With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!

' We bodg'd again²; as I have seen a swan

' With bootless labour swim against the tide,

' And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short alarum within.*

' Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;

' And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:

' And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury:

' The sands are number'd, that make up my life;

' Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Soldiers.

' Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—

' I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;

' I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, shew'd unto my father,
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick³.

² *We bodg'd again*;] I find *bodgery* used by Nashe in his *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593, for *botchery*. "Do you know your own milbegotten *bodgery*?" To *bodge* might therefore mean, (as to *botch* does now) to do a thing imperfectly and awkwardly; and thence to *fail* or *miscarry* in an attempt. Cole in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, renders—"To botch or bungle, *opus corrumpere, disperdere*."

I suspect, however, with Dr. Johnson, that we should read—*We budg'd* again. "To *budge*" Cole renders, *pedem referre*, to retreat: the precise sense required here. So Coriolanus, speaking of his army who had fled from their adversaries:

"The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did *budge*

"From rascals worse than they." MALONE.

³ —*noon-tide prick*.] Or, noon-tide point on the dial. JOHNSON.
York.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth

* A bird that will revenge upon you all :

* And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

* Why come you not ? what ! multitudes, and fear ?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further ;

* So doves do peck the faulcon's piercing talons ;
So desperate thieves, all hopelefs of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,

* And in thy thought o'er-run my former time :

* And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face ;
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
* Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word ;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford ! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong a while the traitor's life :—
Wrath makes him deaf : speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford ; do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart :
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away ?
It is war's prize* to take all vantages ;
* And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*York is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty ;
So true men yield⁵, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

* *It is war's prize—*] All 'vantages are in war lawful prize ; that is, may be lawfully taken and used. JOHNSON.

—*dolus*, an *virtus*, quis in *hoste* requirat ? VIRG. MALONE.

⁵ *So true men yield,*] A true man has been already explained to be an honest man, as opposed to a thief. See Vol. II. p. 90, n. 6.

MALONE.

North.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland, Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here;

* That raught⁶ at mountains with out-stretched arms, Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—

* What! was it you, that would be England's king?

Was't you, that revell'd in our parliament, And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your messes of sons, to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

* And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy, Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice, Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York; I stain'd this napkin⁷ with the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,

Made issue from the bosom of the boy:

And, if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

* Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance⁸.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?

* Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;

* And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—

A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—

⁶ *That raught*—] i. e. *That reach'd*. The ancient preterite and participle passive of *reach*. So, Shakspeare in another place:

"The hand of death has *raught* him." STEEVENS.

⁷ — *this napkin*—] A napkin is a handkerchief. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Stamp, rave, and fret, &c.*] I have placed this line as it stands in the old play. In the folio it is introduced, I believe, by the carelessness of the transcriber, some lines lower, after the words—"do mock thee thus;" where it appears to me out of its place. MALONE.

Hold

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[*Putting a paper crown on his head*.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!

Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;

And this is he was his adopted heir.—

But how is it, that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be king,

Till our king Henry had shook hands with death¹.

And will you pale² your head in Henry's glory,

And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath?

O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!—

Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead*.

[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*] Shakspeare has on this occasion deviated from history, if such of our *English* chronicles as I have been able to procure, may be believed. According to them the paper crown was not placed on the duke of York's head till after it had been cut off. Rutland likewise was not killed by Clifford till after his father's death. STEEVENS.

According to Hall the paper crown was not placed on York's head till after he was dead; but Holinshed after giving Hall's narration of this business almost *verbatim*, adds,—“Some write, that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a *mole-hill*, on whose heade they put a garland instead of a crowne, which they had fashioned and made of segges or bulrushes, and having so crowned him with that garlande, they kneeled downe afore him, as the Jewes did to Christe in scorne, saying to him, hayle king without rule, hayle king without heritage, hayle duke and prince without people or possessions. And at length having thus scorned him with these and dyverse other the like despitefull woordes, they stroke off his heade, which (as yee have heard) they presented to the queen.”

Both the chroniclers say, that the earl of Rutland was killed by Clifford *during* the battle of Wakefield; but it may be presumed that his father had first fallen. The earl's tutor probably attempted to save him as soon as the rout began. MALONE.

¹ *Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.*] On York's return from Ireland, at a meeting of parliament it was settled, that Henry should enjoy the throne during his life, and that York should succeed him. See Hall, Henry VI. fol. 98. MALONE.

² *And will you pale—*] i. e. impale, encircle with a crown.

MALONE.

* — *to do him dead.*] To kill him. See Vol. II. p. 299, n. 2.

MALONE.

Clif.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,

' Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,

To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,

' Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?

But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,

Made impudent with use of evil deeds,

I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.

Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,

Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;

Unless the adage must be verifi'd,—

'That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.

'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:

'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:

'Tis government, that makes them seem divine³;

The want thereof makes thee abominable:

Thou art as opposite to every good,

As the Antipodes are unto us,

Or as the south to the septentrion.

O, tyger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide *!

How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,

And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;

³ 'Tis government that makes them seem divine;] Government, in the language of that time, signified evenness of temper, and decency of manners. JOHNSON.

* O, tyger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!] We find almost the same line in *Acolastus his Afterwitte*, 1600:

"O woolvish heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!" MALONE.

'Thou

* Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 * Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
 * Would'st thou have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
 * For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
 And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
 * And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
 * 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false French-
 woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
 That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his hungry cannibals
 Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with
 blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
 O, ten times more,—than tygers of Hyrcania.
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
 This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

[*He gives back the handkerchief.*]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
 And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—

^s *Would'st thou have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:*

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,

*And when the rage allays, the rain begins.] We meet with the
 same thought in our author's Rape of Lucrece:*

"This windy tempest, till it blows up rain,

"Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;

"At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er.

"Then son and father weep with equal strife,

"Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

Again, in Macbeth:

"—— that tears shall drown the wind."

Again, in Troilus and Cressida:

"Where are my tears? Rain, rain, to lay this wind."

Again, in King John:

"This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,—"MALONE.

in incessant showers,] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

"For raging winds blow up a storm of tears." STEEVENS.

There

There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse ;
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand !—

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world ;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads !

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
‘ I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

2. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland ?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here’s for my oath, here’s for my father’s death.
[*stabbing him.*

2. Mar. And here’s to right our gentle-hearted king.
[*stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God !
‘ My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*

2. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates ;
So York may overlook the town of York ⁶. [*Exeunt.*

⁶ *So York may overlook, &c.]* This gallant nobleman fell by his own imprudence, in consequence of leading an army of only five thousand men to engage with twenty thousand, and not waiting for the arrival of his son the earl of March, with a large body of Welchmen. He and Cicely his wife, with his son Edmond earl of Rutland, were originally buried in the chancel of Fodingay church ; and (as Peacham informs us in his *Complete Gentleman*, 4to, 1627,) “ when the chancel in that furie of knocking churches and sacred monuments in the head, was also felled to the ground,” they were removed into the church-yard ; and afterwards “ lapped in lead they were buried in the church by the commandment of Queen Elizabeth ; and a mean monument of plaister wrought with the trowel erected over them, very homely, and far unfitting so noble princes.”

“ I remember, (adds the same writer,) Master Creuse, a gentleman and my worthy friend, who dwelt in the college at the same time, told me, that their coffins being opened, their bodies appeared very plainly to be discerned, and withall that the dutchess Cicely had about her necke, hanging in a silke ribband, a pardon from Rome, which, penned in a very fine Roman hand, was as faire and fresh to be read, as it had been written yesterday.” This *pardon* was probably a dispensation which the duke procured, from the oath of allegiance that he had sworn to Henry in St. Paul’s church on the 10th of March, 1452.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Plain near Mortimer's cross in Herefordshire.

Drums. Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD, with their forces, marching.

* *Edw.* I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
 * Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
 * From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
 * Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
 * Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
 * Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
 * The happy tidings of his good escape.—

* How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
 Where our right valiant father is become.

* I saw him in the battle range about;

* And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.

* Methought, he bore him ^s in the thickest troop,

As doth a lion in a herd of neat:

* Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;

* Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,

* The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

* So far'd our father with his enemies;

* So fled his enemies my warlike father;

⁷ *How fares our brother?*] This scene, in the old quartos, begins thus:

"After this dangerous fight and hapless war,

"How doth my noble brother Richard fare?"

Had the author taken the trouble to revise his play, he hardly would have begun the first act and the second with almost the same exclamation, express'd in almost the same words. Warwick opens the scene with—

I wonder, how the king escap'd our hands. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Methought, he bore him—*] i. e. he demeaned himself. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"How I may formally in person bear me—." MALONE.

Methinks,

‘ Methinks, ’tis prize enough to be his son⁹.

See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!¹

• How well resembles it the prime of youth,

• Trimm’d like a yonker, prancing to his love?

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?²

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds³,

But sever’d in a pale clear-shining sky.

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,

As if they vow’d some league inviolable:

Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.

In this the heaven figures some event.

• *Edw.* ’Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard
of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;

That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,

• Each one already blazing by our meeds⁴,

• Should,

⁹ *Methinks, ’tis prize enough to be his son.*] The old quarto reads—*pride*, which is right, for *ambition*, i. e. We need not aim at any higher glory than this. *WARBURTON.*

I believe *prize* is the right word. Richard’s sense is, though we have missed the *prize* for which we fought, we have yet an honour left that may content us. *JOHNSON.*

Prize, if it be the true reading, I believe, here means *privilege*. So, in the former act:

“It is war’s *prize* to take all ’vantages?” *MALONE.*

¹ *And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!*] Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the sun, when she dismisses him to his diurnal course. *JOHNSON.*

² — *do I see three suns?*] This circumstance is mentioned both by Hall and Holinshed: “—at which tyme the *son* (as some write) appeared to the earle of March like *three sunnes*, and sodainely joynd altogether in one, uppon whiche sight hee tooke suche courage, that he fiercely setting on his enemyes put them to flight; and for this cause menne ymagined that he gave the sun in his full bryghtnesse for his badge or corgnifance.” These are the words of Holinshed. *MALONE.*

³ — *the racking clouds,*] i. e. the clouds which fleet with a quick motion. So, in our author’s 32d Sonnet:

“Anon permit the basest *clouds* to ride

“With ugly *rack* on his celestial face.” *MALONE.*

⁴ — *blazing by our meeds,*] *Meed* is *merit*. *JOHNSON.*

So,

Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
 ' And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
 ' Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
 Upon my target three fair shining suns.

* *Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave I
 speak it,
 * You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

' But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
 ' Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mes. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,
 When as the noble duke of York was slain,
 * Your princely father, and my loving lord.

' *Edw.* O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

' *Rich.* Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.

' *Mes.* Environed he was with many foes^o;

So, in the fourth act the king says,

" My meed hath got me fame."

And in *Timon of Athens* the word is used in the same sense:

" — No meed but he repays

" Seven-fold above itself." MASON.

⁵ O, *speaking no more!*] The generous tenderness of Edward, and
 savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different re-
 ception of their father's death. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Environed he was with many foes;*] Thus, in the old play:

Oh, one that was a woeful looker on,

When as the noble duke of York was slain.—

When as the noble duke was put to flight,

And then pursued by Clifford and the queene,

And many soldiers moe, who all at once

Let drive at him, and forst the duke to yield;

And then they set him on a moul-hill there,

And crown'd the gracious duke in high despight;

Who then with tears began to wail his fall.

The ruthlesse queene perceiving he did weepe,

Gave him a handkerchief to wipe his eyes,

Dipt in the blood of sweete young Rutland, by

Rough Clifford slaine; who weeping tooke it up:

Then through his brest they thrust their bloudie swords,

Who like a lambe fell at the butcher's feate.

Then on the gates of Yorke they set his head,

And there it doth remaine the piteous spectacle

That ere mine eyes beheld. MALONE.

- * And stood against them, as the hope of Troy *
- * Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
- * But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
- * And many strokes, though with a little axe,
- * Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
- * By many hands your father was subdu'd;
- * But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
- * Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
- * Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high despight;
- * Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
- * The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
- * A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
- * Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
- * And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
- * They took his head, and on the gates of York
- * They set the same; and there it doth remain,
- * The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon;
 * Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
 * O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
 * The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
 * And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
 * For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee!—
 Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
 * Ah, would she break from hence! that this my body
 * Might in the ground be clos'd up in rest:
 * For never henceforth shall I joy again,
 * Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

* *Rich.* I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
 * Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
 * For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
 * Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
 * And burn me up with flames; that tears would quench.
 * To weep¹, is to make less the depth of grief:

* — *the hope of Troy*—] Hector. MALONE.

¹ *To weep, &c.*] Here, in the original play, instead of these two lines, we have—

“ I cannot joy, till this white rose be dy'd

“ Even in the heart-bloud of the house of Lancaster.” MALONE.

* Tears,

- * Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—
 ' Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
 ' Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;

- ' His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
 Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun⁸:
 For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
 Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK, and MONTAGUE, with forces.

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?

' *Rich.* Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
 Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
 Stab poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
 The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
 O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
 Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
 Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death⁹.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears:
 And now, to add more measure to your woes,
 I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
 After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
 Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
 Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
 Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
 I then in London, keeper of the king,
 Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
 And very well appointed, as I thought¹,
 March'd towards saint Alban's to intercept the queen,

⁸ *Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:*] So, in Spenser's *Hymn of Heavenly Beauty*:

" — like the native brood of eagle's kind,

" On that bright sun of glory fix thine eyes." STEEVENS.

⁹ — *done to death.*] *Done to death* for killed, was a common expression long before Shakspeare's time. GREY.

See Vol. II. p. 299, n. 2. MALONE.

¹ *And very well, &c.*] This line I have restored from the old quartos.

STEEVENS.

Bearing

Bearing the king in my behalf along:
 For by my scouts I was advertised,
 That she was coming with a full intent
 To dash our late decree in parliament,
 ' Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
 Short tale to make,—we at saint Alban's met,
 Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
 But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
 Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
 That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen;
 Or whether 'twas report of her success;
 Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
 ' Who thunders to his captives²—blood and death,
 I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
 Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
 Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight³,
 ' Or like a lazy thresher with a flail,—
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
 I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
 With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
 But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
 And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
 So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
 Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
 In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
 For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
 Making another head to fight again.
 ' *Edw.* Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
 And when came George from Burgundy to England?

² — to his captives—] So the folio. The old play reads—*captains*.
 MALONE.

³ — like the night-owl's lazy flight,] This image is not very congruous to the subject, nor was it necessary to the comparison, which is happily enough completed by the thresher. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson objects to this comparison as incongruous, but I think unjustly. Warwick compares the languid blows of his soldiers to the lazy strokes which the wings of the owl give to the air in its flight, which is remarkably slow. MASON.

In the subsequent line the old play more elegantly reads—Or like an idle thresher, &c. MALONE.

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers:
And for your brother,—he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, dutchess of Burgundy⁴,
‘ With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. ‘Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne’er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry’s head,
And wring the awful scepter from his fist;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam’d for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;
‘Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what’s to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb’ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland⁵,

4 — *he was lately sent*

From your kind aunt, dutchess of Burgundy, &c.] This circumstance is not warranted by history. Clarence and Gloucester (as they were afterwards created) were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return till their brother Edward got possession of the crown. Besides, Clarence was not now more than twelve years old.

Isabel dutchess of Burgundy, whom Shakspeare calls the duke’s aunt, was daughter of John I. king of Portugal by Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt. They were therefore no more than third cousins. ANONYMOUS.

⁵ — *haught Northumberland,]* So, Grafton in his *Chronicle* says, p. 417: “—the lord Henry Percy, whom the Scottes for his *haut* and valiant courage called sir Henry Hotspurre.” PERCY.

The word is common to many writers; *Marlow, Kyd, &c.*

STEEVENS.

And, of their feather, many more proud birds,
 Have wrought the easy-melting king, like wax⁶.
 He swore consent to your succession,
 His oath enrolled in the parliament;
 And now to London all the crew are gone,
 To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
 May make against the house of Lancaster.
 ' Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong⁷ :
 Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
 With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
 Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
 ' Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
 Why, *Via!* to London will we march again;
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
 ' And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
 But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak:
 Ne'er may he live to see a sun-shine day,
 ' That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
 ' And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
 Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
 ' The next degree is, England's royal throne:
 For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
 In every borough as we pass along;
 And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,
 ' Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
 King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
 Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
 ' But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

⁶ — *the easy-melting king, like wax.*] So, again in this play, of the Lady Grey:

“As red as fire; nay, then her *wax* must melt.” JOHNSON.

⁷ — *is thirty thousand strong:*] Thus the folio. The old play reads—

“Their power, I guess them *fiftie* thousand strong.”

A little lower the same piece has—*eight and forty thousand.*

MALONE.

* *Rich.*

- * *Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
- (As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds,)
- I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.
- * *Edw.* Then strike up, drums; — God, and saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mes. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

* *War.* Why then it sorts^a, brave warriors: Let's away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before York.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, the Prince of Wales, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with forces.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That fought to be encompass'd with your crown:
• Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

* *K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick?

^a *Why then it sorts,*] Why then things are as they should be.

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—thy love shall *sort* to
such happy success as thou thyself dost seek for." STEEVENS.

Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
 Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
 Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
 The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
 ' And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
 Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
 Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
 He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
 And raise his issue, like a loving fire;
 Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
 Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
 ' Which argued thee a most unloving father.
 Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
 ' Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight)
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
 For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
 Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
 Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault;
 And long hereafter say unto his child,—
*What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
 My careless father fondly gave away?*
 Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
 And let his manly face, which promiseth
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.
 K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
 Inferring arguments of mighty force.
 ' But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,—
 That things ill got had ever bad success?
 And happy always was it for that son,
 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
 And 'would, my father had left me no more!

⁹ *Whose father, &c.*] Alluding to a common proverb:
Happy the child whose father went to the devil. JOHNSON.

For all the rest is held at such a rate,

' As brings a thousand fold more care to keep,

' Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—

Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know,

' How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

' *Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are
nigh,

' And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

' You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;

' Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—

Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;

And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kindly leave,

I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,

And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readiness:

' For, with a band of thirty thousand men,

Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;

And, in the towns as they do march along,

Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:

' Darraign¹ your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field;

The queen hath best success when you are absent².

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,

And hearten those that fight in your defence:

Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, *Saint George!*

¹ *Darraign*—] That is, *Range* your host, put your host in order.

JOHNSON.

Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser, use this word. The quartos read
—*Prepare your battles, &c.* STEEVENS.

² — *when you are absent.*] So, Hall: "Happy was the queene in
her two battayls, but unfortunate was the king in al his enterprises;
for where his person was present, the victorie fledde ever from him to
the other parte." Henry VI. fol. C. MALONE.

March.

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.

* *Edw.* Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
 * And set thy diadem upon my head;
 * Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

2. Mar. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
 * Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
 * Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
 I was adopted heir by his consent³:

Since when⁴, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
 You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,—
 Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,

* To blot out me, and put his own son in.

* *Clif.* And reason too;
 Who should succeed the father, but the son?

* *Rich.* Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!

* *Clif.* Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
 * Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

³ *I am his king, and he should bow his knee;*

I was adopted heir by his consent:

Since when, his oath is broke;] Edward's argument is founded on the following article in the compact entered into by Henry and the duke of York, which the author found in Hall's Chronicle, but which I believe made no part of that agreement: "Provided alwaye, that if the king did closely or apertly studie or go about to breake or alter this agreement, or to compass or imagine the death or distruction of the sayde duke or his bloud, then he *to forget the crowne*, and the duke of Yorke to take it." If this had been one of the articles of the compact, the duke having been killed at Wakefield, his eldest son would have now a title to the crown. MALONE.

⁴ *Since when, &c.*] The quartos give the remainder of this speech to Clarence, and read:

To blot our brother out, &c. STEEVENS.

Here is another variation of the same kind with those which have been noticed in the preceding play, which could not have arisen from a transcriber or printer.—Though Shakspeare gave the whole of this speech to Edward by substituting *me* for *brother*, the same division which is found in the quarto, is inadvertently retained in the folio. MALONE.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

'*Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick? dare you speak?

When you and I met at saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands⁵.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

'*North.* No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father; Call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;

But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

'*K. Hen.* Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:

By him that made us all, I am resolv'd⁶,

'That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

'*Edw.* Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?

A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

'*Prince.* If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

⁵ *Your legs did better service than your hands.*] An allusion to the proverb, "One pair of heels is worth two pair of hands." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *I am resolv'd,*] It is my firm persuasion; I am no longer in doubt. JOHNSON.

Rich.

Rich. Whoever got thee *, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy fire; nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatick ⁷,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,

* As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings ⁸.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt ⁹,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea ¹,)

† Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart ²?

Edw. A wisp of straw ³ were worth a thousand crowns,
To

* *Rich. Whoever got thee, &c.*] In the folio this speech is erroneously assigned to Warwick. The answer shews that it belongs to Richard, to whom it is attributed in the old play. MALONE.

⁷ — *misshapen stigmatick,*] See p. 248, n. 5. MALONE.

⁸ — *lizards' dreadful stings.*] Thus the folio. The quartos have this variation: — *or lizards' fainting looks.*

This is the second time that Shakspeare has armed the lizard (which in reality has no such defence) with a sting; but great powers seem to have been imputed to its looks. So, in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton:

“The lizard shuts up his sharp-fighted eyes,

“Amongst the serpents, and there sadly lies.” STEEVENS.

⁹ — *gilt,*] Gilt is a superficial covering of gold. STEEVENS.

¹ (*As if a channel should be called the sea,*)] A channel in our author's time signified what we now call a kennel. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, quarto, 1605, p. 1148: “—such a storme of raine happened at London, as the like of long time could not be remembered; where-through, the channels of the citie suddenly rising,” &c. Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. “—quoit him into the channel.” MALONE.

² *To let thy tongue, &c.*] To shew thy meanness of birth by the indecency of language with which thou railest at my deformity. JOHNSON.
Instead of this line, the old play has—

To parly thus with England's lawful heirs. MALONE.

³ *A wisp of straw*—] It appears from the following passage in Thomas Drant's translation of the seventh satire of Horace, 1567, that a wisp was the punishment of a scold:

“So perfyte and exacte a seoulde, that women mighte geve place,

“Whose tatling tongues had won a wisp,” &c. STEEVENS.

See also Nashe's *Apology of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593: “Why, thou errant butter-whore, thou cotquean and scrattop of scolds, wilt thou never leave afflicting a dead carcasse? continually read the rhetoricke lecture of Ramme-Alley? a wisp, a wisp, you kitchin-stuffe wrangler.” Again, in *A Dialogue between John and Jone striving who shall wear the breeches*,—PLEASURES OF POETRY, bl. l. no date:

“Good

To make this shameless callet know herself⁴.—

* Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
 * Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
 * And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
 * By that false woman, as this king by thee.
 ' His father revell'd in the heart of France,
 And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
 And, had he match'd according to his state,
 He might have kept that glory to this day:
 But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
 And grac'd thy poor fire with his bridal day;
 ' Even then that sun-shine brew'd a shower for him,
 ' That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
 And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
 ' For what hath broach this tumult, but thy pride?
 Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
 And we, in pity of the gentle-king,
 Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
 ' Geo. But, when we saw our sun-shine made thy spring,
 ' And that thy summer bred us no increase⁵,
 We set the axe to thy usurping root:
 And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
 ' Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
 ' We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,

" Good gentle Jone, with-holde thy hands,

" This once let me entreat thee,

" And make me promise, never more

" That thou shalt mind to beat me;

" For feare thou weare the wispe, good wife,

" And make our neighbours ride—". MALONE.

⁴ To make this shameless callet know herself.] Callet, a lewd woman, a drab, perhaps so called from the French *calote*, which was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls. See *Gloss.* to Urry's *Chaucer*. GREY.

⁵ — we saw our sun-shine made thy spring,

And that thy summer bred us no increase,] When we saw that by favouring thee we made thee grow in fortune, but that we received no advantage from thy fortune flourishing by our favour, we then resolved to destroy thee, and determine to try some other means, though our first efforts have failed. JOHNSON.

The quartos read:

But when we saw our summer brought thee gain,

And that the harvest brought us no increase. STEEVENS.

Or

Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives to day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A field of battle between Towton and Saxton in Yorkshire.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

* *War.* Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
* And, spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
* For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

* *Geo.* Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
* Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:

* What

* *Smile, gentle heaven! &c.]* Thus the folio. Instead of these lines, the quartos give the following:

Smile, gentle heavens, or strike, ungentle death,
That we may die unless we gain the day!

What fatal star malignant frowns from heaven

Upon the harmless line of York's true house? STEEVENS.

* *Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;]* Milton seems to have copied this line:

" — Thus repuls'd; our final hope

" Is flat despair." MALONE.

* *Our hap is loss, &c.]* Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

Come,

- ‘ What counfel give you? whither fhall we fly?
 ‘ *Edw.* Bootlefs is flight, they follow us with wings;
 ‘ And weak we are, and cannot fhun purfuit.

Enter RICHARD.

- ‘ *Rich.* Ah, Warwick, why haft thou withdrawn thy-
 felf?
 ‘ Thy brother’s blood the thirfty earth hath drunk*,
 ‘ Broach’d

Come, brother, come, let’s to the field again,
 For yet there’s hope enough to win the day:
 Then let us back to cheer our fainting troops,
 Left they retire now we have left the field.

War. How now, my lords? what hap? what hope of good?”

STEEVENS.

* *Thy brother’s blood the thirfty earth hath drunk,*] The old play (as Theobald has obferved) applies this defcription to the death of Salifbury, contrary to the truth of hiftory, for that nobleman was taken prifoner at the battle of Wakefield, and afterwards beheaded at Pomfret. But both Hall and Holinshed, in nearly the fame words, relate the circumftance on which this fpeech as exhibited in the *folio*, is founded; and from the latter our author undoubtedly took it. “The Lord Fitzwalter [who had been ftationed to keep the pafs of Ferrybridge] hearing the noife, [made by Lord Clifford and a body of light-horfe- men, who attacked by furprize the party ftationed at the bridge,] fuddenly rofe out of his bedde, and unarmed, with a pollax in his hande, thinking that it had bin a fraye amongst his men, came downe to appeafe the fame, but ere he knew what the matter ment, he was flaine, and with him the *baffard* of Salifbury, brother to the erle of Warwick, a valiant young gentleman, and of great audacitie.” Holinshed, p. 664. In this action at Ferrybridge, which happened on the 28th of March 1461, the day before the great battle of Towton, Lord Clifford was killed. The author of this play has blended the two actions together. MALONE.

Thy brother’s blood, &c.] Instead of this fpeech, which is printed, like almoft all the reft of the play, from the *folio*, the quartos give the following:

Thy noble *father* in the thickeft throngs
 Cry’d ftill for Warwick, his thrice valiant fon;
 Until with thoufand fwords he was befet,
 And many wounds made in his aged breaft.
 And, as he tottering fat upon his fteed,
 He waft his hand to me, and cried aloud,
 Richard, commend me to my valiant fon:
 And ftill he cried, Warwick, revenge my death!
 And with thefe words he tumbled off his horfe;
 And fo the noble Salifbury gave up the ghof. STEEVENS.

It

- * Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance!
- * And, in the very pangs of death, he cry'd,—
- * Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—
- * *Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!*
- * So underneath the belly of their steeds,
- * That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
- * The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
- * *War*, Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly².
- * Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
- * Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
- * And look upon³, as if the tragedy
- * Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
- * Here on my knee I vow to God above,
- * I'll never pause again, never stand still,
- * 'Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
- * Or fortune given me measure of revenge.
- * *Edw.* O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
- * And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine¹.—
- * And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
- * I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
- * Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!

It is here only necessary to refer to former notes on similar variations. See p. 127, n. 2; p. 133, n. 3; p. 140, n. 8; p. 201, n. 2; p. 205, n. 6. MALONE.

² *I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.*] From Hall, Henry VI. p. 102: "When the Earle of Warwicke was enformed of this seate, he, lyke a man desperate, mounted on his hackeney, and came blowing to king Edward, saying, Sȳr, I pray God have mercie of their soules, which in the beginning of your enterprize hath lost their lives; and because I see no succours of the world, I remit the vengeance and punishment to God, our creator and redemer; and with that lighted doune, and slew his horse with his swourde, saying, let him flee that wyl, for surely I wil tarye with him that will tarye with me; and kissed the crosse of his swourde." MALONE.

³ *And look upon,*] And are mere spectators. So, in *the Winter's Tale*, Vol. IV. p. 200, where I idly suspected some corruption in the text:

"And look on alike." MALONE.

¹ *And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.*—] Thus the folio. The quarto as follows:

"And in that vow now join my soul to thee." STEEVENS.

* Beseeching

* Beseeching thee²,—if with thy will it stands,
 * That to my foes this body must be prey,—
 * Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
 * And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
 * Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
 Where-e'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

* *Rich.* Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,

* Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
 * I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
 * That winter should cut off our spring-time so.
 * *War.* Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.
 * *Ged.* Yet let us all together to our troops:
 * And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
 And call them pillars, that will stand to us;
 * And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
 * As victors wear at the Olympian games:
 * This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
 * For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
 * Fore-slow no longer³, make we hence amain⁴.

[*Exeunt.*
 SCENE

² *Beseeching thee*,—] That is, beseeching the divine power. Shakspeare in new-forming this speech may seem, at the first view of it, to have made it obscure, by placing this line immediately after,—“Thou setter up,” &c.

What I have now observed is founded on a supposition that the words “*Thou setter up*,” &c. are applied to Warwick, as they appear to be in the old play. However, our author certainly intended to deviate from it, and to apply this description to the deity; and this is another strong confirmation of the observation already made relative to the variations between these pieces and the elder dramas on which they were formed. In the old play the speech runs thus:

Lord Warwick, I do bend my knees with thine,
 And in that vow now join my soul to thee,
 Thou setter-up and puller-down of kings:—
 Vouchsafe a gentle victory to us,
 Or let us die before we loose the day!

The last two lines are certainly here addressed to the deity; but the preceding line, notwithstanding the anachronism, seems to be addressed to Warwick. MALONE.

³ *Fore-slow no longer*,] To *fore-slow* is to be dilatory, to loiter. So, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

SCENE IV.

The same. Another part of the field.

Excursions. Enter RICHARD, and CLIFFORD.

* *Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone³ :
 * Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
 * And this for Rutland ; both bound to revenge,
 * Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone :
 This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York ;
 And this the hand, that slew thy brother Rutland ;
 And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
 And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
 To execute the like upon thyself ;
 And so, have at thee.

[They fight. Warwick enters ; Clifford flies.

" Why, king Sebastian, wilt thou now foreflow ?"
 Again, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* 1598 :

" Foreflow no time ; sweet Lancaster, let's march."

STEEVENS;

* — *make we hence again.*] Instead of this and the two proceeding speeches, we have in the old play the following :

Geo. Then let us haste to cheare the souldiers' hearts,
 And call them pillers that will stand to us,
 And highly promise to remunerate
 Their trustie service in these dangerous warres.

Rich. Come, come away, and stand not to debate,
 For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
 Brothers, give me your handes, and let us part,
 And take our leaves untill we meete againe ;
 Where ere it be, in heaven or in earth.
 Now I that never wept, now melt in woe,
 To see these dire mishaps continue so.
 Warwick, farewell.

War. Away, away ; once more, sweet lords, farewell.

MALONE.

* *Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone : &c.*] Thus the folios
 The quartos thus :

Now, Clifford, for York and young Rutland's death,
 This thirsty sword, that longs to drink thy blood,
 Shall lop thy limbs, and slice thy cursed heart,
 For to revenge the murders thou hast made. STEEVENS.

* *Rich.* Nay, Warwick, single out some other chace;
 * For I myself wilt hunt this wolf to death.⁶ [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

* *K. Hen.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,⁷
 * When dying clouds contend with growing light;
 * What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,⁸
 * Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
 * Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
 * Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
 * Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
 * Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind;
 * Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;

⁶ *Nay, Warwick, &c.*] We have had two very similar lines in the preceding play, p. 249:

"Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chace;

"For I myself must hunt this deer to death."

See p. 301, n. 9. MALONE.

⁷ *This battle fares like to the morning's war, &c.*] Instead of this interesting speech, the quartos exhibit only the following:

Oh gracious God of heaven, look down on us,

And set some ends to these incessant griefs!

How like a mastless ship upon the seas,

This woeful battle doth continue still,

Now leaning this way, now to that side driven;

And none doth know to whom the day will fall.

Oh, would my death might stay these civil jars!⁹

Would I had never reign'd, nor ne'er been king!

Margaret and Clifford chide me from the field,

Swearing they had best success when I was thence.

Would God that I were dead, so all were well;

Or, would my crown suffice, I were content

To yield it them, and live a private life!

The leading thought in both these soliloquies is borrowed from Holinshed, p. 665:—"This deadly conflict continued ten hours in doubtfull state of victorie, uncertaintie heaving and setting on both sides," &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *the shepherd, blowing of his nails,*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"When icicles hang by the wall,

"And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,—" MALONE.

* The quarto 1600, printed by W. W. reads—*cruel jars.*

- * Now, one the better; then, another best;
- * Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
- * Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
- * So is the equal poise of this fell war.
- * Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down.
- * To whom God will, there be the victory!
- * For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
- * Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
- * They prosper best of all when I am thence.
- * 'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
- * For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
- * O God! methinks, it were a happy life⁹,
- * To be no better than a homely swain;
- * To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
- * To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
- * Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
- * How many make the hour full complete¹,
- * How many hours bring about the day,
- * How many days will finish up the year,
- * How many years a mortal man may live.
- * When this is known, then to divide the times:
- * So many hours must I tend my flock;
- * So many hours must I take my rest;
- * So many hours must I contemplate;
- * So many hours must I sport myself;
- * So many days my ewes have been with young;
- * So many weeks ere the poor fools will yearn²;

⁹ — *methinks, it were a happy life,*] This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and makes a pleasing interchange, by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity. JOHNSON.

This speech strongly confirms the remark made by Sir Joshua Reynolds on a passage in *Macbeth*, Vol. IV. p. 300, n. 5. MALONE.

¹ *Thereby to see the minutes how they run;*

How many make the hour full-complete,] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucretia*:

“ Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours.” MALONE.

² — *ere the poor fools will yearn;*] *Poor fool*, it has already been observed, is an expression of tenderness, often used by our author. See Vol. IV. p. 112, n. 7; and Vol. II. p. 233, n. *. MALONE.

* So

- * So many years ere I shall shear the fleece³ :
- * So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
- * Past over to the end they were created,
- * Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
- * Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
- * Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
- * To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
- * Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
- * To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?
- * O, yes, it doth ; a thousand fold it doth.
- * And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
- * His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
- * His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
- * All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
- * Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
- * His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
- * His body couched in a curious bed,
- * When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead body⁴.

- Son.* Ill blows the wind, that profits no-body.—
 ' This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 ' May be possessed with some store of crowns :
 * And I, that haply take them from him now,
 * May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 * To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
 ' Who's this?—O God ! it is my father's face,
 ' Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.

³ *So many years ere I shall shear the fleece :* i. e. the years which must elapse between the time of the yearning of the ewes, and the lambs arriving to such a state as to admit of being shorn. Mr. Rowe changed *years* to *months* ; which was followed by the subsequent editors ; and in the next line inserted the word *weeks*, not observing that *hours* is used there, and throughout this speech, as a dissyllable. *Tears* is in that line likewise used as a word of two syllables. MALONE.

⁴ *Enter a Son, &c.* These two horrible incidents are selected to shew the innumerable calamities of civil war. JOHNSON.

In the battle of Constantine and Maxentius, by Raphael, the second of these incidents is introduced on a similar occasion. STEEVENS.

- ' O heavy times, begetting such events !
 ' From London by the king was I press'd forth ;
 ' My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
 ' Came on the part of York, press'd by his master ;
 ' And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 ' Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
 ' Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did !—
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee !—
 * My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks ;
 * And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.
 ' *K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times⁵ !
 Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
 ' Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
 * Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear ;
 * And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
 * Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief⁶.

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.

- ' *Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 ' Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold ;
 ' For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
 ' But let me see :—is this our foeman's face ?
 ' Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son !—

⁵ *O piteous spectacle ! &c.*] In the old play the king does not speak, till both the son and the father have appeared, and spoken, and then the following words are attributed to him, out of which Shakspeare has formed two distinct speeches :

Woe above woe ! grief more than common grief !

Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,

Poor lambs do feel the rigour of their wraths.

The red rose and the white are on his face,

The fatal colours of our striving houses,

Wither one rose, and let the other perish,

For, if you strive, ten thousand lives must perish. MALONE.

⁶ *And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,*

Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief. The meaning is here inaccurately expressed. The king intends to say that the state of their hearts and eyes shall be like that of the kingdom in a civil war, all shall be destroyed by power formed within themselves.

JOHNSON.

' Ah,

- * Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
- * Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise⁷,
- * Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
- * Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
- * O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
- * What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly⁸,
- * Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
- * This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
- * O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon⁹,
- * And hath bereft thee of thy life too late¹!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!

- * O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—
 - * O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
- The red rose and the white are on his face,

⁷ — *what showers arise,*

Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,] This image had occurred in the preceding act:

“For raging wind blows up incessant showers.” STEVENS.

⁸ *What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,*] “Stratageme. A policie or subtle device in *warre*, whereby the enemy is often vanquished.” Bullokar’s *English Expofitor*, octavo, 1616. Florio in his *Italian Dict.* 1598, defines *Stratagema*, “a policie, a wile, or wittie shift in *warre*.” This was undoubtedly its ordinary sense in our author’s time, though then and afterwards it was occasionally used for any subtle device or policy. Here it has unquestionably its ordinary signification. MALONE.

⁹ *O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,*] Because had he been born later, he would not now have been of years to engage in this quarrel. WARBURTON.

¹ *And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!*] Too late, without doubt, means too recently. The memory of thy virtues and thy hapless end is too recent, to be thought of without the deepest anguish. The same quaint expression is found in our author’s *Rape of Lucrece*:

“O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,

“Which she too early and too late hath spill’d.”

Here late clearly means lately. Again, in this third part of *King Henry VI.*

“Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears.”

Again, as Mr. Tollet has observed, in *King Richard III.*:

“Too late he died, that might have kept that title.”

In the old play this and the preceding line stand thus:

“Poor boy, thy father gave thee life too late,

“And hath bereft thee of thy life too soon.” MALONE.

The fatal colours of our striving houses :

* The one, his purple blood right well resembles ;

* The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present :

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish !

* If you contend, a thousand lives must wither ¹.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,

Take on with me *, and ne'er be satisfy'd ?

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,

* Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd ?

* *K. Hen.* How will the country ², for these woeful chances,

* Mis-think the king, and not be satisfy'd ?

* *Son.* Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death ?

* *Fath.* Was ever father, so bemoan'd his son ³ ?

* *K. Hen.* Was ever king, so griev'd for subjects' woe ?

* Much is your sorrow ; mine, ten times so much.

* *Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill ⁴.

[Exit, with the body.]

* *Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet ;

¹ — must wither] The old play has—must *perish*, and I think the word *with*er is more likely to have been inadvertently repeated by the transcriber, than substituted by Shakspeare for the former word.

MALONE.

² *How will the country, &c.*] So, the folio. The quartos thus :

How will the country now misdeem their king !

Oh, would my death their minds could satisfy !

To *mis-think* is to think ill, unfavourably. STEEVENS.

This word, which Shakspeare substituted for *misdeem*, he has again used in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

" Be it known, that we the greatest are *mis-thought*,

" For things that others do." MALONE.

* Take on *with me*,] Be enraged at me. So, in a pamphlet by T. Nashe, 1592 : " Some will *take on*, like a madman," &c. See Vol. III. p. 75, n. 8. MALONE.

³ *Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death ?*

Was ever father, so bemoan'd his son ?] The variation is here worth remarking, for in the old play the corresponding lines are :

Was ever son so *rude*, his father's blood to spill ?

Was ever father so unnatural, his son to kill ? MALONE.

⁴ *I'll bear thee hence, &c.*] Thus the folio. The old play thus :

I'll bear thee hence from this accursed place,

For woe is to me, to see my father's face. MALONE.

* My

KING HENRY VI.

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* My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
 * For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
 * My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
 * And so obsequious will thy father be,⁵
 * Sad for the loss of thee⁶, having no more,
 * As Priam was for all⁶ his valiant sons.
 I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
 For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[Exit, with the body.]

* K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
 * Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince of Wales, and EXETER.

* Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
 * And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
 * Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

* Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post
 again:

* Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
 * Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
 * With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
 * And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
 * Are at our backs; and therefore hence again.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:

* Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
 Or else come after, I'll away before.

* K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;

* Not that I fear to stay, but love to go

* Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [Exeunt.]

⁵ And so obsequious will thy father be,] Obsequious is here careful of obsequies, or of funeral rites. JOHNSON.

In the same sense it is used in *Hamlet*:

"——— to do obsequious sorrow." STEEVENS.

⁶ Sad for the loss of thee,] The old copy reads—*Men* for the loss, &c. Mr. Rowe made the alteration. STEEVENS.

⁶ As Priam was for all—] I having but one son, will grieve as much for that one, as Priam, who had many, could grieve for many.

JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

*The same.**A loud alarm. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.*

* *Clif.* Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;
* And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.⁷
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies⁸:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now, but Henry's enemies?
O Phoebus! hadst thou never given consent⁹
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth:
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
* They never then had sprung like summer flies;

⁷ *Enter Clifford, wounded.*] The quarto adds, *with an arrow in his neck*. In ridicule of this B. and Fletcher have introduced Ralph, the grocer's prentice, in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, with a *forked arrow through his head*. It appears, however, from Holinshed, p. 664, that this circumstance has some relation to the truth: "The lord Clifford, either for heat or pain, putting off his gorget suddenly, with an arrow (as some saie) without a head, was stricken into the shrotes, and immediately rendered his spirit." STEEVENS.

⁸ — *thy tough commixtures melt.*] Perhaps better, *the tough commixture*. JOHNSON.

The quartos read—"that tough commixture melts." STEEVENS.

⁹ *The common people swarm like summer flies:*] This line, which is not in the folio, was recovered from the old play by Mr. Theobald. The context shews, that like a line in the second part of *K. Henry VI.* it was omitted by the negligence of the transcriber or compositor.

MALONE.

¹ *O Phoebus! hadst thou never given consent—*] The duke of York had been entrusted by Henry with the reins of government both in Ireland and France; and hence perhaps was taught to aspire to the throne.

MALONE.

* I, and

' I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
 Had left no mourning widows for our death,
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
 For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
 ' And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
 Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds;
 ' No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
 For, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.
 ' The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—
 Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
 ' I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[He faints.]

Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE. RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

' *Edw.* Now breathe we, lords³; good fortune bids us
 pause,
 ' And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
 * Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;—
 ' That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
 ' As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gulf,
 ' Command an argosy to stem the waves.

² *No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:*] i. e. No way to fly, nor with strength sufficient left to sustain myself in flight, if there were. STEEVENS.

³ *Now breathe we, lords; &c.*] This battle, in which the house of York was victorious, was fought on a plain between Towton and Saxton, on the 29th of March, (Palm Sunday) 1461. The royal army consisted, according to Hall, of about forty thousand men; and the young duke of York's forces were 48,760. In this combat, which lasted fourteen hours, and in the actions of the two following days, thirty-six thousand seven hundred and seventy-six persons are said to have been killed, the greater part of whom were undoubtedly Lancastrians.

MALONE,

Instead of this speech, the quartos have the following:

Thus far our fortunes keep an upward course,
 And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
 That now towards Berwick doth post amain:—

But think you that Clifford is fled away with them? STEEVENS.

* But

* But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:

For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:

* And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[Clifford groans, and dies.]

Edw. Whose soul * is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing⁵.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

* *Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;

* Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch

* In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth⁶,

* But set his murdering knife unto the root

* From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,

* I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:

⁴ *Edw. Whose soul, &c.*] I have distinguished this and the two following speeches according to the authority of the quarto. The folio gave all to Richard, except the last line and half: STEEVENS.

I have also followed the original regulation, because it seems absurd that Richard should first say to his brother, or to one of the soldiers, "See who it is;"—and then, himself declare that it is Clifford; and therefore I suppose the variation in the folio arose, not from Shakspeare, but from some negligence or inaccuracy of a compositor or transcriber.

MALONE.

⁵ — *like life and death's departing.*] Departing for separation.

MALONE.

"Till death us depart" was the expression in the old *Marriage Service*. FARMER.

⁶ *In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,*] It is manifest from this and many other passages, that the author of the old play, where the corresponding line stands thus—

"Who killed our tender brother Rutland—"

imagined that Rutland was younger than George and Richard; whereas he was in fact older than them both, being the duke of York's second son; in consequence of which he bore a title by courtesy: and a particular stipulation was made in the compact entered into between Henry and the duke of York, that Rutland, as well as his elder brother Edward earl of March, should swear to the due observance of the agreement. Shakspeare has, we see, fallen into the same error; as have Habington in his nervous and elegant *History of Edward IV.* and several other historians. MALONE.

Instead

* Instead whereof, let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal scritch-owl to our house,
* That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
* Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
* And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[Attendants bring the body forward.]

War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
* 'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
* Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
* Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words*.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

* *Rich.* Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou wast
wont.

* *Rich.* What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes
hard,

* When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—
I know by that, he's dead; And, by my soul,
* If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
* This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unslaked thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—

* — eager words.] Sour words; words of asperity. JOHNSON.
So, in *Hamlet*: "It is a nipping and an eager air." STEEVENS.

And now to London with triumphant march,
 There to be crowned England's royal king.
 ' From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
 And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
 So shalt thou finew both these lands together;
 ' And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
 The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
 Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
 First, will I see the coronation;
 ' And then to Britany I'll cross the sea⁹,
 To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be:

- * For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
- * And never will I undertake the thing,
- * Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
- * Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloſter;—
- * And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
- * Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Gloſter;

For Gloſter's dukedom is too ominous¹.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;

Richard, be duke of Gloſter: Now to London,
 To see these honours in poſſeſſion.

[*Exeunt.*

⁹ *And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,*] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

And afterward I'll cross the seas to France. STERVENs.

¹ *For Gloſter's dukedom is too ominous.*] The author of the original play, in which this line is found, probably had here a passage in Hall's *Chronicle* in his thoughts: "It seemeth to many men that the name and title of Gloucester hath bene unfortunate and unluckie to diverse, whiche for their honor have bene erected by creation of princes to that stile and dignitie; as Hugh Spencer, Thomas of Woodstocke, son to kyng Edward the third, and this duke Humphrey, [who was killed at Bury;] whiche three persons by miserable death finished their daies; and after them king Richard the iii. also duke of Gloucester, in civil warre was slaine and confounded; so that this name of Gloucester is taken for an unhappie and unfortunate stile, as the proverbe speaketh of Sejanus horse, whose ryder was ever unhorſed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie." MALONE.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Chase in the North of England.**Enter two Keepers*, with cross-bows in their hands:*

- * 1. *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
 * For through this laund² anon the deer will come;
 * And in this covert will we make our stand,
 * Culling the principal of all the deer.
 * 2. *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
 * 1. *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow³
 * Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
 * Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
 * And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
 * I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
 * In this self-place where now we mean to stand.
 * 2. *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter King HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

- K. Hen.* From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
 * To greet mine own land with my wishful sight⁵.
 * No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
 * Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,

² — *two Keepers*—] In the folio, instead of *two keepers*, we have, through negligence, the names of the persons who represented these characters; *Sinklo*, and *Humphrey*. See Vol. III. p. 249, n. 3.

MALONE.

³ — *this laund*—] *Laund* means the same as *lawn*; a plain extended between woods. So, in the play of *Orlando Furioso*, 1594:

"And that they trace the shady lawnds," &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *the noise of thy cross-bow*—] The poet appears not to have forgot the secrets of his former profession. So, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626: "—Did I not hear a bow go off, and the buck bray?"

STEEVENS.

⁵ *To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.*] So, the folio. The quartos perhaps better thus:

And thus disguis'd to greet my native land. STEEVENS.

* Thy

* Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed⁶;
 No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
 * No humble suitors press to speak for right;
 * No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
 For how can I help them, and not myself?

* 1. *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
 * This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

* *K. Hen.* Let me embrace these four adversities⁷;
 * For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

* 2. *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

* 1. *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

* *K. Hen.* My queen, and son, are gone to France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick

* Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister

* To wife for Edward: If this news be true,

* Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;

* For Warwick is a subtle orator,

* And Lewis' a prince soon won with moving words.

* By this account, then, Margaret may win him;

* For she's a woman to be pity'd much:

* Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;

* Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;

* The tyger will be mild, while she doth mourn;

* And Nero will be tainted with remorse⁸,

* To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.

* *Thy balm wash'd off,*] This is an image very frequent in the works of Shakspeare. So again, in this scene:

I was anointed king.

It is common in these plays to find the same images, whether jocular or serious, frequently recurring. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard II*:

"Not all the water in the rough rude sea

"Can wash the balm from an anointed king."

It is observable that this line is one of those additions to the original play, which are found in the folio, and not in the quarto. MALONE.

* —these four adversities;] The old copy reads—*the four adversities*. STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

* And Nero will—] Perhaps we might better read—*A Nero will—*.

STEEVENS.

* Ay,

* Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:

She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;

He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;

He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;

* That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:

* Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,

* Inferreth arguments of mighty strength⁹;

* And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,

* With promise of his sister, and what else,

* To strengthen and support king Edward's place.

* O Margaret¹, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,

* Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2. *Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?

* *K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I was born to:

* A man at least, for less I should not be²;

And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

* 2. *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

* *K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind^{*}; and that's enough.

2. *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

* *K. Hen.* My crown is in my heart, not on my head;

* Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,

* Nor to be seen: 'my crown is call'd, content;

* A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

⁹ *Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;*] In the former act was the same line:

Inferring arguments of mighty force. JOHNSON.

This repetition, like many others in these two plays, seems to have arisen from Shakspeare's first copying his original as it lay before him, and afterwards in subsequent passages (added to the old matter) introducing expressions which had struck him in preceding scenes. In the old play the line occurs but once. MALONE.

¹ *O Margaret, &c.*] The piety of Henry scarce interests us more for his misfortunes, than this his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful queen. STEEVENS.

² *More than I seem, &c.*] Thus, in the old play:

More than I seem, for less I should not be;

A man at least, and more I cannot be. MALONE.

* —but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

Why, so I am, in mind;] There seems to be an allusion to a line in an old song, quoted in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"My mind to me a kingdom is." MALONE.

* 2. *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you, must be contented
* To go along with us: for, as we think,
* You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;
* And we his subjects³, sworn in all allegiance,
* Will apprehend you as his enemy.

* *K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break an oath?

* 2. *Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

* *K. Hen.* Where did you dwell, when I was king of
England?

* 2. *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

* *K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months old;

* My father, and my grandfather, were kings;

* And you were sworn true subjects unto me:

* And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

* 1. *Keep.* No; for we were subjects, but while you were
king.

* *K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?

* Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.

* Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

* And as the air blows it to me again *

* Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

* And yielding to another when it blows,

* Commanded always by the greater gust;

* Such is the lightness of you common men.

* But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin

* My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.

* Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;

* And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

* 1. *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, king Ed-
ward.

* *K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,

* If he were seated as king Edward is.

1. *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and the
king's,

³ *And we his subjects, &c.]* So, the folio. The quarto thus:
And therefore we charge you in God's name, and the king's,
To go along with us unto the officers. STEEVENS.

* *Look, as I blow this feather from my face,*
And as the air blows it to me again, &c.] So, in the *Winter's Tale*:
"I am a feather for each wind that blows." MALONE.

To

To go with us unto the officers.

* *K. Hen.* In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:

* And what God will, that let your king perform;

* And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and Lady GREY.

* *K. Edw.* Brother of Gloster, at saint Albans' field

* This lady's husband, sir John Grey⁴, was slain,

His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:

Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;

* Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of York

* The worthy gentleman did lose his life⁵.

Glo.

4 — *Sir John Grey.*] Vid. Hall, 3d Year of Edward IV. folio 5. It was hitherto falsely printed *Richard*. POPE.

Sir John Grey was slain at the second battle of St. Albans, fighting on the side of King Henry. MALONE.

5 *His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:*

Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;

Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of York

The worthy gentleman did lose his life.] This is in every particular a falsification of history. Sir John Grey, as has been already observed, fell in the second battle of Saint Albans, which was fought on Shrove-Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1460-1, fighting on the side of king Henry; and so far is it from being true that his lands were seized by the conqueror, (Queen Margaret,) that they were in fact seized by the very person who now speaks, after his great victory at Towton, on the 29th of March, 1461. The present scene is laid in 1464.

Shakspeare in new moulding this play followed implicitly his author, (for these five lines, with only a slight variation in the third, and fifth, are found in the old play,) without giving himself the trouble to examine the history; but a few years afterwards, when he had occasion to write his *Richard III.* and was not warped by a preceding misrepresentation of another writer, he stated from the chronicles the matter truly as it was; and this is one of the numerous circumstances

THIRD PART OF

Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit ;

* It were dishonour, to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less ; but yet I'll make a pause.

* *Glo.* Yea ! is it so ? [*Aside to Clar.*]

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game ; How true he keeps the
wind ? [*Aside.*]

Glo. Silence ! [*Aside.*]

* *K. Edw.* Widow, we will consider of your suit ;

* And come some other time, to know our mind.

* *L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay :

* May it please your highness to resolve me now ;

* And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

* *Glo.* [*Aside.*] Ay, widow ? then I'll warrant you all
your lands,

* An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.

* Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

* *Clar.* I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. [*Aside.*]

* *Glo.* God forbid that ! for he'll take vantages.
[*Aside.*]

* *K. Edw.* How many children hast thou, widow ? tell
me.

Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [*Aside.*]

that prove incontestably, in my apprehension, that he was not the original author of this and the preceding play.

In *King Richard III.* Act I. sc. iii. Richard addressing himself to Queen Elizabeth, (the lady Grey of the present scene,) says,

" In all which time you, and your husband Grey,

" Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;—

" (And Rivers so were you :)—was not your husband

" In *Margaret's battle* at Saint Albans slain ?"

He calls it *Margaret's battle*, because she was there victorious.

MALONE.

* *Glo.* Yea, is it so ? &c.] So the folio. The quartos read with the following variations :

Glo. I, Is the wind in that door ?

Clarence. I see the lady, &c. STEEVENS.

* *Widow, we will consider—*] This is a very lively and spritely dialogue ; the reciprocation is quicker than is common in Shakspeare.

JOHNSON.

Glo.

KING HENRY VI.

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Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two.
[*Aside.*]

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.
[*Aside.*]

* *K. Edw.* 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
[*Gloster and Clarence retire to the other side.*]

* *K. Edw.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

* *L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

* *K. Edw.* And would you not do much to do them good?

* *L. Grey.* To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

* *K. Edw.* Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

* *L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

* *L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

* *K. Edw.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

* *L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.

* *K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.

* *L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

* *K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

* *L. Grey.* Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

* *Glo.* He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.
[*Aside.*]

* *Clar.* As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.
[*Aside.*]

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave, with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

* *K. Edw.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

* *L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

* *K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

* *L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

* That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants³.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

* *L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

* *K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

* *L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive

* Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

* *L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

* *K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

* Accords not with the sadness of my suit;

Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:

No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

* *Glo.* The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [*Aside.*

³ *My love till death, &c.*] The variation is here worth noting. In the old play we here find—

My humble service, such as subjects owe,
And the laws command. MALONE.

K. Edw.

* *K. Edw.* [*Afide.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty⁹;

* Her words do shew her wit incomparable ;

* All her perfections challenge sovereignty :

One way, or other, she is for a king ;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—

Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen ?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord :
I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends ;

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto :

* I know, I am too mean to be your queen ;

And yet too good to be your concubine¹.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow ; I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call
you—father.

K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call thee
mother.

Thou art a widow², and thou hast some children ;

And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

⁹ *Her looks do argue her replete with modesty :*] So, the folio. The quartos read :

Her looks are all replete with majesty. STEEVENS.

¹ *I know, I am too mean to be your queen ;*

And yet too good to be your concubine.] These words, which are found in the old play, (except that we there have *bad*, instead of *mean*,) were taken by the author of that piece from Hall's *Chronicle* : " — whiche demaund she so wysely and with so covert speeche answered and repugned, affyrmyng that as she was for his honour far unable to be his spouse and bedfellowe, so for her awne poor honestie she was to good to be either his concubine, or soveraigne lady ; that where he was a littell before heated with the dart of Cupido, he was nowe," &c. MALONE.

² *Thou art a widow, &c.*] This is part of the king's reply to his mother in Stowe's *Chronicle* : " That she is a widow, and hath already children ; by God's blessed lady I am a batchelor, and have some too, and so each of us hath a prooffe that neither of us is like to be barren ;" &c. STEEVENS.

Have other some : why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.

* Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

[*Aside.*

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shrift.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

* *Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

* *Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers : I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,

* And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

* *K. Edw.* See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower :—

* And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,

* To question of his apprehension.—

* Widow, go you along ;—Lords, use her honourable.

[*Exeunt K. EDW. Lady GREY, CLAR. and Lord.*

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

* Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,

* That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,

* To cross me from the golden time I look for !

* And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,

* (The lustful Edward's title buried)

* Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

* And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,

* To take their rooms, ere I can place myself :

A cold premeditation for my purpose !

* Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty ;

* Like one that stands upon a promontory,

* And

- * And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
- * Wishing his foot were equal with his eye ;
- * And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
- * Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way :
- * So do I wish the crown, being so far off ;
- * And so I chide the means that keep me from it ;
- * And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
- * Flattering me with impossibilities.—
- * My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
- * Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
- * Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard ;
- * What other pleasure can the world afford ?
- * I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap³,
- * And deck my body in gay ornaments,
- And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
- * O miserable thought ! and more unlikely,
- * Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns !
- Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb⁴ :
- * And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
- * She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
- * To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;
- * To make an envious mountain on my back,
- Where sits deformity to mock my body ;
- * To shape my legs of an unequal size ;
- * To disproportion me in every part,
- * Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp⁵,
- * That carries no impression like the dam.

³ *I'll make my heaven, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quartos alter and transpose the two lines, as follows :

*I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull myself within a lady's lap.* STEEVENS.

⁴ — *love forswore me in my mother's womb :*] This line is found also in a play entitled *Wily Beguiled*. The earliest edition that I have seen of that piece, was printed in 1606 ; but it had been exhibited on the stage soon after the year 1590. MALONE.

⁵ — *unlick'd bear-whelp,*] It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of animated flesh, which she licks into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps of the bear are produced in the same state with those of other creatures. JOHNSON.

* And

And am I then a man to be belov'd?

* O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!

* Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,

* But to command, to check, to o'erbear such

* As are of better person than myself⁶,

* I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;

* And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,

* Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,

* Be round impaled⁷ with a glorious crown.

* And yet I know not how to get the crown,

* For many lives stand between me and home:

* And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,

* That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;

* Seeking a way, and straying from the way;

* Not knowing how to find the open air,

* But toiling desperately to find it out,—

* Torment myself to catch the English crown:

* And from that torment I will free myself,

* Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;

* And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;

* And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,

⁶ — to o'erbear such

As are of better person than myself,] Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatized with deformity has a constant source of envy in his mind, and would counter-balance by some other superiority those advantages which he feels himself to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almost proverbially observed that they are ill-natured. The truth is, that the deformed, like all other men, are displeased with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt. JOHNSON.

¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸
⁷ Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,

Be round impaled, &c.] Impaled is encircled.—A transposition seems to be necessary:

¹ ² ⁸ ⁵ ⁷ ³ ⁴ ⁶
 Until my head, that this mis-shap'd trunk bears,—
 Otherwise the trunk that bears the head is to be encircled with the crown, and not the head itself. STEEVENS.

Sir. T. Hanmer reads as Mr. Steevens recommends. I believe our author is answerable for this inaccuracy. MALONE.

And

- * And frame my face to all occasions.
- * I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;
- * I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;
- * I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
- * Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,
- * And, like a Sinon, take another Troy :
- I can add colours to the cameleon ;
- * Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
- * And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school².
- Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?
- * Tut ! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

France. *A Room in a Palace.*

Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, and Lady BONA, attended ; the King takes his state. Then enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD her Son, and the Earl of OXFORD.

- * K. Lew. Fair queen of England⁹, worthy Margaret,
- * Sit down with us ; it ill befits thy state,

[rising.

² *And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.*] As this is an anachronism, and the old quarto reads :

And set the aspiring Cataline to school.

I don't know why it should not be preferred. WARBURTON.

Cataline first occurred to the author of the old play, who was probably a scholar ; and *Machiavel*, who is mentioned in various books of our author's age, as the great exemplar of profound politicians, naturally was substituted by Shakspeare in his room. See p. 104, n. 5.

MALONE.

⁹ *Fair queen of England, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quartos give the following :

Welcome, queen Margaret, to the court of France.

It fits not Lewis to sit, while thou dost stand.

Sit by my side ; and here I vow to thee,

Thou shalt have aid to re-possess thy right,

And beat proud Edward from his usurped seat,

And place king Henry in his former rule. STEEVENS.

See the notes referred to in p. 268, n. 7. MALONE.

* And

* And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit.

* *Q. Mar.* No, mighty king of France¹; now Margaret

* Must strike her fail, and learn a while to serve,

* Where kings command. I was, I must confess,

* Great Albion's queen in former golden days:

* But now mischance hath trod my title down,

* And with dishonour laid me on the ground;

* Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,

* And to my humble seat conform myself.

* *K. Lew.* Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this
deep despair?

* *Q. Mar.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,

* And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

* *K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,

* And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck

[Seats her by him,

* To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind

* Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

* Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;

* It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

* *Q. Mar.* Those gracious words revive my drooping
thoughts,

* And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.

* Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—

* That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

* Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,

* And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;

* While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,

* Usurps the regal title, and the seat

* Of England's true-anointed lawful king.

* This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—

* With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—

* Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;

¹ *No, mighty king of France; &c.]* Instead of this speech the quartos only supply the following:

Queen. I humbly thank your royal majesty,

And pray the God of heaven to bless thy state,

Great king of France, that thus regard'st our wrongs.

STEEVENS.

' And,

- * And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done :
- * Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help ;
- * Our people and our peers are both mis-led,
- * Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
- * And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.
- * *K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
- * While we bethink a means to break it off.
- * *Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.
- * *K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.
- * *Q. Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow :
- * And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

* *K. Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence ?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick ! What brings thee to France ?

[descending from his state. Queen Mar. rises.]

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a second storm to rise ;

* For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

* *War.* From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindness, and unfeigned love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person ;
And, then, to crave a league of amity ;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

* *Q. Mar.* If that go forward, Henry's hope is done².

War.

² — *Henry's hope is done.*] So, the folio. The quartos read—*all our hope is done.* STEEVENS.

We have had nearly the same line in Margaret's former speech at the top of this page. The line having made an impression on Shakespeare, he introduced it in that speech, which appears (except in this instance).

War. And, gracious madam, [*to Bona.*] in our king's behalf,

‘ I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart ;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, — and lady Bona, — hear me speak,
‘ Before you answer Warwick. His demand ;
‘ Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
‘ But from deceit, bred by necessity :
‘ For how can tyrants safely govern home,
‘ Unless abroad they purchase great alliance ?
‘ To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice, —
‘ That Henry liveth still : but were he dead,
‘ Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
‘ Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage

‘ Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour :
‘ For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
‘ Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret !

Prince. And why not queen ?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp ;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain ;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
‘ Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest ;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France :

instance) to have been entirely his own production ; and afterwards inadvertently suffered it with a slight variation to remain here, where only it is found in the old play. MALONE.

3 *His demand, &c.*] Instead of the remainder of this speech the old play has the following lines :

————— hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick, or his words,
For be it is bath done us all these wrongs. MALONE.

From

From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a filly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

' *Oxf.* Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy
liege,
' Whom thou obeyd'st thirty and six years*,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

' *Oxf.* Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
' My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
' When nature brought him to the door of death?⁵
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
' Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
' While I use further conference with Warwick.

* *Q. Mar.* Heavens grant, that Warwick's words be-
witch him not!

[retiring with the Prince and Oxf.]

' *K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy con-
science,

* — thirty and six years,] So, the folio. The quartos, thirty and eight years. STEEVENS.

The number in the old play is right. The alteration, however, is of little consequence. MALONE.

⁵ When nature brought him to the door of death?] Thus the folio. The quartos: When age did call him to the door of death. STEEVENS.

This passage unavoidably brings before the mind that admirable image of old age in Sackville's *Induction*:

"His withered fist still knocking at death's door," &c. FARMER.

* Is Edward your true king? for I were loth,

* To link with him that were not lawful chosen⁶.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate⁷.

* *K. Lew.* Then further,—all dissembling set aside,

* Tell me for truth the measure of his love

* Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,

As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—

That this his love was an eternal plant⁸;

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,

The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain⁹,

Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

⁶ — *that were not lawful chosen.*] Thus the folio. The quartos:
— *that is not lawful heir.* STEEVENS.

Here we have another instance of an impropriety into which Shakspeare has fallen by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. After Lewis has asked in the old play whether Henry was *lawful heir* to the crown of England, and has been answered in the affirmative; he next inquires whether he is *gracious*, that is, a favourite with the people. Shakspeare has preserved this latter question, though he made a variation in the former; not adverting that after a man has been *chosen* by the voices of the people to be their king, it is quite superfluous to ask whether he is popular or no.—Edward was in fact *chosen* king, both by the parliament and by a large body of the people assembled in St. John's fields. See Fabian, who wrote about fifty years after the time, p. 472, and Stowe, p. 688, edit. 1605.

MALONE.

⁷ — *that Henry was unfortunate.*] He means, that Henry was unsuccessful in war, having lost his dominions in France, &c. MALONE.

⁸ — *was an eternal plant;*] The folio reads—an *external* plant; but as that word seems to afford no meaning, and as Shakspeare has adopted every other part of this speech as he found it in the old play, without alteration, I suppose *external* was a mistake of the transcriber or printer, and have therefore followed the reading of the quarto. The poet, says Dr. Warburton, alludes to the plants of paradise. MALONE.

⁹ *Exempt from envy, but not from disdain.*] I believe *envy* is in this place, as in many others, put for *malice* or *hatred*. His situation places him above these, though it cannot secure him from female disdain. STEEVENS.

K. Lew.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
Yet I confess, [*to War.*] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

* *K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be
Edward's;

- * And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
- * Touching the jointure that your king must make,
- * Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:—
Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

* *Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device

- * By this alliance to make void my suit;
- * Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

* *K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and Margaret:

- * But if your title to the crown be weak,—
- * As may appear by Edward's good success,—
- * Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
- * From giving aid, which late I promised.
- * Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
- * That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,—
You have a father able to maintain you¹;
And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

- * *Q. Mar.* Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick;
- * Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings*!
- * I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
- * Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
- * Thy sly conveyance², and thy lord's false love;

¹ *You have a father able, &c.*] This seems ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father is a very frequent topick of reproach. JOHNSON.

* *Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!*] This line with a slight variation has occurred before. See p. 285, n. 2. The repetition has been already accounted for, in p. 301, n. 9, and p. 313, n. 5.

MALONE.

² *Thy sly conveyance,*] Conveyance is *juggling*, and thence is taken for artifice and fraud. JOHNSON.

* For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[A horn sounded within.]

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you;
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.—
These from our king unto your majesty.—

And, madam, these for you; from whom, I know not.

[To Margaret. *They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:

* I hope, all's for the best.

* *K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news? and yours,
fair queen?

* *Q. Mar.* Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd
joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king marry'd the lady Grey?

* And now, to sooth your forgery and his⁵,

* Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?

* Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?

* Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

* *Q. Mar.* I told your majesty as much before:

This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—

That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;

No more my king, for he dishonours me;

But most himself, if he could see his shame.—

Did I forget, that by the house of York

My father came untimely to his death*?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece⁶?

Did

⁵ —to sooth your forgery and his,] To soften it, to make it more
endurable: or perhaps, to sooth us, and to prevent our being exasper-
ated by your forgery and his. MALONE.

* My father came untimely, &c.] See p. 283, n. 8. MALONE.

⁶ Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?] Thus Holinshed, p. 668:
“King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles house, which

Did I impale him with the regal crown?
 Did I put Henry from his native right;
 * And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
 * Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.
 * And, to repair my honour lost for him,
 * I here renounce him, and return to Henry:
 * My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
 And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
 I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
 And replant Henry in his former state.

* *Q. Mar.* Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate
 to love;

* And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
 * And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
 That, if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
 With some few bands of chosen foldiers,
 I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
 And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:

* And as for Clarence, — as my letters tell me,

* He's very likely now to fall from him;

* For matching more for wanton lust than honour,

* Or than for strength and safety of our country.

* *Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,

* But by thy help to this distressed queen?

* *Q. Mar.* Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry
 live,

* Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

* *Bona.* My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.

* *War.* And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

* *K. Lew.* And mine, with hers, and thine, and Mar-
 garet's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
 You shall have aid.

was much against the earl's honestie, [whether he would have deflowered
 his daughter or his niece, the certaintie was not for both their honours
 revealed) for surely such a thing was attempted by king Edward."

STEEVENS.

* *Q. Mar.*

* *Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:

* Thou see'st what's past, go fear thy king withal?

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

There's thy reward⁷; be gone. [Exit Mes.]

K. Lew. But, Warwick;
Thou, and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle⁸:

* And, as occasion serves, this noble queen

* And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—

What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty;—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter⁹, and my joy,

To

⁷ — go fear thy king—] That is, *fright* thy king. JOHNSON.

⁸ — to put armour on.] It was once no unusual thing for queens themselves to appear in armour at the head of their forces. The suit which Elizabeth wore when she rode through the lines at Tilbury to encourage the troops, on the approach of the armada, may be still seen in the Tower. STEEVENS.

⁹ — thy reward;] Here we are to suppose that, according to ancient custom, Warwick makes a present to the herald or messenger, whom the original copies call—a *Post*. STEEVENS.

¹ — and bid false Edward battle:] This phrase is common to many of our ancient writers. So, in the *Misfortunes of Arthur*, a dramatick performance, 1587:

“ — my flesh abhors

“ To bid the battle to my proper blood.” STEEVENS.

² I'll join mine eldest daughter,] This is a departure from the truth of history, for Edward prince of Wales (as Mr. Theobald has observed) was married to Anne, the second daughter of the earl of Warwick. But notwithstanding this, his reading [*youngest* daughter] has, I think, been improperly adopted by the subsequent editors; for though in

To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

‘*Q. Mar.* Yes, I agree³, and thank you for your motion:—

‘ Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,

‘ Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;

‘ And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,

‘ That only Warwick’s daughter shall be thine.

* *Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;

* And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*]

‘ *K. Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levy’d,

‘ And thou, lord Bourbon⁴, our high admiral,

‘ Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—

‘ I long, till Edward fall by war’s mischance,

‘ For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but Warwick.*]

in fact the duke of Clarence married Isabella, the *eldest* daughter of Warwick, in 1468, and Edward prince of Wales married Anne, his *second* daughter, in 1470; *neither* of his daughters was married at the time when Warwick was in France negotiating a marriage between Lady Bona and his king: so that there is no inconsistency in the present proposal. Supposing, however, that the original author of this play made a mistake, and imagined that the *youngest* daughter of Warwick was married to Clarence, I apprehend, he, and not his editor, ought to answer for it.

This is one of the numerous circumstances which prove that Shakspeare was not the *original* author of this play; for though here, as in a former passage, (p. 303, n. 5.) he has followed the old drama, when he afterwards wrote his *K. Richard III.* and found it necessary to consult the ancient historians, he represented Lady Anne, as she in fact was, the widow of Edward, prince of Wales, and the *youngest* daughter of the earl of Warwick. MALONE.

³ *Yes, I agree, &c.*] Instead of this speech, the quarto has only the following:

With all my heart; I like this match full well.

Love her, son Edward; she is fair and young;

And give thy hand to Warwick, for his love. STEEVENS.

⁴ *And thou, lord Bourbon, &c.*] Instead of this and the three following lines, we have these in the old play:

And you, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,

Shall waft them *safely to the English coasts*;

And chase proud Edward from his *slumbering* trance,

For mocking marriage with the *name* of France. MALONE.

War. I came from Edward as embassador,
 But I return his sworn and mortal foe :
 Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
 But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
 Had he none else to make a stale, but me ?
 Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
 I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
 And I'll be chief to bring him down again ;
 Not that I pity Henry's misery,
 But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE,
 and Others.*

- * *Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence^s, what think you
- * Of this new marriage with the lady Grey ?
- * Hath not our brother made a worthy choice ?
- * *Clar.* Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France ;
- * How could he stay till Warwick made return ?
- * *Som.* My lords, forbear this talk ; here comes the king.

^s *Now tell me, brother Clarence,*] In the old play the king enters here along with his brothers, not after them, and opens the scene thus :

Edw. Brothers of Clarence and of Gloucester,
 What think you of our marriage with the lady Grey ?

Glo. My lord, we think as Warwick and Lewis,
 That are so slack in judgment that they'll take
 No offence at this sudden marriage.

Edw. Suppose they do, they are but Lewis and Warwick ;
 And I am your king and Warwick's ; and will be
 Obey'd.

Glo. And shall, because you are our king ;
 But yet such sudden marriages seldom proveth well.

Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you against us too ?

MALONE.

Flourish.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended; Lady Grey, as queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and Others⁶.

* *Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.

* *Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

* *K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,

* That you stand penfive, as half malecontent?

* *Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;

* Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,

* That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

* *K. Edw.* Suppose, they take offence without a cause,

* They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,

* Your king and Warwick's; and must have my will.

* *Glo.* And shall have your will, because our king:

* Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

* *Glo.* Not I:

* No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd

* Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

* *K. Edw.* Setting your scorns, and your dislike, aside,

* Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey

* Should not become my wife, and England's queen:—

* And you too, Somerset⁷, and Montague,

* Speak freely what you think.

* *Clar.* Then this is my opinion⁸,—that king Lewis

⁶ The stage-direction in the folio, [*Four stand on one side, and four on the other.*] is sufficient proof that the play, as exhibited there, was printed from a stage copy. I suppose these eight important personages were attendants. STEEVENS.

⁷ And you too, Somerset, &c.] In the old play Somerset does not appear in this scene. MALONE.

⁸ *Clar.* Then this is my opinion,—&c.] Instead of this and the following speech, the quartos read thus:

Clar. My lord, then this is my opinion;
That Warwick, being dishonour'd in his embassy,
Doth seek revenge, to quit his injuries.

Glo. And Lewis in regard of his sister's wrongs,
Doth join with Warwick to supplant your state. STEEVENS.

‘ Becomes your enemy, for mocking him

‘ About the marriage of the lady Bona.

‘ *Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
‘ Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

‘ *K. Edw.* What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas’d,

‘ By such invention as I can devise ?

Mont. Yet to have join’d with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen’d this our commonwealth
‘ Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

‘ *Hast.* Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
‘ England is safe, if true within itself ?

* *Mont.* But the safer, when it is back’d with France.

* *Hast.* ’Tis better using France, than trusting France:

* Let us be back’d with God, and with the seas¹,

* Which he hath given for fence impregnable,

* And with their helps only defend ourselves ;

* In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves

‘ To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

‘ *K. Edw.* Ay, what of that ? it was my will, and grant ;

* And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

‘ *Glo.* And yet, methinks², your grace hath not done well,

‘ To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales

‘ *Why, knows not Montague, that of itself*

England is safe, if true within itself ?] In the old play these lines stand thus:

Let England be true within itself,

We need not France nor any alliance with them.

It is observable that the first of these lines occurs in the old play of *King John*, 1591, from which our author borrowed it, and inserted it with a slight change in his own play with the same title. MALONE.

¹ — *with the seas*,] This has been the advice of every man who in any age understood and favoured the interest of England. JOHNSON.

² *And yet, methinks*, &c.] The quartos vary from the folio, as follows:

Clar. Ay, and for such a thing too, the lord Scales

Did well deserve at your hands, to have the

Daughter of the lord Bonfield ; and left your

Brothers to go seek elsewhere ; but in your madness

You bury brotherhood. STEEVENS.

‘ Unto

- ' Unto the brother of your loving bride ;
 ' She better would have fitted me, or Clarence :
 ' But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
 ' *Clar.* Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir³
 ' Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
 ' And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
 ' *K. Edw.* Alas, poor Clarence ! is it for a wife,
 ' That thou art malecontent ? I will provide thee.
 ' *Clar.* In choosing for yourself, you shew'd your judgment :
 ' Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
 ' To play the broker in mine own behalf ;
 ' And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.
 ' *K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
 ' And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.
 ' *Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
 ' To raise my state to title of a queen,
 ' Do me but right, and you must all confess
 ' That I was not ignoble of descent*,
 * And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
 * But as this title honours me and mine,
 * So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
 * Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
 ' *K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns⁴ :
 ' What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,

3 — *you would not have bestow'd the heir—*] It must be remembered, that till the Restoration, the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites. I know not when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards. JOHNSON.

* — *I was not ignoble of descent,*] Her father was Sir Richard Widdville, knight, afterwards earl of Rivers; her mother, Jaqueline, Dutchess dowager of Bedford, who was daughter to Peter of Luxembourg, earl of Saint Paul, and widow of John duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V. MALONE.

⁴ *My love, forbear, &c.*] Instead of this and the following speech, the old play has only these lines:

Edw. Forbear, my love, to fawne upon their frowns,
 For thee they must obey, nay, shall obey,
 And if they look for favour at my hands.

Mont. My lord, here is the messenger return'd from France.

MALONE.

' So

- So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
- And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
- Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
- Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
- Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
- And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

* *Glo.* I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

[*Aside.*

Enter a Messenger.

• *K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?

• *Mes.* My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
• But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

• *K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
• Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
• What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

Mes. At my depart, these were his very words;
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me
Henry.

• But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

Mes. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

• *K. Edw.* I blame not her, she could say little less;
• She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
• For I have heard, that she was there in place⁵.

Mes. Tell him, quoth she, my mourning weeds are done⁶,
And I am ready to put armour on.

• *K. Ed.* Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.

⁵ — *she was there in place.*] This expression, signifying, she was there present, occurs frequently in old English writers. MALONE.

⁶ — *are done,*] i. e. are consumed, thrown off. The word is often used in this sense by the writers of our author's age. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“And if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done

“As is the morning's silver-melting dew.” MALONE.

But what said Warwick to these injuries?

* *Mef.* He, more incens'd against your majesty
 * Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words;
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

* *K. Edw.* Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?

* Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
 * They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.

* But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

* *Mef.* Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,

* That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger⁷.

* Now, brother king, farewell, and fit you fast,

* For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;

* That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

* I may not prove inferior to yourself.—

You, that love me and Warwick, follow me⁸.

[*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.*

* *Glo.*

⁷ *Belike the elder, Clarence will have the younger.*] Clarence having in fact married Isabella, the elder daughter of Warwick, Mr. Theobald made *elder* and *younger* change places in this line; in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the subsequent editors: The author of the old play, where this line is found, might from ignorance or intentionally have deviated from history, in his account of the person whom Clarence married. See a former note, p. 320, n. 2.

MALONE.

⁸ *You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.*] That Clarence should make this speech in the king's hearing is very improbable, yet I do not see how it can be palliated. The king never goes out, nor can Clarence be talking to a company apart, for he answers immediately to that which the Poet says to the king. JOHNSON.

You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.] When the earl of Essex attempted to raise a rebellion in the city, with a design, as was supposed, to storm the queen's palace, he ran about the streets with his sword drawn, crying out, "They that love me, follow me."

STEEVENS.

Clarence certainly speaks in the hearing of the king, who immediately after his brother has retired, exclaims, that he is gone to join with Warwick.

This

- ' Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
 ' If it be so, then both depart to him;
 ' I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends:
 ' But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
 ' Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
 ' That I may never have you in suspect.

Mon. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

' *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

' *K. Edw.* Why so; then am I sure of victory.

- ' Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
 ' Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE, and SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
 And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice,
 To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
 Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
 Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
 Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
 But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
 And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
 Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
 His soldiers lurking in the towns about²,

And

² — towns about,] Old Copies—*town*. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby.
See the next scene:

“ ——— but

And but attended by a simple guard,
 We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?
 Our scouts have found the adventure very easy³:

- * That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
- * With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
- * And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
- * So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
- * At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
- * And seize himself; I say not—slaughter him,
- * For I intend but only to surprize him.—
- * You, that will follow me to this attempt,
- * Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[*They all cry, Henry!*

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:

For Warwick and his friends, God and saint George⁴!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Edward's Camp, near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the king's tent.

- * 1. *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;
- * The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.
- * 2. *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

"——— but why commands the king,

"That his chief followers lodge in towns about him?"

MALONE.

3 — *very easy* :] Here the quartos conclude this speech, adding only the following lines:

Then cry king Henry with resolved minds,

And break we presently into his tent. STEEVENS.

4 — *and saint George!*] After the two concluding lines of this scene, which in the old play are given not to Warwick but to Clarence, we there find the following speeches, which Shakspeare has introduced in a subsequent place:

War. This is his tent; and see where his guard doth stand.

Courage, my soldiers; now or never.

But follow me now, and Edward shall be ours.

All. A Warwick, a Warwick! MALONE.

* 1. *Watch.*

- * 1. *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow,
- * Never to lie and take his natural rest,
- * Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.
- * 2. *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
- * If Warwick be so near as men report.
- * 3. *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleleman is that,
- * That with the king here resteth in his tent?
- * 1. *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
- * 3. *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the king,
- * That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
- * While he himself keeps in the cold field?
- * 2. *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
- * 3. *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship, and quietness,
- * I like it better than a dangerous honour.
- * If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
- * 'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.
- * 1. *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
- * 2. *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
- * But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and forces.

- * *War.* This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
- * Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
- * But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1. *Watch.* Who goes there?

* 2. *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[*Warwick, and the rest, cry all—Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the guard; who fly, crying—Arm! Arm! Warwick, and the rest, following them.*]

The drum beating, and trumpets sounding, Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the king out in a gown, sitting in a chair: GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly.

* *Som.* What are they that fly there?

* *War.* Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when, we parted
last⁵,

Thou call'dst me king?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:

* When you disgrac'd me in my embassage,

* Then I degraded you from being king,

And come now to create you duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors;

Nor how to be contented with one wife;

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;

* Nor how to study for the people's welfare;

Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?

* *K. Edw.* Yea, brother⁶ of Clarence, art thou here
too?

* Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—

* Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,

* Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,

* Edward will always bear himself as king:

* Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,

* My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:

[Takes off his crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,

* And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—

* My lord of Somerset, at my request,

* See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd

* Unto my brother, archbishop of York.

* When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,

* I'll follow you, and tell what answer

* Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—

Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

5 — *when we parted last,*] The word *last*, which is found in the old
play, was inadvertently omitted in the folio. MALONE.

⁶ *Yea, brother, &c.*] In the old play this speech consists of only
these two lines:

Well, Warwick, let fortune do her worst,

Edward in mind will bear himself a king.

Henry has made the same declaration in a former scene. MALONE.

* *K. Edw.*

KING HENRY VI.

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- * *K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
- * It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit King Edward, led out; Somerset with him.*]
- * *Oxf.* What now remains⁷, my lords, for us to do,
- * But march to London with our soldiers?
- War.* Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
- * To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH and RIVERS*⁸.

- * *Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
- * *Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
- * What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?

⁷ *What now remains, &c.*] Instead of this and the following speech, the quartos have:

Clar. What follows now? all hitherto goes well;
But we must dispatch some letters into France,
To tell the queen of our happy fortune;
And bid her come with speed to join with us.

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do,
And free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated on the regal throne.

Come, let's away; and, having past these cares,
I'll post to York, and see how Edward fares. STEEVENS.

* *Enter Rivers, &c.*] Throughout this scene the quartos vary in almost every speech from the folio. The variations however are hardly such as to deserve notice. STEEVENS.

They are, however, so marked, as to prove decisively, I think, that either Shakspeare wrote two distinct pieces on this subject at different periods, or that the play as exhibited in the folio was his, and that in quarto the production of a preceding writer. Let the second speech of Rivers be read with this view:

What losse? of some pitcht battaile against Warwicke?
Tush, feare not, faire queene, but cast these cares aside.
King Edward's noble mind his honour doth display,
And Warwick may lose, though then he got the day.

See also the speech of Clarence quoted in the last note. MALONE.

VOL. VI.

A 2

Riv.

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

* *Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own royal person.

* *Riv.* Then is my sovereign slain?

* *Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;

* Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,

* Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares:

* And, as I further have to understand,

* Is new committed to the bishop of York,

* Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

* *Riv.* These news, I must confess, are full of grief:

* Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;

* Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

* *Q. Eliz.* Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.

* And I the rather wean me from despair,

* For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

* This is it that makes me bridle passion,

* And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;

* Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,

* And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

* Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown

* King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

* *Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

* *Q. Eliz.* I am informed, that he comes towards London,

* To set the crown once more on Henry's head:

* Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down.

* But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,

* (For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)

* I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,

* To save at least the heir of Edward's right;

* There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.

* Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;

* If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE V.

A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, Sir William Stanley, and Others.

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings¹, and fir William Stanley,

‘ Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
 ‘ Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
 ‘ Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my brother,
 ‘ Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
 ‘ He hath good usage and great liberty;
 ‘ And often, but attended with weak guard,
 ‘ Comes hunting this way to-disport himself.
 ‘ I have advertis’d him by secret means,
 ‘ That if, about this hour, he make this way,
 ‘ Under the colour of his usual game,
 ‘ He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
 ‘ To set him free from his captivity.

⁹ *Scene V.]* In new forming these pieces Shakspeare transposed not only many lines and speeches, but some of the scenes. This scene in the original play precedes that which he has made the fourth scene of this act. MALONE.

¹ *Now, my lord Hastings, &c.]* I shall insert the speech corresponding to this in the old play, as the comparison will shew the reader in what manner Shakspeare proceeded, where he merely retouched and expanded what he found in the elder drama, without the addition of any new matter:

Glo. Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
 Know that the cause I sent for you is this.
 I look my brother with a slender train
 Should come a hunting in this forest here.
 The bishop of York befriends him much,
 And lets him use his pleasure in the chase.
 Now I have privily sent him word
 How I am come with you to rescue him;
 And see where the huntsman and he doth come. MALONE.

A 2 2

Enter

THIRD PART OF

Enter King EDWARD, and a Huntsman.

* *Hunt.* This way, my lord ; for this way lies the game.

* *K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man ; see, where the huntsmen stand.—

* Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,

* Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer ?

* *Glo.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste ;

* Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

* *K. Edw.* But whither shall we then ?

* *Hast.* To Lynn, my lord ; and ship² from thence to Flanders.

* *Glo.* Well guess'd, believe me ; for that was my meaning.

* *K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

* *Glo.* But wherefore stay we ? 'tis no time to talk.

* *K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou ? wilt thou go along ?

* *Hunt.* Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

* *Glo.* Come then, away ; let's have no more ado.

* *K. Edw.* Bishop, farewell : shield thee from Warwick's frown ;

And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

* *K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

* Have shaken Edward from the regal seat ;

* And turn'd my captive state to liberty,

* My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys ;

* At our enlargement what are thy due fees ?

² — and ship—] The first folio has *ship*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

- *Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
- But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
- I then crave pardon of your majesty.
- *K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
- Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
- For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
- Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
- Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
- At last, by notes of household harmony,
- They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
- But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
- And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
- He was the author, thou the instrument.
- Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spight,
- By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
- And that the people of this blessed land
- May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;
- Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
- I here resign my government to thee,
- For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
- *War.* Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;
- And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
- By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
- For few men rightly temper with the stars³:
- Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
- For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.
- *Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
- To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
- Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
- As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
- And therefore I yield thee my free consent.
- *War.* And I choose Clarence only for protector.

³ — *few men rightly temper with the stars:*] I suppose the meaning is, that few men conform their *temper* to their destiny, which king Henry did, when finding himself unfortunate he gave the management of publick affairs to more prosperous hands. JOHNSON.

- * *K. Hen.* Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;
- * Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,
- * That no dissention hinder government:
- * I make you both protectors of this land;
- * While I myself will lead a private life,
- * And in devotion spend my latter days,
- To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.
- War.* What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?
- * *Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
- * For on thy fortune I repose myself.
- * *War.* Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
- * We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
- * To Henry's body, and supply his place;
- * I mean, in bearing weight of government,
- * While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
- * And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
- * Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
- * And all his lands and goods be confiscate⁴.
- Clar.* What else? and that succession be determin'd,
- * *War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
- * *K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
- * Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)
- * That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
- * Be sent for, to return from France with speed:
- * For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
- * My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
- * *Clar.* It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.
- * *K. Hen.* My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
- * Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
- * *Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.
- * *K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers
[Lays his hand on his head.]

* *And all his lands and goods be confiscate.*] For the insertion of the word *be*, which the defect of the metre proves to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, I am answerable. MALONE.

- * Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
 - * This pretty lad^s will prove our country's blifs.
 - * His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
 - * His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
 - * His hand to wield a scepter; and himself
 - * Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
- Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
 * Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

- * *War.* What news, my friend?
- * *Mef.* That Edward is escaped from your brother,
- * And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
- * *War.* Unfavoury news: But how made he escape?
- * *Mef.* He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
- * And the lord Hastings, who attended him

^s *This pretty lad—*] He was afterwards Henry VII, a man who put an end to the civil war of the two houses, but not otherwise remarkable for virtue. Shakspeare knew his trade. Henry VII. was grandfather to queen Elizabeth, and the king from whom James inherited. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare only copied this particular, together with many others, from Holinshed: "—whom when the king had a good while beheld, he said to such princes as were with him: Lo, suerlie this is he, to whom both we and our adversaries leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give roome and place." p. 678. STEEVENS.

Holinshed transcribed this passage almost *verbatim* from Hall, whom the author of the old play, as I conceive, copied. This speech originally stood thus:

Come hither, pretty lad. If heavenly powers
 Do aim aright, to my divining soul,
 Thou, pretty boy, shalt prove this country's blifs;
 Thy head is made to wear a princely crown;
 Thy looks are all replete with majesty:
 Make much of him, my lords, &c.

Henry earl of Richmond was the son of Edmond earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter to John the first duke of Somerset. Edmond earl of Richmond was half-brother to king Henry the Sixth, being the son of that king's mother queen Catharine, by her second husband Owen Teuther or Tudor, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Mortimer's Cross, and soon afterwards beheaded at Hereford.

MALONE.

- In secret ambush on the forest side,
- And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
- For hunting was his daily exercise.
- *War.* My brother was too careless of his charge.—
- But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
- A salve for any sore that may betide.
- [*Exeunt King HENRY, WAR. CLA. Lieu. and Att.*
- *Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:
- For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;
- And we shall have more wars, before't be long.
- As Henry's late presaging prophecy
- Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond;
- So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
- What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
- Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
- Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
- Till storms be past of civil enmity.
- *Oxf.* Ay; for, if Edward re-possess the crown,
- 'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.
- *Som.* It shall be so; he shall to Britany.
- Come therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII⁶,*Before York.*

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard⁷, lord Hastings, and the rest⁸;

⁶ SCENE VII.] This scene in the old play precedes that which Shakspeare has made the sixth of the present act. MALONE.

⁷ Now, brother Richard, &c.] Instead of this and the three following speeches, the quartos read only:

Enter Edward and Richard, with a troop of Hollanders.

Edw. Thus far from Belgia have we past the seas,
And march'd from Raunspur-haven unto York:
But soft! the gates are shut; I like not this.

Rich. Sound up the drum, and call them to the walls.

STEEVENS.

• Yet

- Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
- And says—that once more I shall interchange
- My wained state for Henry's regal crown.
- Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
- And brought desired help from Burgundy :
- What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
- From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
- But that we enter, as into our dukedom ?
- *Glo.* The gates made fast !—Brother, I like not this ;
- For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
- Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.
- *K. Edw.* Tush, man ! abodements must not now af-
- fright us :
- By fair or foul means we must enter in,
- For hither will our friends repair to us.
- *Hast.* My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon
- them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

- *May.* My lords, we were fore-warned of your coming,
- And shut the gates for safety of ourselves ;
- For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
- *K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
- Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.
- *May.* True, my good lord ; I know you for no less.
- *K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom ;
- As being well content with that alone.
- *Glo.* But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,
- He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*]

³ — lord *Hastings*, and the rest ;] “ Leave out the word *lord*,” says one of our author's commentators. If we do not closely attend to his phraseology and metre, and should think ourselves at liberty to substitute modern phraseology and modern metre, almost every line in his plays might be altered.—*Brother*, like many similar words, (*rather*, *whether*, *either*, &c.) is here used by Shakspeare, as a monosyllable, and the metre was to his ear perfect. MALONE.

• *Hast.*

THIRD PART OF

* *Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

* *May.* Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*Exeunt, from above.*]

* *Glo.* A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!

* *Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well⁹,

* So 'twere not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,

* I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade

* Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

* *K. Edw.* So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,

* But in the night, or in the time of war.

* What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

* For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
[*takes his keys.*]

* And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY, and forces, marching.

* *Glo.* Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

* *K. Edw.* Welcome, sir John! But why come you in arms?

* *Mont.* To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

* *Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget

* Our title to the crown; and only claim

* Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

* *Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—

* Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A march begun.*]

* *K. Edw.* Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and we'll debate,

⁹ *The good old man would fain that all were well,*] The mayor is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed. JOHNSON.

* By

* By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

* *Mont.* What talk you of debating? in few words,

* If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,

* I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,

To keep them back that come to succour you:

Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

* *Glo.* Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

* *K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:

* Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

* *Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

* *Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

* Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

* The bruit thereof¹ will bring you many friends.

* *K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,

* And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:—

* Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[gives him a paper. Flourish,

Sold. [reads.] Edward the fourth, by the grace of God,
king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.

Mont. And whoso'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[throws down his gauntlet.

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

¹ The bruit whereof—] The word *bruit* is found in Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616, and is defined "A reporte spread abroad."
MALONE.

So, in Preston's *Cambyfes*:

" — Whose many acts do fly

" By bruit of fame." STEEVENS.

The French word *bruit* was very early made a denizon of our language: "Behold the noise of the *bruit* is come." Jeremiah X. 22.

WHALLEY.

* *K. Edw.*

THIRD PART OF

- * *K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery²;—and thanks unto you all.
 * If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
 * Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:
 * And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
 * Above the border of this horizon,
 * We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
 * For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.—
 * Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it befalls thee,
 * To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
 * Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
 * Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;
 * And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII³.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

- War.* What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
 With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
 Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
 And with his troops doth march amain to London;
 * And many giddy people flock to him.
 * *Oxf.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again⁴.
Clar.

² *Thanks, brave Montgomery; &c.*] Instead of this speech, the quartos have only the following:

Edw. We thank you all: lord mayor, lead on the way.
 For this night we will harbour here in York;
 And then as early as the morning sun
 Lifts up his beams above this horizon,
 We'll march to London to meet with Warwick,
 And pull false Henry from the regal throne. STEEVENS.

³ *SCENE VIII.*] This scene in the original play follows immediately after Henry's observation on young Richmond, which is in the sixth scene of the present play. MALONE.

⁴ *Let's levy men, and beat him back again.*] This line is given in the folio to the king, to whom it is so unsuitable, that I have no doubt

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out ;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war ;
Those will I muster up :—and thou, son Clarence,
• Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
• The knights and gentlemen to come with thee :—
• Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
• Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
• Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st :—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
• Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
• Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewel, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewel, my Hector, and my Troy's true
hope^s.

• *Clar.*

it was merely a printer's error. I have not however assigned it to Warwick, and the preceding speech to Henry, as Dr. Johnson proposes in the subsequent note, because it appears to me safer to take the old play as a guide ; in which, as in Shakspeare's piece, the first speech is attributed to Warwick. The second speech is given to *Oxford*, and stands thus :

Oxf. 'Tis best to look to this betimes ;
For if this fire do kindle any further
It will be hard for us to quench it out.

Shakspeare, in new-modelling this scene, probably divided this speech between Oxford and Clarence, substituting the line before us in the room of the words—“ 'Tis best to look to this betimes.” I have therefore given this line to Oxford. It might with equal, or perhaps with more propriety, be assigned to Warwick's brother, Montague.

MALONE.

This line expresses a spirit of war so unsuitable to the character of Henry, that I would give the first cold speech to the king, and the brisk answer to Warwick. This line is not in the old quarto ; and when Henry said nothing, the first speech might be as properly given to Warwick as to any other. JOHNSON.

Every judicious reader must concur in this opinion. STEEVENS.

^s —my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.] This line having probably made an impression on our author, when he read over the old play, he
has

THIRD PART OF

- * *Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.
- * *K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!
- * *Mont.* Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.
- * *Oxf.* And thus [*kissing Henry's hand.*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.
- * *K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
- * And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
- War.* Farewel, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.
- [*Exeunt WAR. CLAR. OXF. and MONT.*]
- * *K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I rest a while.
- * Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
- * Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
- * Should not be able to encounter mine.
- * *Exe.* The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.
- * *K. Hen.* That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame⁶.
- * I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
- * Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
- * My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
- * My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
- * My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:
- * I have not been desirous of their wealth,
- * Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
- * Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
- * Then why should they love Edward more than me?
- * No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
- * And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

has applied the very same expression to the duke of York, where his overthrow at Wakefield is described, and yet suffered the line to stand here as he found it:

Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the bope of Troy
Against the Greeks.

The two latter lines, as the reader may find in p. 270, were new, no trace of them being *there* found in the old play. Many similar repetitions may be observed in this third part of *King Henry VI.* from the same cause. MALONE.

⁶ — *my meed bath got me fame.*] Meed means merit. So before [p. 268, n. 4]:

“Each one already blazing by our meeds.” MASON.

* The

* The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!*]

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and soldiers.

* *K. Edw.* Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,

* And once again proclaim us king of England.—

* You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow;

* Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,

* And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—

* Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with king Henry.*]

* And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,

* Where peremptory Warwick now remains⁸:

* The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,

* Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay⁹.

⁷ *Shout within. A Lancaster!*] Surely the shouts that ushered king Edward should be, A York! A York! I suppose the author did not write the marginal directions, and the players confounded the characters. JOHNSON.

We may suppose the shouts to have come from some of Henry's guard, on the appearance of Edward. MALONE.

⁸ *And lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,*

Where peremptory Warwick now remains:] Warwick, as Mr. Mason has observed, has but just left the stage, declaring his intention to go to Coventry. How then could Edward know of that intention? Our author was led into this impropriety by the old play, where also Edward says,

And now towards Coventry let's bend our course,

To meet with Warwick and his confederates.

Some of our old writers seem to have thought, that all the persons of the drama must know whatever was known to the writers themselves, or to the audience. MALONE.

⁹ *The sun shines hot, &c.*] These lines are formed on two others which are found in the old play in a subsequent scene in the next act, being spoken by Edward, after the battle of Barnet, and just before he sets out for Tewksbury.

— Come, let us go;

For if we slack this fair bright summers day,

Sharp winters showers will mar our hope, for haie.

I suspect, *haie* was inadvertently written in the manuscript instead of *aye*, and that Shakspeare was thus led to introduce an idea different from that intended to be conveyed by the original author. MALONE.

* *Glo.*

- * *Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join,
- * And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
- * Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and Others.

War. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

* *1. Mes.* By this at Dunsmore¹, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—

Where is the post that came from Montague?

* *2. Mes.* By this at Daintry², with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John SOMERVILLE.

* *War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

* And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

* *Som.* At Southam I did leave him with his forces,

* And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[*Drum heard.*]

* *War.* Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

* *Som.* It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;

* The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

* *War.* Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

* *Som.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter King Edward, GLOSTER, and forces, marching.

* *K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

* *Glo.* See, how the furly Warwick mans the wall.

¹ — at Dunsmore,] The quartos read—at Daintry. STEEVENS.

² — at Daintry,] The quartos read—at Dunsmore. STEEVENS.

War.

War. O, unbid spight ! is sportful Edward come ?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair ?

* *K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
' Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee ?—
' Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
' And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

' *War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down ?—
Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least he would have said—the king ;
Or did he make the jest against his will ?

* *War.* Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift ?

* *Glo.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give ;

* I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

' *War.* 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's
gift.

' *War.* Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight :
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again ;

And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

* *K. Edw.* But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner :

' And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,

What is the body, when the head is off ?

' *Glo.* Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-cast,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,

' The king was silyly finger'd from the deck !

You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace *,

And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

3 — silyly from the deck !] The quartos read—silyly finger'd—
Finely is subtilly. So, in Holinshed's reign of K. Henry VI. p. 640.

" — in his way he took by fine force a tower."

A pack of cards was anciently term'd a *deck* of cards or a *pair* of cards. It is still, as I am informed, so called in Ireland. So, in *K. Edward I.* 1593 : " — as it were, turned, as with duces and trays, out of the deck." STEEVENS.

4 — the bishop's palace,] The palace of the bishop of London.

MALONE.

THIRD PART OF

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still⁵.

* *Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down.

* Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

* *War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

* And with the other fling it at thy face,

* Than bear so low a fail, to strike to thee.

* *K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;

* This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

* Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,

* Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—

* *Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.*

Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours.

* *War.* O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*Oxf. and his forces enter the city.*

* *Glo.* The gates are open, let us enter too⁶.

* *K. Edw.* So other foes may set upon our backs.

* Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,

* Will issue out again, and bid us battle:

* If not, the city being but of small defence,

* We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

* *War.* O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

* *Glo.* Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

* Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

⁵ — yet you are Warwick still.] Thus the folio. The old play reads — "and yet you are ould Warwick still." MALONE.

⁶ The gates are open, &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

Edw. The gates are open; see, they enter in;

Let's follow them, and bid them battle in the streets.

Glo. No: so some other might set upon our backs, We'll stay till all be enter'd, and then follow them. STEEVENS.

* *K. Edw.*

- * *K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory;
- * My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[He and his forces enter the city.]

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York⁷;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle⁸;

- * With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
- * More than the nature of a brother's love:—
- * Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[taking his red rose out of his hat.]

' Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruin my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones⁹ together,
' And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
' That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt¹, unnatural,

⁷ *Two of thy names, both dukes of Somerset,*

Have sold their lives unto the house of York; Edmond Beaufort, duke of Somerset, who married Eleanor the daughter of Richard Beauchamp earl of Warwick, was slain at the first battle of Saint Alban's. See p. 252.

His eldest son, Henry, was taken prisoner at the battle of Hexam, in 1463, and soon afterwards beheaded. MALONE.

⁸ — *to bid his brother battle;* Here the quartos conclude this speech, and add the following:

Clar. Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster!

Edw. *Et tu Brute!* wilt thou stab Cæsar too?

A parody, *firra*, to George of Clarence. STEEVENS.

This line of the old play, *Et tu Brute*, &c. is found also in *Acolastus his Afterwitte*, a poem by S. Nicholson, 1600; and the Latin words, though not retained here, were afterwards transplanted by Shakspeare into his *Julius Cæsar*, Act III. MALONE.

⁹ — *to lime the stones—* That is, To cement the stones. Lime makes mortar. JOHNSON.

¹ — *so blunt,* Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness. JOHNSON.

* To bend the fatal instruments of war
 * Against his brother, and his lawful king²?
 * Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
 * To keep that oath, were more impiety
 * Than Jephthah's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
 * I am so sorry for my trespass made,
 * That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
 * I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
 * With resolution, wherefoe'er I meet thee,
 * (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
 * To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.
 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
 * Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
 * And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
 * For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
 * K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more
 belov'd,
 Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.
 * Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.
 War. O passing traitor³, perjur'd, and unjust!
 K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town,
 and fight?
 Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
 * War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
 I will away towards Barnet presently,
 And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.
 K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the
 way:—
 Lords, to the field; saint George, and victory!
 [March. Exeunt.

² To bend the fatal instruments of war
 Against his brother and his lawful king?] Thus the folio. The
 old play thus:

To lift his sword against his brother's life? MALONE.

³ O passing traitor,] Eminent, egregious; traitorous beyond the
 common track of treason. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

*A field of battle near Barnet.**Alarums, and Excursions. Enter King EDWARD, bringing in WARWICK wounded.*

* *K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

* For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all⁴.—

* Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,

* That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,

* My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,

That I must yield my body to the earth,

And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept⁵;

Whose top branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading tree,

* And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

* These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,

⁴ — a bug that fear'd us all.—] Bug is a bugbear, a terrifick being.
JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ — are become

“ The mortal bugs of the field.”

Again, in Stephen Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579: “ These bugs are fitter to fear babes than to move men.” STEEVENS.

To fear in old language frequently signifies, to terrify. See Vol. III. p. 23, n. 3; and Vol. V. p. 398, n. 5. MALONE.

⁵ Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept; &c.] It has been observed to me that the 31st chapter of the prophet *Ezekiel* suggested these images to Shakspeare. “ All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young.” STEEVENS.

* Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
 * To search the secret treasons of the world:
 The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
 Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
 For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
 And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
 Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had⁶,
 Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
 Is nothing left me, but my body's length⁷!
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
 And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

* Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
 * We might recover all our loss again!

' The

* My parks, &c.]

*Cedes coemptis saltibus, et domo,
 Villaque.* HOR.

This mention of his *parks* and *manors* diminishes the pathetick effect
 of the foregoing lines. JOHNSON.

⁷ — and, of all my lands,

Is nothing left me but my body's length!

— Mars sola fatetur

Quantula sint hominum corpuscula. JUV.

Camden mentions in his *Remains*, that Constantine, in order to dissuade a person from covetousness, drew out with his lance the length and breadth of a man's grave, adding, "this is all thou shalt have when thou art dead, if thou canst happily get so much." MALONE.

⁸ — *what is pomp, &c.*] This and the following line make no part of this speech in the old play; but were transposed by Shakspeare from a subsequent speech, addressed by Warwick to Somerset. MALONE.

⁹ *Ab, Warwick, Warwick! &c.*] These two speeches stand thus in the quartos:

Oxf. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! chear up thyself, and live;
 For yet there's hope enough to win the day.

Our warlike queen with troops is come from France,
 And at Southampton landed hath her train;

And, might'st thou live, then would we never fly.

War. Why, then I would not fly, nor have I now;
 But Hercules himself must yield to odds:

For many wounds receiv'd, and many more repaid,
 Hath robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,

And spite of spites needs must I yield to death. STEEVENS.

* The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
 * Even now we heard the news: Ah, could'st thou fly!

* *War.* Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
 * If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
 * And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
 * Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
 * Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
 * That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
 * Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

* *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;
 * And to the latest gasp, cry'd out for Warwick,
 * And said—Commend me to my valiant brother.
 * And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
 * Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
 * That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
 * I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—
 * O, farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweet rest his soul!—fly, lords, and save yourselves;
 For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

[Dies.

One of these lines, “But Hercules,” &c. Shakspeare has transposed and inserted in the Messenger's account of the death of the duke of York. See p. 270. Not being aware of this, I inadvertently marked that line as our author's, which I ought not to have done. The three following lines have already been spoken by Warwick in a former scene (see p. 282,) and therefore were here properly rejected by Shakspeare. MALONE.

¹ *Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
 That might not be distinguish'd;*] That is, like the noise of a cannon in a vault, *which*, &c. Shakspeare's alteration here is perhaps not so judicious as many others that he has made. In the old play, instead of *cannon*, we have *clamour*, and the speech stands thus:
 Thy brother Montague hath breath'd his last,
 And at the pangs of death I heard him cry,
 And say, commend me to my valiant brother;
 And more he would have said, and more he said,
 Which sounded like a *clamour* in a vault,
 That could not be distinguish'd for the sound;
 And so the valiant Montague gave up the ghost. MALONE.

THIRD PART OF

Oxf. Away, away³, to meet the queen's great power!
 [Exeunt, bearing off Warwick's body.]

SCENE III.

Another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD in triumph; with CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.

- * K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
 * And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory³.
 * But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
 * I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
 * That will encounter with our glorious sun,
 * Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
 * I mean, my lords,—those powers⁴, that the queen
 * Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast⁵,
 * And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

² *Away, away, &c.*] Instead of this line, the quartos have the following:

Come, noble Somerset, let's take our horse,
 And cause retreat be sounded through the camp;
 That all our friends remaining yet alive
 May be forewarn'd, and save themselves by flight.
 That done, with them we'll post unto the queen,
 And once more try our fortune in the field. STEEVENS.

It is unnecessary to repeat here an observation that has already been more than once made. I shall therefore only refer to former notes. See p. 268, n. 7. MALONE.

³ *Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,*

And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.] Thus the folio.

The quartos thus:

Thus still our fortune gives us victory,
 And girts our temples with triumphant joys,
 The big-bon'd traitor Warwick hath breath'd his last,
 And heaven this day hath smil'd upon us all. STEEVENS.

⁴ *I mean, my lords,—those powers, &c.*] Thus the folio. The old play thus:

I meane those powers which the queen hath got in France,
 Are landed, and meane once more to menace us. MALONE.

⁵ — *have arriv'd our coast,*] Milton uses the same structure, *Par. Lost*, B. II:

“ ——— ere he arrive

“ The happy isle.” STEEVENS.

* *Clar.*

- * *Clar.* A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
- * And blow it to the source from whence it came :
- * Thy very beams will dry those vapours up ;
- * For every cloud engenders not a storm.

* *Glo.* The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
 ' And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her ;
 ' If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
 That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury ;
 ' We, having now the best at Barnet field,
 ' Will thither straight, For willingness rids way ;
 ' And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
 In every county as we go along.—
 Strike up the drum ; cry—Courage ! and away ⁶.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter *Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.*

- * *Q. Mar.* Great lords⁷, wise men ne'er fit and wail
 their loss,
- * But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

' What

⁶ *Strike up the drum ; cry—Courage ! and away.]* Thus the folio.
 The quartos have the following couplet :

Come, let's go ;

For if we slack this faire bright summer's day,

Sharp winter's showers will mar our hope for haie. STEEVENS.

See p. 347, n. 9. MALONE.

⁷ *Great lords, &c.]* This speech in the old play stands thus :

Queen. Welcome to England, my loving friends of France,
 And welcome, Somerset and Oxford too.

Once more have we spread our sails abroad ;

And though our tackling be almost consumed,

And Warwick at our maine-mast overthrowne,

Yet, warlike lordes, raise you that sturdie post

That bears the sails to bring us unto rest.

And

* What though the mast be now blown over-board,
 * The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
 * And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
 * Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he
 * Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
 * With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
 * And give more strength to that which hath too much?
 * Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
 * Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
 * Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
 * Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
 * And Montague our top-mast; What of him?
 * Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?
 * Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
 * And Somerset another goodly mast?

And Ned and I, as willing pilots should,
 For once, with careful mindes, guide on the sterne;
 To beare us through that dangerous gulfe,
 That heretofore hath swallowed up our friends.

There is perhaps no speech that proves more decisively than the above, that *the First part of the Contention of the two houses of Yorke and Lancaster, &c.* and *The True tragedie of the duke of Yorke, &c.* printed in 1600, were the production of some writer who preceded Shakspeare; and that what are now called *The second and third parts of K. Henry VI.* were only a *revival and amplification* of those pieces.

Here we have a thought which in the original play is expressed in eleven lines, expanded by our authour into thirty-seven lines. MALONE.

* With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
 And give more strength to that which hath too much.] So, in our authour's *Lower's Complaint*:

" Upon whose weeping margent she was set,
 " Like usury, applying wet to wet."

Again, in *As You like it*:

" — Thou mak'st a testament
 " As worldlings do, giving the sum of more
 " To that which hath too much."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew."

So also Spenser, in his *Shepherds Calendar*, 1679:

" Thou, plenteous spring, hast lull'd me oft asleep,
 " Whose streames my trickling tears did oft augment."

Of this thought, which we see Shakspeare has so often expressed, there is no trace in the old play. See the preceding note. MALONE.

* The

- ' The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
 ' And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
 ' For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
 ' We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
 * But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,
 * From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
 * As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
 * And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
 * What Clarence, but a quick-sand of deceit?
 * And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
 * All these the enemies to our poor bark.
 * Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
 * Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
 * Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
 * Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
 * This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
 * In case some one of you would fly from us,
 * That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
 * More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks,
 * Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
 * 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.
 * *Prince.* Methinks, a woman⁹ of this valiant spirit
 * Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
 * Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
 * And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
 ' I speak not this, as doubting any here:

⁹ *Methinks, a woman, &c.*] In this speech there is much and important variation in the quarto:

Prince. And if there be (as God forbid there should)

'Mongst us a timorous or fearful man,

Let him depart before the battle join;

Lest he in time of need entice another,

And so withdraw the soldiers' hearts from us.

I will not stand aloof, and bid you fight,

But with my sword press in the thickest throngs,

And single Edward from his strongest guard,

And hand to hand enforce him for to yield,

Or leave my body, as witness of my thoughts. STEVENS.

Our author has availed himself of these lines in former scenes of these plays, MALONE.

' For,

' For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
 ' He should have leave to go away betimes;
 ' Left, in our need, he might infect another,
 ' And make him of like spirit to himself.
 ' If any such be here, as God forbid!
 ' Let him depart, before we need his help.

' *Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage!
 And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
 ' Oh, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
 Doth live again in thee; Long may'st thou live,
 To bear his image, and renew his glories!

' *Som.* And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
 ' Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
 ' If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at¹.

* *2. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford, thanks.

* *Prince.* And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

' *Mes.* Prepare you, lords², for Edward is at hand,
 ' Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

' *Oxf.* I thought no less: it is his policy,
 ' To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

2. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

¹ *If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.*] So the folio. The old lay thus:

Be hiss'd and wonder'd at, if he arise. MALONE.

² *Prepare you, lords, &c.*] In the old play these speeches stand thus:

Mes. My lordes, duke Edward with a mightie power
Is marching hitherward to fight with you.

Oxf. I thought it was his policy to take us unprovided,
But here will we stand, and fight it to the death. MALONE.

March.

March. Enter, at a distance, King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and forces.

* *K. Edw.* Brave followers³, yonder stands the thorny wood,

* Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,

* Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

* I need not add more fuel to your fire,

* For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:

* Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

2. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,

* My tears gainsay⁴; for every word I speak,

* Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes⁵.

* Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign⁶,

* Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,

* His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,

* His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;

* And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.

* You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,

* Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*

SCENE

³ *K. Edw. Brave followers, &c.*] This scene is ill-contrived, in which the king and queen appear at once on the stage at the head of opposite armies. It had been easy to make one retire before the other entered. JOHNSON.

⁴ *My tears gainsay;*] To *gainsay* is to unsay, to deny, to contradict. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes.*] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:

“Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?”

These passages were probably recollected by Rowe, when he wrote in his *Jane Shore*,

“Feed on my sighs, and drink my falling tears.”

So also Pope, in the *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard*:

“And drink the falling tears each other shed.”

The folio has—*eye*; but I imagine it was rather an error in the transcriber than an alteration by Shakspeare. The old play reads—*eyes*. MALONE.

⁶ *Henry, your sovereign, &c.*] Instead of this and the following lines, the original play has these:

Henry

THIRD PART OF

SCENE V.

Another part of the same.

Alarums; Excursions; and afterwards a Retreat. Then Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and forces; with Queen MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.

* *K. Edw.* Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle⁷ straight:

For Somerset⁸, off with his guilty head.

* *Go*, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

* *Som.* Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.]

* *Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this troublous world,

* To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

* *K. Edw.* Is proclamation made,—that, who finds Edward,

* Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

* *Glo.* It is; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

* *K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak:

* What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?—

* Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,

Henry your king is prisoner in the Tower;

His land and all our friends are quite distressed,

And yonder stands the wolfe that makes all this,

Then in God's name, lords, together crie saint George:

MALONE.

7 — to Hammes' castle—] A castle in Picardy, where Oxford was confined for many years. MALONE.

8. For Somerset—] Edmond Beaufort, duke of Somerset, the second son of Edmond duke of Somerset who was killed at the battle of Saint Albans. See p. 351, n. 7. MALONE.

* For

* For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
 * And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?"

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
 Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;
 Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
 Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
 Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

* *Glo.* That you might still have worn the petticoat,
 And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let *Æsop* fable¹ in a winter's night;
 His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

* *K. Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your
 tongue².

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:
 Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,—
 And thou mishapen Dick,—I tell ye all,

⁹ *And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to.*] This line was one
 of Shakspeare's additions to the original play. We have almost the
 same words in the *Tempest*:

"——— O, my heart bleeds,

"To think of *the teen* [i. e. trouble] *that I have turn'd you to.*"

In the old play Prince Edward is not brought forth as here, but en-
 ters with his mother; and after Oxford and Somerset are carried off,
 he is thus addressed by the king:

"Now, Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,

"For stirring up my subjects to rebellion?" MALONE.

¹ *Let Æsop, &c.*] The prince calls Richard, for his crookedness,
Æsop; and the poet, following nature, makes Richard highly in-
 cens'd at the reproach. JOHNSON.

² — charm *your tongue*.] The quarto reads—*charm* your tongue.
 The former is best. STEEVENS.

The expression which our authour substituted, is one that he has
 often used. See p. 203, n. *. The meaning is, I will compel you
 to be as silent, as you would be, if you were *charm'd*, if you were de-
 prived of speech by the power of enchantment. MALONE.

I am

I am your better, traitors as ye are ;—

* And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here³.

[Stabs him.]

* *Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[*Glo.* Stabs him.]

* *Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[*Clar.* Stabs him.]

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall.

[Offers to kill her.]

* *K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

* *K. Edw.* What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;

* I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

* Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

* *Glo.* The Tower, the Tower⁴!

[Exit.]

* *Q. Mar.* O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

* Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—

They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

* If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

* He was a man; this, in respect, a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

³ — the likeness of this railer here.] That is, *thou who art* the likeness, &c. Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read—*thou* likeness, and so we should now write; but the other was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"The last of all the Romans, fare thee well."

In that passage, as in the present, Mr. Rowe substituted *thou* for *the*, though Shakspeare has employed the very words he found in North's Translation of Plutarch. MALONE.

— the likeness of this railer here.] Thou that resemblest thy railing mother. JOHNSON.

⁴ The Tower, the Tower!] The quarto adds—I'll root them out; but, perhaps, injudiciously. STEEVENS.

* What's

- * What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
 * No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:—
 * And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
 * Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
 * How sweet a plant have you untimely clipp'd!
 * You have no children, butchers⁵; if you had,
 * The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
 * But, if you ever chance to have a child,
 Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
 * As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince⁶.
 * *K. Edw.* Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.
Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
 Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
 What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.
Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
 * *Q. Mar.* Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do
 thou do it⁷.
Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it?
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;
 'Twas sin before⁸, but now 'tis charity.

⁵ *You have no children, butchers;*] The original play reads:

You have no children, *devils*; if you had,

The thought of them would *then have stoppt your rage*.

This thought occurring also (as Sir William Blackstone has observed) in *Macbeth*, [See Vol. IV. p. 411, n. 6.] may perhaps be urged as a proof of Shakspeare's being the authour of the first draught, as well as of the alterations and additions to it. But how many thoughts and even expressions has he borrowed from preceding writers? Having (as I suppose) greatly enlarged, and almost new-written, this and the preceding play, the thoughts they contain, whether found in the first copy, or his amplification of it, were as likely to recur in a future piece, as any of those which he has employed in one originally written by himself. In his original plays he frequently borrowed from himself.

MALONE.

⁶ — *you have rid this sweet young prince.*] The condition of this warlike queen would move compassion, could it be forgotten that she gave York, to wipe his eyes in his captivity, a handkerchief stained with his young child's blood. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *do thou do it.*] The old play reads—kill me too. MALONE.

⁸ *'Twas sin before,*] She alludes to the desertion of Clarence.

JOHNSON.

* What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher?
 Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
 Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;
 Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

* *K. Edw.* Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

* *Q. Mar.* So come to you, and yours, as to this prince!
 [Exit, led out forcibly.]

* *K. Edw.* Where's Richard gone?

* *Clar.* To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
 To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

* *K. Edw.* He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

* Now march we hence: discharge the common sort

* With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,

* And see our gentle queen how well she fares;

* By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

*King HENRY is discovered sitting with a book in his hand,
 the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.*

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?

* *K. Hen.* Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say rather;

* 'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:

Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,

* And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

* *Glo.* Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[Exit Lieutenant.]

* *K. Hen.* So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:

* So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

* And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

9 — *where is that devil's butcher,]* *Devil's butcher* is a butcher set on by the devil. JOHNSON.

The folio adds, at the end of this line, the word—*Richard*. But both the metre and the old play shew that it was an accidental repetition by the transcriber, or compositor. MALONE.

What

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?¹

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

'*K. Hen.* The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
' With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush²;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

'*Glo.* Why, what a peevish fool³ was that of Crete,
' That

¹ What scene of death hath Roscius now to act? So, in *Acolastus bis Afterwitte*, a poem, 1600:

"What bloody scene hath cruelty to act?"

Dr. Warburton reads *Richard*, instead of *Roscius*, because Roscius was a comedian. That he is right in this assertion, is proved beyond a doubt by a passage in Quintilian, cited by W. R. [probably Sir Walter Rawlinson] in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LIV. P. II. p. 886. "Roscius citator, Æsopus gravior fuit, quod ille comedias, hic tragedias egit." QUINTIL. Lib. XI. c. 3.—But it is not in Quintilian or in any other ancient writer we are to look in order to ascertain the text of Shakspeare. Roscius was called a tragedian by our authour's contemporaries, as appears from the quotations in the next note; and this was sufficient authority to him, or rather to the authour of the original play, for there this line is found. MALONE.

Shakspeare had occasion to compare Richard to some player about to represent a scene of murder, and took the first or only name of antiquity that occurred to him, without being very scrupulous about its propriety. Nash, in *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil*, 1592, says, "Not Roscius nor Æsop, those admired tragedians, that have lived ever since before Christ was born, could ever performe more in action than famous Ned Allen." Again, in *Acolastus bis Afterwitte*, 1600:

"Through thee each murdering Roscius is appointed

"To act strange scenes of death on God's anointed."

Again, in *Certaine Satyres*, 1598:

"Was penn'd by Roscio the tragedian." STEEVENS.

² — misdoubteth every bush:] To misdoubt is to suspect danger, to fear. So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy by John Day, 1608:

"*Hip.* Doubt and misdoubt! what difference is there here?

"*Ol.* Yes, much: when men misdoubt, 'tis said they fear."

STEEVENS.

³ — peevish fool—] As peevishness is the quality of children, peevish seems to signify childish, and by consequence silly. Peevish is explained by childish, in a former note of Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

- * That taught his son the office of a fowl?
 * And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd⁴.
 * *K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
 Thy father, Minos, that deny'd our course;
 * The sun, that fear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
 * Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
 * Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.
 * Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
 * My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
 Than can my ears that tragick history.—
 * But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?
 * *Glo.* Think'st thou, I am an executioner?
 * *K. Hen.* A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
 * If murdering innocents be executing,
 * Why, then thou art an executioner.
 * *Glo.* Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
 * *K. Hen.* Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst
 presume,
 Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
 * And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
 * Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear⁵;
 * And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
 * And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
 * Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
 * Orphans for their parents' timeless death⁶,—

Shakspeare employs the word *peevish* in the same sense in *Cymbeline*, where the reader will find many instances of this use of it.

STEEVENS.

This epithet which Shakspeare has so frequently employed, was one of his additions to the original play. MALONE.

⁴ — the office of a fowl?

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.] The old play reads:

— the office of a bird?

And yet for all that the poor fowl was drown'd. MALONE.

⁵ *Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;*] Who suspect no part of what my fears presage. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate, Orphans for their parents' timeless death,*] The word *fate* was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

* Shall

' Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
 ' The night-crow cry'd, aboding luckless time;
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
 The raven rook'd her⁷ on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung.
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
 ' To wit,—an indigest deformed lump⁸,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
 To signify,—thou cam'st to bite the world:
 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
 ' Thou cam'st⁹—

Glo. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy speech;
 [Stabs him.]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Dies.]

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
 Sink in the ground? I thought, it would have mounted.
 See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
 ' O, may such purple tears be alway shed
 ' From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
 ' If any spark of life be yet remaining,
 Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee thither,
 [Stabs him again.]

⁷ *The raven rook'd her*—] To *rook*, or rather to *ruck*, is a north-country word, signifying to *squat down*, or *lodge* on any thing. So, in Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1582, Book the Fourth:

"Also on the turrets the skrich howle, &c.

"—doth *ruck*," &c.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. VII. ch. 37:

"Have lazy wings, be ever lean, in sullen corners *ruck*."

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *an indigest*—] The folio has—*indigested*. But the metre and the old play shew that it was a misprint. Shakspeare uses the word *indigest* in *King John*. MALONE.

⁹ *Thou cam'st*—] Thus the folio. The old play as follows:

Thou cam'st into the world—

Glo. Die prophet in thy speech;—I'll hear no more. MALONE.

C c 3

' I, that

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
 Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of¹;
 For I have often heard my mother say,
 I came into the world with my legs forward:
 Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
 ' And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
 The midwife wonder'd; and the women cry'd,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!
 ' And so I was; which plainly signify'd—
 That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
 ' Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it².
 I have no brother, I am like no brother:
 ' And this word—love, which grey-beards call divine,
 Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in me; I am myself alone.—
 Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;

¹ — *that Henry told me of;*] Namely, that my birth was attended with singular circumstances.—Theobald, grounding himself on this and the two following lines, reads in a former passage—

Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward.
 for "how, (says he,) can Richard say, "Indeed 'tis true that Henry told me of," &c. unless we suppose King Henry reproached him with his preposterous birth?" But surely Henry *has* done so in the last ten lines of his speech, though he is at length prevented by the fatal stab from mentioning a *further* proof of Richard's being born for the destruction of mankind. Theobald's addition therefore to that line, has, I think, been adopted too hastily by the subsequent editors, and the interruption in the midst of Henry's speech appears to me not only preferable, as warranted by the old copies, and by Gloster's subsequent words, [*Die, prophet, in thy speech;*] but more agreeable to nature.

MALONE.

² *Let bell, &c.*] This line Dryden seems to have thought on in his *Oedipus*:

"It was thy crooked mind hunch'd out thy back,

"And wander'd in thy limbs." STEEVENS.

After this line, we find in the old play the following:

I had no father, I am like no father.

It might have been omitted in the folio merely by accident, (as some lines in the second part of *King Henry VI.* certainly were,) but its restoration is not necessary, for the sense is complete without it.

MALONE.

But

KING HENRY VI.

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But I will sort a pitchy day for thee³:
 For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
 ' That Edward shall be fearful of his life⁴;
 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
 ' King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
 ' Clarence, thy turn is next; and then the rest;
 Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
 ' I'll throw thy body in another room,
 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[Exit

SCENE VII.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

King EDWARD is discovered sitting on his throne; Queen ELIZABETH with the infant Prince, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Others, near him.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
 Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
 What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
 Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride?
 Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
 For hardy and undoubted champions:
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
 And two Northumberlands; two braver men
 Ne'er spur'd their courfers at the trumpet's sound:
 ' With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Mon-
 tague,
 That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,

³ But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:] But I will choose out an hour whose gloom shall be as fatal to you. To sort is to select.

STEEVENS.

⁴ For I will buz abroad such prophecies, That Edward shall be fearful of his life;] The quartos add a line between these:

— such prophecies,
 Under pretence of outward seeming ill,
 That, &c. STEEVENS.

This line is not in the quarto printed by W. W. 1600; but it is in the undated quarto, which in fact was printed in 1619, from that printed in 1600 by V. S. MALONE.

C c 4

And

And made our footstool of security.—
 Come hither, Befs, and let me kiss my boy :—
 Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night ;
 ' Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
 That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace ;
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were lay'd ;
 For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave ;
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my back :—
 Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute^s. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen ;
 And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
 I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence ; worthy brother,
 thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
 sprang'st,

• Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit :—
 To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master ;
 • And cry'd—all hail ! when as he meant—all } [*Aside.*
 harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
 Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret ?
 Reignier, her father, to the king of France
 Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

^s *Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute.*] This is the reading of
 the old play. The folio reads—and *that* shalt execute. But as the
 word *shalt* is preserved, the other must have been an error of the tran-
 scriber or compositor. MALONE.

I believe we should read—and *this* shall execute.

Richard laying his hand on his forehead says: *Work thou the way—*
 then bringing down his hand, and beholding it,—and *this shall execute.*
 Though *that* may stand, the arm being included in the shoulder.

JOHNSON.

The quartos read—and thou *shalt* execute.

I suppose he speaks this line, first touching his head, and then looking
 on his hand. STREVENSON.

And

And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs⁶, mirthful comick shows,
Such as besit the pleasures of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewel, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [Exeunt.]

⁶ *With stately triumphs,*] By *triumphs* are meant masques, revels, processions, &c. See Vol. II. p. 441, n. 4. MALONE.

* * THE following SUMMARY ACCOUNT of the times and places of the several battles fought between the two houses of York and Lancaster, and of the numbers killed on both sides, is given by Trussel, at the end of his *History of England*, a book of little value, but in matters of this kind tolerably correct. I have compared his account with our earliest historians, and in some places corrected it by them.

1. THE BATTLE OF SAINT ALBANS, fought on the 23d of May 1455, between Richard Plantagenet, duke of York, and King Henry VI. In this battle the duke of York was victorious, and Henry was taken prisoner.

KILLED, on the royal side 5041, (among whom were Edmond duke of Somerset, Henry earl of Northumberland, Humphry earl of Stafford, and Thomas lord Clifford;) on the side of the duke of York, 600. TOTAL—5641.

2. THE BATTLE OF BLOARHEATH in Shropshire, fought on the 30th of September 1459, between James lord Audley on the part of King Henry, and Richard Nevil earl of Salisbury on the part of the duke of York; in which battle lord Audley was slain, and his army defeated.

KILLED—2411.

3. THE BATTLE OF NORTHAMPTON, 20th of July, 1460, between Edward Plantagenet, earl of March, eldest son of the duke of York, and Richard Nevil earl of Warwick, on the one side, and King Henry on the other; in which the Yorkists were victorious.

KILLED—1035, among whom were John Talbot earl of Shrewsbury, Humphrey duke of Buckingham, and Sir William Lucy.

4. THE BATTLE OF WAKEFIELD, December 30, 1460, between Richard duke of York and Queen Margaret; in which the duke of York was defeated.

KILLED—2801, among whom were the duke of York, Edmond earl of Rutland his second son, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, his base uncles, and the earl of Shrewsbury. Richard Nevil earl of Salisbury was in this battle taken prisoner, and afterwards beheaded at Pomfret.

5. THE BATTLE OF MORTIMER'S CROSS, in Herefordshire, on Candlemas-day, 1460-1, between Edward duke of York, on the one side, and Jasper earl of Pembroke, and James Butler earl of Wiltshire, on the other; in which the duke of York was victorious.

KILLED,

THIRD PART OF

KILLED, 3800, among whom was Sir Owen Tuther or Tudors who married Queen Catharine, the widow of King Henry V.

6. THE SECOND BATTLE OF SAINT ALBANS, February 17, 1460-1, between Queen Margaret on one side, and the duke of Norfolk and the earl of Warwick on the other; in which the queen obtained the victory.

KILLED—2303; among whom was Sir John Gray, a Lancastrian, whose widow, Lady Gray, afterwards married King Edward the Fourth.

7. THE ACTION AT FERRYBRIDGE, in Yorkshire, March 28, 1461, between lord Clifford on the part of King Henry, and the lord Fitzwalter on the part of the duke of York.

KILLED—230, among whom were lord Fitzwalter, John lord Clifford, and the bastard son of the earl of Salisbury.

8. THE BATTLE OF TOWTON, four miles from York, Palm-Sunday, March 29, 1461, between Edward duke of York and King Henry; in which King Henry was defeated.

KILLED—37,046; among whom were Henry Percy earl of Northumberland, the earl of Shrewsbury, and the lords Nevil, Beaumont, Willoughby, Wells, Roos, Gray, Dacres, and Fitzhugh. The earl of Devonshire was taken prisoner, and soon afterwards beheaded at York.

9. THE BATTLE OF HEDGELEY MOOR, in Northumberland, April 29, 1463, between John Nevil viscount Montague, on the part of King Edward IV. and the lords Hungerford and Roos on the part of King Henry VI. in which the Yorkists were victorious.

KILLED—108, among whom was Sir Ralph Percy.

10. THE BATTLE OF HEXHAM, May 15, 1463, between viscount Montague and King Henry, in which that king was defeated.

KILLED—2024. Henry Beaufort, duke of Somerset, and the lords Roos and Hungerford, fighting on the side of King Henry, were taken prisoners, and soon afterwards beheaded.

11. THE BATTLE OF HEDGECOTE, four miles from Banbury, July 25, 1469, between William Herbert earl of Pembroke, on the part of King Edward, and the lords Fitzhugh and Latimer, and Sir John Conyers, on the part of King Henry; in which the Lancastrians were defeated.

KILLED—5009. The earl of Pembroke and his brother, Richard Widville earl of Rivers, father to King Edward's queen, Sir John Widville, John Tiptoft earl of Worcester, the lords Willoughby, Stafford and Wells, were taken prisoners, and soon afterwards beheaded.

12. THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD, in Lincolnshire, October 1, 1469, between Sir Robert Wells and King Edward; in which the former was defeated and taken prisoner. The vanquished who fled, in order to lighten themselves threw away their coats, whence the place of combat was called *Loscoatfield*.

KILLED—10,000.

14. THE BATTLE OF BARNET, on Easter-Sunday, April 14, 1471, between King Edward on one side, and the earl of Warwick, the

the marquis of Montague and the earl of Oxford on the part of King Henry VI. in which the Lancastrians were defeated.

KILLED—10,300; among whom were the earl of Warwick, the marquis of Montague, the lord Cromwell, and the son and heir of lord Say.

15. THE BATTLE OF TEWKSBURY, May 3, 1471, between King Edward and Queen Margaret, in which the queen was defeated, and she and her son Prince Edward were taken prisoners.

On the next day the prince was killed by King Edward and his brothers, and Edmond duke of Somerset beheaded.

KILLED—3,032. Shortly afterwards in an action between the bastard son of lord Falconbridge and some Londoners, 1092 persons were killed.

16. THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH, in Leicestershire, August 22, 1486, between King Richard III. and Henry earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII. in which King Richard was defeated and slain.

KILLED, on the part of Richard, 4,013, among whom were John duke of Norfolk, and Walter lord Ferrers; on the part of Richmond, 181.

The TOTAL NUMBER of persons who fell in this contest, was NINETY-ONE THOUSAND AND TWENTY-SIX. MALONE.

The three parts of *King Henry VI.* are suspected, by Mr. Theobald, of being supposititious, and are declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakspeare's. Mr. Theobald's suspicion arises from some obsolete words; but the phraseology is like the rest of our authour's stile, and single words, of which however I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. Warburton gives no reason, but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehensive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every authour's works one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

Dissimilitude of stile and heterogeneousness of sentiment may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed authour. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare's. These plays, considered, without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived and more accurately finished than those of *King John*, *Richard II.* or the tragick scenes of *King Henry IV.* and *V.* If we take these plays from Shakspeare, to whom shall they be given? What authour of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers?

Having

Having considered the evidence given by the plays themselves, and found it in their favour, let us now enquire what corroboration can be gained from other testimony. They are ascribed to Shakspeare by the first editors, whose attestation may be received in questions of fact, however unskilfully they superintended their edition. They seem to be declared genuine by the voice of Shakspeare himself, who refers to the second play in his epilogue to *King Henry V.* and apparently connects the first act of *King Richard III.* with the last of the third part of *K. Henry VI.* If it be objected that the plays were popular, and that therefore he alluded to them as well known; it may be answered, with equal probability, that the natural passions of a poet would have disposed him to separate his own works from those of an inferior hand. And, indeed, if an authour's own testimony is to be overthrown by speculative criticism, no man can be any longer secure of literary reputation.

Of these three plays I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry, and his queen, king Edward, the duke of Gloucester, and the earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted.

The old copies of the two latter parts of *K. Henry VI.* and of *K. Henry V.* are so apparently imperfect and mutilated, that there is no reason for supposing them the first draughts of Shakspeare. I am inclined to believe them copies taken by some auditor who wrote down, during the representation, what the time would permit, then perhaps filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and when he had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer. JOHNSON.

So, Heywood, in the Preface to his *Rape of Lucrece*, (fourth impression) 1630:

"— for though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the stage and after to the press, for my own part I here proclaim myself ever faithful to the first, and never guilty of the last: yet since some of my plays have (unknown to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the printer's hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled (*copied only by the ear*), that I have been as unable to know them as ashamed to challenge them, this therefore I was the willinger," &c. COLLINS.

I formerly coincided with Dr. Johnson on this subject, at a time when I had examined the two old plays published in quarto under the title of *The Whole Contention of the two famous houses of York and Lancaster*, in two parts, with less attention than I have lately done. That dramas were sometimes imperfectly taken down in the theatre, and afterwards published in a very mutilated state, is proved decisively by the prologue to a play entitled *If you know not me you know Nobody*, by Thomas Heywood, 1623:

"—— 'Twas ill nurst,

" And yet receiv'd as well perform'd at first;

" Grac'd

- " Grac'd and frequented ; for the cradle age
 " Did throng the seats, the boxes, and the stage,
 " So much, that some by *stenography* drew
 " The plot, *put it in print*, scarce one word true :
 " And in that lameness it has limp'd so long,
 " The author now, to vindicate that wrong,
 " Hath took the pains upright upon its feet
 " To teach it walk ;—so please you, fit and see it."

But the old plays in quarto, which have been hitherto supposed to be imperfect representations of the second and third parts of *K. Henry VI.* are by no means mutilated and imperfect. The scenes are as well connected, and the versification as correct, as that of most of the other dramas of that time. The fact therefore, which Heywood's prologue ascertains, throws no light upon the present contested question. Such observations as I have made upon it, I shall subjoin in a distinct Essay on the subject. MALONE.

There is another circumstance which may serve to strengthen Dr. Johnson's supposition, viz. most of the fragments of Latin verses, omitted in the quartos, are to be found in the folio ; and when any of them are inserted in the former, they are shamefully corrupted and mis-spelt. The auditor, who understood English, might be unskill'd in any other language. STEEVENS.

I have already given some reasons, why I cannot believe, that these plays were *originally* written by Shakspeare. The question, who did write them ? is at best, but an argument *ad ignorantiam*. We must remember, that very many old plays are *anonymous* ; and that *play-writing* was scarcely yet thought reputable : nay, some authors express for it great horrors of repentance.—I will attempt, however, at some future time, to answer this question : the disquisition of it would be too long for this place.

One may at least argue, that the plays were not written by Shakspeare, from Shakspeare himself. The *Chorus* at the end *K. Henry V.* addresses the audience

" ——— for *their sake*,

" In your fair minds let *this* acceptance take."

But it could be neither agreeable to the poet's judgment or his modesty, to recommend his new play from the merit and success of *King Henry VI.*—His claim to indulgence is, that, though *bending* and unequal to the task, he has ventured to *pursue the story* : and this sufficiently accounts for the connection of the whole, and the allusions of particular passages. FARMER.

It is seldom that Dr. Farmer's arguments fail to enforce conviction ; but here, perhaps, they may want somewhat of their usual weight. I think that Shakspeare's bare mention of these pieces, is a sufficient proof they were his. That they were so, could be his only motive for inferring benefit to himself from the spectator's recollection of their past success. For the sake of three historical dramas of mine which have already afforded you entertainment, let me (says he) intreat your indulgence

indulgence to a fourth. Surely this was a stronger plea in his behalf than any arising from the kind reception which another might have already met with in the same way of writing. Shakspeare's claim to favour is founded on his having previously given pleasure in the course of three of those histories; because he is a *bending*, supplicatory author, and not a literary bully like Ben Jonson; and because he has ventured to exhibit a series of annals in a suite of plays, an attempt which till then had not received the sanction of the stage.

I hope Dr. Farmer did not wish to exclude the three dramas before us, together with the *Taming of a Shrew*, from the number of those produced by our author, on account of the Latin quotations to be found in them. His proofs of Shakspeare's want of learning are too strong to stand in need of such a support; and yet *Venus and Adonis*, "the first heire of his invention," is usher'd into the world with a Latin motto:

Villā miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo

Pocula Castalia plena ministrat aqua. STEEVENS.

Though the objections, which have been raised to the genuineness of the *three plays of Henry the sixth*, have been fully considered and answered by Dr. Johnson, it may not be amiss to add here from a contemporary writer, a passage, which not only points at Shakspeare as the author of them, but also shews, that, however meanly we may now think of them in comparison with his later productions, they had, at the time of their appearance, a sufficient degree of excellence to alarm the jealousy of the older playwrights. The passage, to which I refer, is in a pamphlet, entitled, *Greene's Groatsworth of Witte*, supposed to have been written by that voluminous author, Robert Greene, M. A. and said, in the title-page to be *published at his dying request*; probably, about 1592. The conclusion of this piece is an address to his brother-poets, to dissuade them from writing any more for the stage, on account of the ill treatment which they were used to receive from the players. It begins thus: *To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making playes, R. G. wissheth a better exercise, &c.* After having addressd himself particularly to Christopher Marlowe and Thomas Lodge, (as I guess from circumstances, for their names are not mentioned;) he goes on to a third (perhaps George Peele); and having warned him against depending on so meane a stay as the players, he adds: *Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his tygres head wrapt in a players hyde, supposes hee is as well able to bombaste out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes fac totum is, in his owne conceits, the onely Shake-scene in a countrey.* There can be no doubt, I think, that *Shake-scene* alludes to *Shakspeare*; or that *tygres head wrapt in a players hyde* is a parodie upon the following line of York's speech to Margaret, *Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, A4l. 4c. iv:

"Oh tygres heart, wrapt in a woman's bide." TYRWHITT.

DISSERTATION
ON
THE THREE PARTS
OF
KING HENRY VI.

DISSEMINATION

ON

THE THREE PARTS

OF

KING HENRY VI.

THE CONTENTS.

THE subject stated. The inferior parts in these three plays being of a different complexion from the inferior parts of Shakspeare's undoubted performances, a proof that they were not written *originally* and *entirely* by him, p. 381.—The editor's hypothesis. *The First Part of K. Henry VI.* not written by Shakspeare, or a very small part of it written by him. *The Second and Third Part of K. Henry VI.* formed by Shakspeare on two elder plays, the one entitled *The first part of the Contention of the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good duke Humpbrey, &c.* the other, *The true Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt.* p. 382.

THE FIRST PART OF K. HENRY VI.

The diction, versification, and allusions, of this piece all different from the diction, versification, and allusions of Shakspeare, and corresponding with those of the dramatists that preceded him, p. 383—390. Date of this play some years before 1592; p. 390. Other internal evidence (beside the diction, &c.) that this piece was not written by Shakspeare; nor by the authour of *The first part of the Contention of the two houses, &c.* nor by the authour of *The true tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke,* p. 391—393. Presumptive proof that this play was not written by Shakspeare, from its not containing any similarities of thought to his undisputed plays, nor of expression, (except in a single instance,) and from its general paucity of rhymes, p. 394.

THE SECOND AND THIRD PART OF K. HENRY VI.

I. EXTERNAL EVIDENCE. 1. The entry of *The first part of the Contention of the two houses, &c.* at Stationers' Hall in
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C O N T E N T S.

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421, l. 21, for 40, r. 459.

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ERRATA

Page 404. I. *quarto* of note, for *manuscript* is intended.
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A
D I S S E R T A T I O N
O N
THE THREE PARTS
O F
K I N G H E N R Y VI.

TENDING TO SHEW

That those Plays were *not* written ORIGINALLY by
S H A K S P E A R E.

SEVERAL passages in *The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.* appearing evidently to be of the hand of Shakspeare, I was long of opinion that the *three* historical dramas which are the subject of the present disquisition, were properly ascribed to him; not then doubting that the whole of these plays was the production of the same person. But a more minute investigation of the subject, into which I have been led by the present revision of all our author's works, has convinced me, that, though the premises were true, my conclusion was too hastily drawn; for though the hand of Shakspeare is unquestionably found in the two latter of these plays, it does not therefore necessarily follow, that they were *originally* and *entirely* composed by him. My thoughts upon this point have already been intimated in the foregoing notes; but it is now necessary for me to state my opinion more particularly, and to lay before the reader the grounds on which, after a very careful inquiry, it has been formed.

What at present I have chiefly in view is, to account for the visible *inequality* in these pieces; many traits of Shakspeare being clearly discernible in them, while the

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inferior

inferior parts are not merely unequal to the rest, (from which no certain conclusion can be drawn,) but of quite a different complexion from the inferior parts of our author's undoubted performances.

My hypothesis, then is, that *The First Part of K. Henry VI.* as it now appears, (of which no quarto copy is extant,) was the entire or nearly the entire production of some ancient dramatist; that *The Whole Contention of the two Houses of York and Lancaster, &c.* written probably before the year 1590, and printed in quarto, in 1600, was also the composition of some writer who preceded Shakspeare; and that from this piece, which is in two parts, (the former of which is entitled, *The first Part of the Contention of the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good duke Humphrey, &c.* and the latter, *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixth,*) our poet formed the two plays, entitled *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* as they appear in the first folio edition of his works.

Mr. Upton has asked, "How does the painter distinguish copies from originals but by manner and style? And have not authors their peculiar style and manner, from which a true critick can form as unerring a judgment as a painter?" Dr. Johnson, though he has shewn, with his usual acuteness, that "this illustration of the critick's science will not prove what is desired," acknowledges in a preceding note, that "dissimilitude of style and heterogeneity of sentiment may sufficiently shew that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays (he adds) no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare's."—By these criterions then let us examine *The First Part of K. Henry VI.* (for I choose to consider that piece separately;) and if the diction, the figures, or rather the allusions, and the versification of that play, (for these are our surest guides) shall appear to be different from the other two parts, as they are exhibited in the folio, and from our author's other plays, we may fairly conclude that he was not the writer of it.

I. With

I. With respect to the diction and the allusions, which I shall consider under the same head, it is very observable that in *The First Part of King Henry VI.* there are more allusions to mythology, to classical authors, and to ancient and modern history, than, I believe, can be found in any one piece of our author's written on an English story; and that these allusions are introduced very much in the same manner as they are introduced in the plays of Greene, Peele, Lodge, and other dramatists who preceded Shakspeare; that is, they do not naturally arise out of the subject, but seem to be inserted merely to shew the writer's learning. Of these the following are the most remarkable.

1. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known.
2. A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright—

This blank, Dr. Johnson with the highest probability conjectures, should be filled up with "Berenice;" a word that the transcriber or compositor probably could not make out. In the same manner he left a blank in a subsequent passage for the name of "Nero," as is indubitably proved by the following line, which ascertains the omitted word. See N^o. 6.

3. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
4. Helen, the mother of Great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
5. Froisard, a countryman of ours, records, &c.
6. ——— and, like thee, [Nero,]
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burning.

[In the original copy there is a blank where the word *Nero* is now placed.]

7. The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine Sybils of old Rome.
8. A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops—.
9. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter—.
10. ——— Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.

11. A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was.
12. ——— an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius.
13. I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris, by Cyrus' death.
14. I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect.
15. Nestor-like aged, in an age of care.
16. Then follow thou thy desperate fire of Crete,
Thou Icarus.
17. Where is the great Alcides of the field?
18. Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
That Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.
19. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchman's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror, and black Nemesis?
20. Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons lurk.
21. See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.
22. ——— thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
With hope to find the like event in love.

Of particular expressions there are many in this play, that seem to me more likely to have been used by the authors already named, than by Shakspeare; but I confess, with Dr. Johnson, that single words can conclude little. However, I will just mention that the words *proditor* and *immanity*, which occur in this piece, are not, I believe, found in any of Shakspeare's undisputed performances: not to insist on a direct Latinism, *pile-esteem'd*, which I am confident was the word intended by the author, though, being a word of his own formation, the compositor has printed—*pil'd-esteem'd*, instead of it¹.

The versification of this play appears to me clearly of a different colour from that of all our author's genuine dramas, while at the same time it resembles that of many of the plays produced before the time of Shakspeare.

¹ See *K. Henry VI.* P. I. p. 24, n. 7.

In all the tragedies written before his time, or just when he commenced author, a certain stately march of versification is very observable. The sense concludes or pauses almost uniformly at the end of every line; and the verse has scarcely ever a redundant syllable. As the reader may not have any of these pieces at hand, (by the possession of which, however, his library would not be much enriched,) I shall add a few instances,—the first that occur:

“ Most loyal lords, and faithful followers,
 “ That have with me, unworthy general,
 “ Passed the greedy gulph of Ocean,
 “ Leaving the confines of fair Italy,
 “ Behold, your Brutus draweth nigh his end,
 “ And I must leave you, though against my will.
 “ My sinews shrink, my numbed senses fail,
 “ A chilling cold possesseth all my bones;
 “ Black ugly death, with visage pale and wan,
 “ Presents himself before my dazzled eyes,
 “ And with his dart prepared is to strike.”

Lochrine, 1595.

“ My lord of Gloucester, and lord Mortimer,
 “ To do you honour in your sovereign's eyes,
 “ That, as we hear, is newly come a land,
 “ From Palestine, with all his men of war,
 “ (The poor remainder of the royal fleet,
 “ Preserv'd by miracle in Sicil road,)
 “ Go mount your coursers, meet him on the way:
 “ Pray him to spur his steed, minutes and hours,
 “ Untill his mother see her princely son,
 “ Shining in glory of his safe return.”

Edward I. by George Peele, 1593.

“ Then go thy ways, and clime up to the clouds,
 “ And tell Apollo that Orlando sits
 “ Making of verses for Agelica.
 “ And if he do deny to send me down
 “ The shirt which Deianira sent to Hercules,
 “ To make me brave upon my wedding day,
 “ Tell him I'll pass the Alps, and up to Meroe,

D d 3

“ And

“ (I know he knows that watry lakish hill)
 “ And pull the harp out of the minstrels hands,
 “ And pawne it unto lovely Proserpine,
 “ That she may fetch the faire Angelica.”

Orlando Furioso, by Robert Greene, printed
 in 1599; written before 1592.

“ The work that Ninus rear’d at Babylon,
 “ The brazen walls fram’d by Semiramis,
 “ Carv’d out like to the portal of the sunne,
 “ Shall not be such as rings the English strand
 “ From Dover to the market-place of Rye.”

“ To plain our questions, as Apollo did,”

“ Facile and debonaire in all his deeds,
 “ Proportion’d as was Paris, when in gray,
 “ He courted Oenon in the vale by Troy.”

“ Who dar’d for Edward’s sake cut through the seas,
 “ And venture as Agenor’s damsel through the deepe.”

“ England’s rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,
 “ The Pyren mountains swelling above the clouds,
 “ That ward this wealthy Castile in with walls,
 “ Could not detain the beauteous Eleanor;
 “ But hearing of the fame of Edward’s youth,
 “ She dar’d to brave Neptunus’ haughty pride,
 “ And brave the brunt of froward Eolus.”

“ Daphne, the damsel that caught Phœbus fast,
 “ And lock’d him in the brightness of her looks,
 “ Was not so beauteous in Apollo’s eyes,
 “ As is fair Margaret, to the Lincoln earl.”

“ We must lay plots for stately tragedies,
 “ Strange comick shews, such as proud Roscius
 “ Vaunted before the Roman emperours.”

“ Lacy, thou can’st not shrowd thy traiterous thoughts,
 “ Nor cover, as did Cassius, all his wiles;

“ For

“ For Edward hath an eye that looks as far
 “ As Lynceus from the shores of Greecia.”

“ Pardon, my lord : If Jove’s great royalty
 “ Sent me such presents as to Danae ;
 “ If Phœbus tied to Latona’s webs,
 “ Came courting from the beauty of his lodge ;
 “ The dulcet tunes of frolick Mercurie,
 “ Nor all the wealth heaven’s treasury affords,
 “ Should make me leave lord Lacy or his love.”

“ What will thou do ?—
 “ Shew thee the tree leav’d with refined gold,
 “ Whereon the fearful dragon held his seate,
 “ That watch’d the garden call’d Hesperides,
 “ Subdued and wonne by conquering Hercules.”

“ ————— Margaret,
 “ That overshines our damfels, as the moone
 “ Darkens the brightest sparkles of the night.”

“ Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,
 “ And not lie fetter’d in fair Helen’s looks ?
 “ Or Pœbus scape those piercing amorists,
 “ That Daphne glanced at his deitie ?
 “ Can Edward then sit by a flame and freeze,
 “ Whose heats puts Hellen and fair Daphne down ?”

The honourable Historie of Friar Bacon, &c. by Robert
 Greene ; written before 1592, printed in 1598.

“ *King.* Thus far, ye English Peers, have we display’d
 “ Our waving ensigns with a happy war ;
 “ Thus nearly hath our furious rage reveng’d
 “ My daughter’s death upon the traiterous Scot :
 “ And now before Dunbar our camp is pitch’d,
 “ Which if it yield not to our compromise,
 “ The place shall furrow where the palace stood,
 “ And fury shall envy’ so high a power,
 “ That mercy shall be banish’d from our sword.
 “ *Doug.* What seeks the English king ?

- “ *King. Scot, ope those gates, and let me enter in.*
 “ Submit thyself and thine unto my grace,
 “ Or I will put each mother’s son to death,
 “ And lay this city level with the ground.”

*James IV. by Robert Greene, printed in
 1598; written before 1592.*

- “ Valeria, attend; I have a lovely bride
 “ As bright as is the heaven chrystaline;
 “ As faire as is the milke-white way of Jove,
 “ As chaste as Phœbe in her summer sports,
 “ As soft and tender as the azure downe
 “ That circles Citherea’s silver doves;
 “ Her do I meane to make my lovely bride,
 “ And in her bed to breathe the sweet content
 “ That I, thou know’st, long time have aimed at.”

The Taming of a Shrew, written before 1594.

- “ *Pol. Faire Emilia, summers bright sun queene,*
 “ Brighter of hew than is the burning clime
 “ Where Phoebus in his bright equator sits,
 “ Creating gold and pretious minerals,
 “ What would Emilia doe, if I were fond
 “ To leave faire Athens, and to range the world?
 “ *Emil. Should thou assay to scale the seate of Jove,*
 “ Mounting the subtle airie regions,
 “ Or be snatcht up, as erst was Ganimede,
 “ Love should give wings unto my swift desires,
 “ And prune my thoughts, that I would follow thee,
 “ Or fall and perish as did Icarus.” *Ibid.*

- “ Barons of England, and my noble lords,
 “ Though God and fortune have bereft from us
 “ Victorious Richard, scourge of infidels,
 “ And clad this land in stole of dismal hue,
 “ Yet give me leave to joy, and joy you all,
 “ That from this wombe hath sprung a second hope,
 “ A king that may in rule and virtue both
 “ Succeed his brother in his emperie.”

The troublesome raigne of King John, 1591.

- “ — as sometimes Phaeton,
 “ Mistrusting silly Merops for his fire—.” *Ibid.*

“ As

"As cursed Nero with his mother did,
 "So I with you, if you resolve me not." *Ibid.*

"Peace, Arthur, peace! thy mother makes thee wings,
 "To soar with peril after Icarus." *Ibid.*

"How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,
 "Delay not, Philip, kill the villaine straight." *Ibid.*

"*Philippus atavis edire regibus,*
 "What saist thou, Philip, sprung of ancient kings,—
 "*Quo me rapit tempestas?*" *Ibid.*

"Morpheus, leave here thy silent Ebon cave,
 "Besiege his thoughts with dismal phantasies;
 "And ghastly objects of pale threatening Mors.
 "Affright him every minute with stern looks." *Ibid.*

"Here is the ransome that allaies his rage,
 "The first freehold that Richard left his sonne,
 "With which I shall surprize his living spies,
 "As Hector's statue did the fainting Greeks." *Ibid.*

"This cursed country, where the traitors breathe,
 "Whose perjurie (as proud Briareus)
 "Beleaguers all the sky with misbelief." *Ibid.*

"Must Constance speak? let tears prevent her talk.
 "Must I discourse? let *Dido* sigh, and say,
 "She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy." *Ibid.*

"John, 'tis thy sins that make it miserable.
 "*Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achiivi.*" *Ibid.*

"*King.* Robert of Artoys, banish'd though thou be,
 "From France, thy native country, yet with us
 "Thou shalt retain as great a signorie,
 "For we create thee earle of Richmond here:
 "And now go forwards with our pedigree;
 "Who next succeeded Philip of Bew?"

"*Art.*

- “ *Art.* Three sonnes of his, which, all successefully,
 “ Did sit upon their father’s regal throne;
 “ Yet died, and left no issue of their loynes.
 “ *King.* But was my mother sister unto these?
 “ *Art.* She was, my lord; and only Isabel
 “ Was all the daughters that this Philip had.”

The raigne of King Edward III. 1596.

The tragedies of *Marius and Sylla*, by T. Lodge, 1594, *A Looking Glass for London and England*, by T. Lodge and R. Greene, 1598, *Solyman and Perseda*, written before 1592, *Selimus Emperour of the Turks*, 1594, *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1592, and *Titus Andronicus*, will all furnish examples of a similar versification; a versification so exactly corresponding with that of *The first Part of King Henry VI.* and *The Whole Contention of the two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. as it originally appeared, that I have no doubt these plays were the production of some one or other of the authors of the pieces above quoted or enumerated.

A passage in a pamphlet written by Thomas Nashe, an intimate friend of Greene, Peele, &c. shews that *The first part of King Henry VI.* had been on the stage before 1592; and his favourable mention of this piece inclines me to believe that it was written by a friend of his. “How would it have joyed brave Talbot, (says Nashe in *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592,) the terror of the French, to thinke that after he had lyen two hundred yeare in his tombe, he should triumph again on the stage; and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least, (at several times) who in the tragedian that represents his person behold him fresh bleeding.”

This passage was several years ago pointed out by my friend Dr. Farmer, as a proof of the hypothesis which I am now endeavouring to establish. That it related to the old play of *K. Henry VI.* or, as it is now called, *The first Part of King Henry VI.* cannot, I think, be doubted. *Talbot* appears in the *first* part, and not in the *second* or *third* part; and is expressly spoken of in the play, (as well as in *Hall’s Chronicle*) as “the terror of the French.”

Holinshed,

Holinshed, who was Shakspeare's guide, omits the passage in Hall, in which Talbot is thus described; and this is an additional proof that this play was not our author's. But of this more hereafter.

The first part of King Henry VI. (as it is now called) furnishes us with other *internal* proofs also of its not being the work of Shakspeare.

1. The author of that play, whoever he was, does not seem to have known precisely how old Henry the Sixth was at the time of his father's death. He opens his play indeed with the funeral of Henry the Fifth, but no where mentions expressly the young king's age. It is clear, however, from one passage, that he supposed him to have passed the state of infancy before he lost his father, and even to have remembered some of his sayings. In the fourth act, sc. iv. speaking of the famous Talbot, he says,

When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)

I do remember how my father said,

A stouter champion never handled sword.

But Shakspeare, as appears from two passages, one in the *second*, and the other in the *third*, part of *King Henry VI.* knew that that king could not possibly remember any thing his father had said; and therefore Shakspeare could not have been the author of the *first* part.

No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,

But I was made a king at *nine months old*.

K. Henry VI. P. II. Act IV. sc. ix.

When I was crown'd, I was but *nine months old*.

K. Henry VI. P. III. Act I. sc. i.

The first of these passages is found in the folio copy of *The second* part of *King Henry VI.* and not in *The first part of the Contention*, &c. printed in quarto; and according to my hypothesis, was one of Shakspeare's additions to the old play. This therefore does not prove that the *original* author, whoever he was, was not likewise the author of the *first* part of *King Henry VI.*; but, what is more material to our present question, it proves that *Shakspeare* could not be the author of that play. The second of these passages is found in *The true Tragedie*

Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke, &c. and is a decisive proof that *The first part of King Henry VI.* was written neither by the author of that tragedy, nor by Shakspeare.

2. A second internal proof that Shakspeare was not the author of the *first part* of these three plays, is furnished by that scene, (Act II. sc. v. p. 48.) in which it is said, that the earl of Cambridge *raised an army* against his sovereign. But Shakspeare in his play of *K. Henry V.* has represented the matter truly as it was; the earl being in the second act of that historical piece condemned at Southampton for conspiring to *assassinate* Henry.

3. I may likewise add, that the author of *The first part of K. Henry VI.* knew the true pronounciation of the word *Hecate*, and has used it as it is used by the Roman writers:

“I speak not to that railing *Heca-te*.”

But Shakspeare in his *Macbeth* always uses *Hecate* as a dissyllable; and therefore could not have been the author of the other piece².

Having now, as I conceive, vindicated Shakspeare from being the writer of *The first part of King Henry VI.* it may seem unnecessary to inquire who was the author; or whether it was the production of the same person or persons who wrote the two pieces, entitled, *The first Part of the Contention of the two Houses, &c.* and *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke, &c.* However, I shall add a word or two on that point.

We have already seen that the author of the play last named could not have written *The first part of K. Henry VI.* The following circumstances prove that it could not have been written by the author of *The first Part of the Contention, &c.* supposing for a moment that piece, and *The*

² It may perhaps appear a minute remark, but I cannot help observing that the second speech in this play ascertains the writer to have been very conversant with Hall's Chronicle.

“*What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech.*”

This phrase is introduced on almost every occasion by that writer, when he means to be eloquent. Holinshed, and not Hall, was Shakspeare's historian (as has been already observed); this therefore is an additional proof that this play was not our author's.

true Tragedie of the duke of Yorke, &c. to have been the work of different hands.

1. The writer of *The first part of the Contention, &c.* makes Salisbury say to Richard duke of York, that the person from whom the duke derived his title, (he means his maternal uncle Edmund Mortimer, though he ignorantly gives him a different appellation, was "done to death by that monstrous rebel Owen Glendower;" and Shakspeare in this has followed him:

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, till he died.

On this false assertion the duke of York makes no remark. But the author of *The First Part of K. Henry VI.* has represented this Edmund Mortimer, not as put to death, or kept in captivity to the time of his death, by Owen Glendower, (who himself died in the second year of *King Henry V.*) but as a *state* prisoner, who died in the Tower in the reign of *King Henry VI.* in the presence of this very duke of York, who was then only Richard Plantagenet³.

2. A correct statement of the issue of King Edward the Third, and of the title of Edmund Mortimer to the crown, is given in *The first part of K. Henry VI.* But in *The first part of the Contention, &c.* we find a very incorrect and false statement of Edward's issue, and of the title of Mortimer, whose father, Roger Mortimer, the author of that piece ignorantly calls the *fifth son* of that monarch. Those two plays therefore could not have been the work of one hand.

On all these grounds it appears to me clear, that neither Shakspeare, nor the author of *The first part of the Contention, &c.* or *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke, &c.* could have been the author of *The First Part of King Henry VI.*

It is observable that in *The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.* many thoughts and many modes of ex-

³ See the first part of *King Henry VI.* p. 49; and the second part p. 152.

pression are found, which likewise occur in Shakspeare's other dramas: but in the *First Part* I recollect but one marked expression, that is also found in one of his undisputed performances:

“As I am sick with *working of my thoughts*.”

So, in *K. Henry V*:

“*Work, work your thoughts*, and therein see a siege.

But surely this is too slight a circumstance to overturn all the other arguments that have now been urged to prove this play not the production of our author. The co-incidence might be accidental, for it is a co-incidence not of thought but of language;—or the expression might have remained in his mind in consequence of his having often seen this play; (we know that he has borrowed many other expressions from preceding writers;)—or lastly, this might have been one of the very few lines that he wrote on revising this piece; which, however few they were, might, with other reasons, have induced the first publishers of his works in folio to print it with the *second* and *third* part, and to ascribe it to Shakspeare.

Before I quit this part of the subject, it may be proper to mention one other circumstance that renders it very improbable that Shakspeare should have been the author of *The First Part of K. Henry VI*. In this play, though one scene is entirely in rhyme, there are very few rhymes dispersed through the piece, and no alternate rhymes; both of which abound in our author's undisputed *early* plays. This observation indeed may likewise be extended to the *second* and *third* part of these historical dramas; and perhaps it may be urged, that if this argument has any weight, it will prove that he had no hand in the composition of those plays. But there being no alternate rhymes in those two plays may be accounted for, by recollecting that in 1591, Shakspeare had not written his *Venus and Adonis*, or his *Rape of Lucrece*; the measures of which perhaps insensibly led him to employ a similar kind of metre occasionally in the dramas that he wrote shortly after he had composed those poems. The paucity
of

of regular rhymes must be accounted for differently. My solution is, that working up the materials which were furnished by a preceding writer, he naturally followed his mode: and in the original plays from which these two were formed very few rhymes are found. Nearly the same argument will apply to the *first* part; for its date also, were that piece Shakspeare's, would account for the want of alternate rhymes. The paucity of regular rhymes indeed cannot be accounted for by saying that here too our author was following the track of another poet; but the solution is unnecessary; for from the beginning to the end of that play, except perhaps in some scenes of the fourth act, there is not a single print of the footsteps of Shakspeare.

I have already observed that it is highly improbable that *The first Part of the Contention of the two Houses of York and Lancaster*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. printed in 1600, were written by the author of *The first part of King Henry VI.* By whom these two plays were written, it is not here necessary to inquire; it is sufficient, if probable reasons can be produced for supposing this two-part piece not to have been the composition of Shakspeare, but the work of some preceding writer, on which he formed those two plays which appear in the first folio edition of his works, comprehending a period of twenty-six years. from the time of Henry's marriage to that of his death.

II. I now therefore proceed to state my opinion concerning *The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.*

"A book entituled, *The First Part of the Contention of the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good duke Humphrie, and the banishment and death of the duke of Yorke, and the tragical ende of the proude Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Jack Cade, and the duke of Yorke's first claime unto the crown,*" was entered at Stationers' Hall, by Thomas Millington, March 12, 1593-4. This play, however, (on which *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* is formed) was not then printed; nor was *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, &c.*

(on which Shakspeare's *Third Part of King Henry VI.* is founded) entered at Stationers' Hall at the same time; but they were both printed for T. Millington in 1600⁴.

The first thing that strikes us in this entry is, that *the name of Shakspeare is not mentioned*; nor, when the two plays were published in 1600, did the printer ascribe them to our author in the title-page, (though his reputation was then at the highest,) as surely he would have done, had they been his compositions.

In a subsequent edition indeed of the same pieces, printed by one Pavier, without date; but in reality in 1619, after our great poet's death, the name of Shakspeare appears; but this was a bookseller's trick, founded upon our author's celebrity; on his having new modelled these plays; and on the proprietors of the Globe and Blackfriars' theatre not having published Shakspeare's *Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* The very same deception was practised with respect to *King John*. The old play (written perhaps by the same person who was the author of *The Contention of the two famous Houses, &c.*) was printed in 1591, like that piece, *anonymously*. In 1611, (Shakspeare's *King John*, founded on the same story, having been probably often acted and admired,) the old piece in two parts was reprinted; and, in order to deceive the purchaser, was said in the title-page to be written by *W. Sh.* A subsequent printer in 1622 grew more bold, and affixed Shakspeare's name to it at full length.

It is observable that Millington the bookseller, by whom *The first part of the Contention of the two famous Houses, &c.* was entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1593-4, and for whom that piece and *The Tragedie of the duke of Yorke, &c.* were printed in 1600, was not the proprietor of any one of Shakspeare's undisputed plays, except *King Henry V.* of which he published a *spurious* copy, that, I think, must have been imperfectly taken down in short-hand in the play-house.

⁴ They were probably printed in 1600, because Shakspeare's alterations of them were then popular, as *King Leir and his three daughters* was printed in 1605, because our author's play was probably at that time first produced.

The next observable circumstance with respect to these two quarto plays, is, that they are said in their title-pages to have been "sundry times acted by the earle of Pembroke his servantes." *Titus Andronicus* and *The old Taming of a Shrew* were acted by the same company of Comedians; but not *one* of our author's plays is said in its title-page to have been acted by any but the Lord Chamberlain's, or the Queen's, or King's servants. This circumstance alone, in my opinion, might almost decide the question.

This much appears on the first superficial view of these pieces; but the passage quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt from an old pamphlet, entitled *Greene's Groatsworth of Witte*, &c. affords a still more decisive support to the hypothesis that I am endeavouring to maintain; which indeed that pamphlet first suggested to me. As this passage is the chief hinge of my argument, though it has already been printed in a preceding page, it is necessary to lay it again before the reader.—"Yes," says the writer, Robert Greene, (addressing himself, as Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectures with great probability, to his poetical friend George Peele,) "trust them [the players] not; for there is an upstart crowe BEAUTIFIED WITH OUR FEATHERS, that with his tygres heart wrapt in a players hide supposes hee is as well able to bombaste out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is, in his own conceit, the only *Shake-scene* in a country."—"O tyger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide!" is a line of the old quarto play, entitled *The first part of the Contention of the two houses*, &c.

That Shakspeare was here alluded to, cannot, I think, be doubted. But what does the writer mean by calling him "*a crow beautified with our feathers*?" My solution is, that GREENE and PEELE were the joint-authors of the two quarto plays, entitled *The first part of the Contention of the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c. or that Greene was the author of one, and Peele of the other. Greene's pamphlet, from whence the foregoing passage

is extracted, was written recently before his death, which happened in September 1592. How long he and Peele had been dramatick writers, is not precisely ascertained. Peele took the degree of Master of Arts at Oxford, in 1579: Greene took the same degree in Cambridge in 1583. Each of them has left four or five plays, and they wrote several others which have not been published. The earliest of Peele's printed pieces, *The Arraignment of Paris*, appeared in 1584; and one of Greene's pamphlets was printed in 1583. Between that year and 1591 it is highly probable that the two plays in question were written. I suspect they were produced in 1588 or 1589. We have undoubted proofs that Shakspeare was not above working on the materials of other men. His *Taming of the Shrew*, his *King John*, and other plays, render any arguments on that point unnecessary. Having therefore probably not long before the year 1592, when Greene wrote this dying exhortation to his friend, new-modell'd and amplified these two pieces, and produced on the stage what in the folio edition of his Works are called *The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.* and having acquired considerable reputation by them, Greene could not conceal the mortification that he felt at his own fame and that of his associate, both of them old and admired play-wrights, being eclipsed by a new *upstart* writer, (for so he calls our great poet,) who had then first perhaps attracted the notice of the publick by exhibiting two plays, formed upon old dramas written by them, considerably enlarged and improved. He therefore in direct terms charges him with having acted like the crow in the fable, *beautified himself with their feathers*; in other words, with having acquired fame *furtivis coloribus*, by new-modelling a work originally produced by them: and wishing to depretiate our author, he very naturally quotes a line from one of the pieces, which Shakspeare had thus *re-written*; a proceeding which the authors of the original plays considered as an invasion both of their literary property and character. This line with many others Shakspeare adopted without any alteration.

tion. The very term that Greene uses,—“to *bombast* out a blank verse,” exactly corresponds with what has been now suggested. This new poet, says he, knows as well as any man how to *amplify* and swell out a blank verse. *Bombast* was a soft stuff of a loose texture, by which garments were rendered more swelling and protuberant.

Several years after the death of Boiardo, Francesco Berni undertook to new-verify Boiardo's poem, entitled ORLANDO INNAMORATO. Berni (as Baretto observes) “was not satisfied with merely making the versification of that poem better; he interspersed it with many stanzas of his own, and changed almost all the beginnings of the cantos, introducing each of them with some moral reflection arising from the canto foregoing.” What Berni did to Boiardo's poem after the death of its author, and more, I suppose Shakspeare to have done to *The first part of the Contention of the two houses of Yorke and Lancaster, &c.* and *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke, &c.* in the life time of Greene and Peele, their literary parents; and this *Risacimento* (as the Italians call it) of these two plays I suppose to have been executed by Shakspeare, and exhibited at the Globe or Blackfriars theatre, in the year 1591.

I have said Shakspeare did what Berni did, and more. He did not content himself with writing new beginnings to the acts; he new-verified, he new-modelled, he transposed many of the parts, and greatly amplified and improved the whole. Several lines, however, and even whole speeches which he thought sufficiently polished, he accepted, and introduced into his own work, without any, or with very slight, alterations.

In the present edition, all those lines which he adopted without any alteration, are printed in the usual manner; those speeches which he altered or expanded, are distinguished by inverted commas; and to all the lines entirely composed by himself asterisks are prefixed. The total number of lines in our author's *Second* and *Third Part* of *K. Henry VI.* is SIX THOUSAND AND FORTY-THREE:

of these, as I conceive, 1771 lines were written by some author who preceded Shakspeare; 2373 were formed by him on the foundation laid by his predecessors; and 1899 lines were entirely his own composition.

That the reader may have the whole of the subject before him, I shall here transcribe the fourth scene of the fourth act of *The Third Part of K. Henry VI.* (which happens to be a short one,) together with the corresponding scene in the original play; and also a speech of Queen Margaret in the fifth act, with the original speech on which it is formed. The first specimen will serve to shew the method taken by Shakspeare, where he only new-polished the language of the old play, rejecting some part of the dialogue, and making some slight additions to the part which he retained; the second is a striking proof of his facility and vigour of composition, which has happily expanded a thought comprized originally in a very short speech, into thirty-seven lines, none of which appear feeble or superfluous.

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARDE DUKE OF
YORKE, &c. Sign. F. 4. edit. 1600.

Enter the Queene, and the Lord Rivers.

Riv. Tell me, good madam,
Why is your grace so passionate of late.

Queene. Why, brother Rivers, heare you not the news
Of that success king Edward had of late?

Riv. What? losse of some pitcht battaile against War-
wick?

Tush; fear not, faire queen, but cast these cares aside.
King Edwards noble minde his honours doth display;
And Warwicke may lose, though then he got the day.

Queene. If that were all, my griefes were at an end;
But greater troubles will, I feare, befall.

Riv. What? is he taken prisoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royal person then?

Queene. I, there's my griefe; king Edward is sur-
prised,
And led away as prisoner unto Yorke.

Riv.

Riv. The newes is passing strange, I must confesse;
Yet comfort yourselfe, for Edward hath more friends
Than Lancaster at this time must perceive,—
That some will set him in his throne againe.

Queene. God grant they may! but gentle brother, come,
And let me leane upon thine arm a while,
Untill I come unto the sanctuarie;
There to preserve the fruit within my womb,
King Edwards seed, true heir to Englands crowne.

[*Exeunt.*]

KING HENRY VI. PART III. ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Enter the QUEEN, and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Queen. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against War-
wick?

Queen. No, but the loss of his own royal person:

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Queen. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;

Either betray'd by falshood of his guard,

Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares:

And, as I further have to understand,

Is new committed to the bishop of York,

Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:

Yet gracious madam, bear it as you may;

Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Queen. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.

And I the rather wean me from despair,

For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

This is it that makes me bridle passion,

And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,

And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown

King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

E c 3

Queen.

Queen. I am informed, that he comes towards London
 To set the crown once more on Henry's head :
 Guess thou the rest ; king Edward's friends must down.
 But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
 (For trust not him that once hath broken faith,)
 I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
 To save at least the heir of Edward's right ;
 There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
 Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly ;
 If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [Exeunt.]

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARDE DUKE OF
 YORKE, &c. Sign. G 4. edit. 1600.

*Enter the Queen, Prince Edward, Oxford, Somerset,
 with drumme and souldiers.*

Queen. Welcome to England, my loving friends of France ;
 And welcome Somerset and Oxford too.
 Once more have we spread our sailes abroad ;
 And though our tackling be almost consumde,
 And Warwicke as our main-mast overthrowne,
 Yet, warlike lordes, raise you that sturdie post,
 That bears the sailes to bring us unto rest ;
 And Ned and I, as willing pilots should,
 For once with careful mindes guide on the sterne,
 To bear us thorough that dangerous gulse,
 That heretofore hath swallowed up our friendes.

KING HENRY VI. PART III. ACT V. SCENE IV.

*March. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD,
 SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
 But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
 What though the mast be now blown over-board,
 The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
 And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ?
 Yet lives our pilot still : Is't meet, that he
 Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
 With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
 And give more strength to that which hath too much ;
 Whiles,

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
 Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
 Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
 Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
 And Montague our top-mast; What of him?
 Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?
 Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
 And Somerset another goodly mast?
 The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
 And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
 For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
 We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
 But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,
 From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
 As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
 And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
 What Clarence, but a quick-sand of deceit?
 And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
 All these the enemies to our poor bark.
 Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
 Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
 Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
 Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
 This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
 In case some one of you would fly from us,
 That there's no hop'd for mercy with the brothers,
 More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
 Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear⁵.

If the reader wishes to compare *The first part of the Contention of the two houses*, &c. with *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* which was formed upon it, he will find various passages quoted from the elder drama in the notes on that play. The two celebrated scenes, in which the dead body of the duke of Gloster is described, and the death of Cardinal Beaufort is represented, may be worth

⁵ Compare also the account of the death of the duke of York (p. 269) and King Henry's Soliloquy (p. 287) with the old play as quoted in the notes.—Sometimes our author new-verified the old, without the addition of any new matter. See p. 335, n. 1.

examining with this view ; and will sufficiently ascertain how our author proceeded in new-modelling that play ; with what expression, animation. and splendour of colouring he filled up the outline that had been sketched by a preceding writer⁶.

Shakspeare having thus given celebrity to these two old dramas, by altering and writing several parts of them over again, the bookseller, Millington, in 1593-4, to avail himself of the popularity of the new and admired poet, got, perhaps from Peele, who was then living, or from the author, whoever he was, or from some of the comedians belonging to the earl of Pembroke, the *original* play on which *the Second Part of K. Henry VI.* was founded ; and entered it on the Stationers' books, certainly with an intention to publish it. Why it did not then appear, cannot be now ascertained. But both that, and the other piece on which *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* was formed, was printed by the same bookseller in 1600, either with a view to lead the common reader to suppose that he should purchase two plays *as altered* and new-modelled by Shakspeare, or, without any such fraudulent intention, to derive a profit from the exhibition of a work that so great a writer had thought proper to retouch, and form into those dramas which for several years before 1600 had without doubt been performed with considerable applause. In the same manner *The old Taming of a Shrew*, on which our author formed a play, had been entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594, and was printed in 1607, without doubt with a view to pass it on the publick as the production of Shakspeare.

When William Pavier republished *The Contention of the two Houses*, &c. in 1619⁷, he omitted the words in the

⁶ See p. 185, n. 8 ; and p. 196, n. 9. Compare also Clifford's speech to the rebels in p. 229, Buckingham's address to King Henry in p. 249, and Iden's speech in p. 255, with the old play, as quoted in the notes.

⁷ Pavier's edition has no date, but it is ascertained to have been printed in 1619, by the Signatures ; the *last* of which is Q. The play of *Pericles* was printed in 1619, for the same bookseller, and its *first* signature is R. The undoubted copy, therefore, of *The Whole Contention*, &c. and *Pericles*, must have been printed at the same time.

original title page,—“*as it was acted by the earl of Pembroke his servantes;*”—just as, on the republication of *King John* in two parts, in 1611, the words,—“*as it was acted in the honourable city of London,*”—were omitted; because the omitted words in both cases marked the respective pieces not to be the production of Shakspeare⁸. And as in *King John* the letters *W. Sh.* were added in 1611 to deceive the purchaser, so in the republication of *The Whole Contention*, &c. Pavier, having dismissed the words above mentioned, inserted these: “*Newly CORRECTED and ENLARGED by William Shakspeare;*” knowing that these pieces had been made the ground work of two other plays; that they had in fact been *corrected and enlarged*, (though not in that copy which Pavier printed, which is a mere republication from the edition of 1600,) and exhibited under the titles of *The Second and Third Part of K. Henry VI.*; and hoping that this new edition of the *original* plays would pass for those *altered and augmented* by Shakspeare, which were then unpublished.

If Shakspeare had originally written these three plays of *King Henry VI.* would they not probably have been found by the bookseller in the same Ms.? Would not the three parts have been procured, whether surreptitiously or otherwise, *all together*? Would they not in that Ms. have borne the titles of the *First and Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.*? And would not the bookseller have entered them on the Stationers’ books, and published such of them as he did publish, under those titles, and *with the name of Shakspeare*? On the other hand, if that which is now distinguished by the name of *The First Part of King Henry VI.* but which I suppose in those times was only called “*The historical play of King Henry VI.*” if this was the production of some old dramatist, if it had appeared on the stage some years before 1591, (as from Nashe’s mention of it seems to be implied,) perhaps in 1587 or 1588, if its popularity was in 1594 in its wane, and the attention of the publick was entirely taken up by Shakspeare’s alteration of two other plays which had likewise appeared before 1591, would

⁸ See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare’s plays*, Vol. I. Article, *King John*.

not the superior popularity of these two pieces, altered by such a poet, attract the notice of the booksellers? and finding themselves unable to procure them from the theatre, would they not gladly seize on the *originals* on which this new and admired writer had worked, and publish them as soon as they could, neglecting entirely the preceding old play, or *First Part of King Henry VI.* (as it is now called) which Shakspeare had not embellished with his pen?—Such, we have seen, was actually the process; for Thomas Millington, neglecting entirely *The First Part of K. Henry VI.* entered the ORIGINAL of *The Second Part of K. Henry VI.* at Stationers' Hall in 1593-4, and published the ORIGINALS of both that and *The Third Part* in 1600. When Heminge and Condell printed these three pieces in folio, they were necessarily obliged to name the old play of *King Henry VI.* the *first part*, to distinguish it from the two following historical dramas, founded on a later period of the same king's reign.

Having examined such external evidence as time has left us concerning these two plays, now denominated *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* let us see whether we cannot by internal marks ascertain how far Shakspeare was concerned in their composition.

It has long been a received opinion that the two quarto plays, one of which was published under the title of *The First Part of the Contention of the two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. and the other under the title of *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. were spurious and imperfect copies of Shakspeare's *Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.*; and many passages have been quoted in the notes to the late editions of Shakspeare, as containing merely the various readings of the quartos and the folio; the passages being supposed to be in substance the same, only variously exhibited in different copies. The variations have been accounted for, by supposing that the imperfect and spurious quarto copies (as they were called) were taken down either by an unskilful short-hand writer, or by some auditor who picked up “during the representation what the time would permit, then filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and when he had

had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer. To this opinion, I with others for a long time subscribed: two of Heywood's pieces furnishing indubitable proofs that plays in the time of our author were sometimes imperfectly copied during the representation, by the ear, or by short-hand writers⁹. But a minute examination of the two pieces in question, and a careful comparison of them with Shakspeare's *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* have convinced me that this could not have been the case with respect to them. No fraudulent copyist or short-hand writer would invent circumstances *totally different* from those which appear in Shakspeare's new-modelled draughts as exhibited in the first folio; or insert *whole speeches*, of which scarcely a trace is found in that edition. In the course of the foregoing notes many of these have been particularly pointed out. I shall now bring into one point of view all those internal circumstances which prove in my apprehension decisively, that the quarto plays were not spurious and imperfect copies of Shakspeare's pieces, but elder dramas on which he formed his *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.*

1. In some places a speech in one of these quartos consists of ten or twelve lines. In Shakspeare's folio the same speech consists of perhaps only half the number¹. A copyist by the ear, or an unskilful short-hand writer, might mutilate and exhibit a poet's thoughts or expressions imperfectly; but would he dilate and amplify them, or introduce totally new matter? Assuredly he would not.

2. Some circumstances are mentioned in the old quarto plays, of which there is not the least trace in the folio; and many minute variations are found between them and the folio, that prove the pieces in quarto to have been original and distinct compositions.

In the last act of the *First Part of the Contention*, &c. the duke of Buckingham after the battle of Saint Albans, is brought in wounded, and carried to his tent; but in Shak-

⁹ See p. 377.

¹ See p. 127, n. 2; p. 150, n. 8; p. 154, n. *; p. 243, n. *; p. 333, n. 7; and p. 356, n. 2.

Shakespeare's play he is not introduced on the stage after that battle.

In one of the *original* scenes between Jack Cade and his followers, which Shakspeare has made the seventh scene of the fourth act of his *Second Part of King Henry VI.* Dick Butcher drags a serjeant, that is, a catch-pole, on the stage, and a dialogue consisting of seventeen lines passes between Cade, &c. at the conclusion of which it is determined that the serjeant shall be "brain'd with his own mace." Of this not one word appears in our author's play². In the same piece Jack Cade, hearing that a knight, called Sir Humphrey Stafford, was coming at the head of an army against him, to put himself on a par with him makes himself a knight; and finding that Stafford's brother was also a knight, he dubs Dick Butcher also. But in Shakspeare's play the latter circumstance is omitted.

In the old play Somerset goes out immediately after he is appointed regent of France. In Shakspeare's *Second Part of King Henry VI.* he continues on the stage with Henry to the end of the scene (Act I. sc. iii.) and the king addresses him as they go out.

In the old play, the dutchess of Gloster enters with Hume, Bolinbroke, and Margery Jourdain, and after some conversation with them, tells them that while they perform their rites, she will go to the top of an adjoining tower, and there write down such answers as the spirits, that they are to raise, shall give to her questions. But in Shakspeare's play, Hume, *Southwell*, (who is not introduced in the elder drama) and Bolingbroke, &c. enter without the dutchess; and after some conversation the dutchess appears above, (that is, on the tower,) and encourages them to proceed³.

In Shakspeare's play, when the duke of York enters, and finds the dutchess of Gloster, &c. and her co-adjutors performing their magick rites, (p. 141,) the duke seizes the paper in which the answers of the spirit to certain questions

² See p. 227, n. *; and *The First Part of the Contention*, &c. 1600, Sign. G. 3.

³ See p. 137, n. 2.

are written down, and reads them aloud. In the old play the answers are not here recited by York; but in a subsequent scene Buckingham reads them to the king; (see p. 141, n. 9, and p. 149, n. 3.) and this is one of the many transpositions that Shakspeare made in new-modelling these pieces, of which I shall speak more fully hereafter.

In the old play, when the king pronounces sentence on the dutchess of Gloster, he particularly mentions the mode of her penance; and the sentence is pronounced in prose. "Stand forth dame Eleanor Cobham, dutchess of Gloster, and hear the sentence pronounced against thee for these treasons that thou hast committed against us, our state and peers. First, for thy haynous crimes thou shalt *two daies* in London do penance *barefoot in the streets, with a white sheete about thy bodie, and a wax taper burning in thy hand*: that done, thou shalt be banished for ever into the Isle of Man, there to end thy wretched daies; and this is our sentence irrevocable.—Away with her." But in Shakspeare's play, (p. 155) the king pronounces sentence in *verse* against the dutchess *and her confederates* at the same time; and only says in general, that "after *three* days open penance, she shall be banished to the Isle of Man."

In Shakspeare's play, (p. 175) when the duke of York undertakes to subdue the Irish rebels, if he be furnished with a sufficient army, *Suffolk* says, that he "will see that charge performed." But in the old play the queen enjoins *the duke of Buckingham* to attend to this business, and he accepts the office.

In our author's play Jack Cade is described as a *clothier*, in the old play he is "the *dyer* of Ashford." In the same piece, when the king and Somerset appear at Kenelworth, a dialogue passes between them and the queen, of which not one word is preserved in the corresponding scene in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 231.) In the old play, Buckingham states to the king the grounds on which York had taken up arms; but in Shakspeare's piece, (p. 242,) York himself assigns his reasons for his conduct.

In the old play near the conclusion, young Clifford,

when

when he is preparing to carry off the dead body of his father, is assaulted by Richard, and after putting him to flight, he makes a speech consisting of four lines. But in Shakspeare's play (p. 252) there is no combat between them, nor is Richard introduced in that scene. The four lines therefore above mentioned are necessarily omitted.

In the old play the queen drops her glove, and finding that the dutchess of Gloster makes no attempt to take it up, she gives her a box on the ear :

“ Give me my *glove*; *why*, minion, can you not see?”

But in Shakspeare's play, (p. 133,) the queen drops not a glove, but a *fan* :

“ Give me my *fan* : *What*, minion, can you not?”

In Shakspeare's *Second Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 201,) Suffolk discovers himself to the captain who had seized him, by shewing his *George*. In the old play he announces his quality by a *ring*, a seal-ring we may suppose, exhibiting his arms. In the same scene of Shakspeare's play, he observes that the captain threatens more

“ Than *Bargulus*, the strong *Illyrian* pirate.”

But in the elder drama Suffolk says, he

“ Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,

“ The great *Macedonian* pirate.”

In the same scene of the original play the captain threatens to *sink* Suffolk's ship ; but no such menace is found in Shakspeare's play.

In *The True Tragedie of Richard duke of York, &c.* Richard (afterwards duke of Gloster) informs Warwick that his *father* the earl of Salisbury was killed in an action which he describes, and which in fact took place at Ferrybridge in Yorkshire. But Shakspeare in his *Third Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 283) formed upon the piece above-mentioned, has rightly deviated from it, and for *father* substituted *brother*, it being the natural brother of Warwick, (the

bastard

bastard son of Salisbury) that fell at Ferrybridge. The earl of Salisbury, Warwick's father, was beheaded at Pomfret.

In the same old play a son is introduced who has killed his father, and afterwards a father who has killed his son. King Henry, who is on the stage, says not a word till they have both appeared, and spoken; he then pronounces a speech of seven lines. But in Shakspeare's play (p. 290.) this speech is enlarged, and two speeches formed on it; the first of which the king speaks after the son has appeared, and the other after the entry of the father.

In our author's play, (p. 322,) after Edward's marriage with Lady Grey, his brothers enter, and converse on that event. The king, queen, &c. then join them, and Edward asks Clarence how he approves his choice. In the elder play there is no previous dialogue between Gloster and Clarence; but the scene opens with the entry of the king, &c. who desires the opinion of his brothers on his recent marriage.

In our author's play (p. 311.) the following line is found:

"And fet the *murderous Machiavel* to school."

This line in *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. stood thus:

"And fet the *aspiring Cataline* to school."

Cataline was the person that would naturally occur to Peele or Greene, as the most splendid *classical* example of inordinate ambition; but Shakspeare, who was more conversant with English books, substituted Machiavel, whose name was in such frequent use in his time that it became a specifick term for a consummate politician⁴; and accordingly he makes his host in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, when he means to boast of his own shrewdness, exclaim, "Am I subtle? am I a *Machiavel*?"

Many other variations beside those already mentioned might be pointed out; but that I may not weary the reader, I will only refer in a note to the most striking diversities that

⁴ See p. 104, n. 5. of this volume.

are found between Shakspeare's *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* and the elder dramas printed in quarto⁵.

The supposition of imperfect or spurious copies cannot account for such numerous variations in the *circumstances* of these pieces; (not to insist at present on the *language* in which they are clothed;) so that we are compelled (as I have already observed) to maintain, either that Shakspeare wrote *two* plays on the story which forms his *Second Part of King Henry VI.* a hasty sketch, and an entirely distinct and more finished performance; or else we must acknowledge that he formed that piece on a foundation laid by another writer, that is, upon the quarto copy of *The First Part of the Contention of the Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, &c.*—And the same argument precisely applies to *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* which is founded on *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke, &c.* printed in quarto, 1600.

Let us now advert to the *Resemblances* that are found in these pieces as exhibited in the folio, to passages in our author's undisputed plays; and also to the *Inconsistencies* that may be traced between them; and, if I do not deceive myself, both the one and the other will add considerable support to the foregoing observations.

In our author's genuine plays, he frequently borrows from himself, the same thoughts being found in nearly the same expressions in different pieces. In *The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.* as in his other dramas, these coincidences with his other works may be found⁶; and this was one of the circumstances that once weighed much in my mind, and convinced me of their authenticity. But a collation of these plays with the old pieces on which they are founded, has shewn me the fallacy by which I was de-

⁵ See p. 127, n. 2; p. 137, n. 1; p. 139, n. 3; p. 140, n. 8; p. 154, n. *; p. 170, n. 2; p. 174, n. 5; p. 178, n. 2; p. 199, n. 8; p. 201, n. 2; p. 205, n. 6; p. 227, n. 7; p. 231, n. 4; p. 242, n. 9, and n. *; p. 255, n. 6; p. 265, n. 7; p. 267, n. 2; p. 268, n. 7; p. 272, n. 9; p. 274, n. 2; p. 275, n. 4; p. 278, n. 4; p. 283, n. 8; p. 286, n. 4; p. 290, n. 5; p. 311, n. 9; p. 321, n. 4; p. 328, n. 8, and n. 9; p. 350, n. 8.

⁶ See p. 127, n. 7; p. 131, n. 7; p. 193, n. 8; p. 197, n. *; p. 206, n. 8; p. 227, n. 7; p. 256, n. 9; p. 287, n. 8; p. 300, n. 6; p. 358, n. 8; and p. 363, n. 9.

ceived; for the passages of these two parts of *K. Henry VI.* which correspond with others in our author's undisputed plays, exist *only* in the *folio* copy, and not in the *quarto*; in other words, in those parts of these new-modelled pieces, which were of Shakspeare's writing, and not in the originals by another hand, on which he worked. This, I believe, will be found invariably the case, except in three instances.

The first is, "You have no children, butchers;" which is, it must be acknowledged, in *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke, &c.* 1600; (as well as in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.*) and is also introduced with a slight variation in *Macbeth*⁷.

Another instance is found in *K. John*. That king, when charged with the death of his nephew, asks,

"Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?"

"Have I commandment on the pulse of life?"

which bears a striking resemblance to the words of Cardinal Beaufort in *The first part of the Contention of the two houses, &c.* which Shakspeare has introduced in his *Second Part of King Henry VI.*

"—— Died he not in his bed?"

"Can I make men live whe'r they will or no?"

The third instance is found in *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke, &c.* In that piece are the following lines, which Shakspeare adopted with a very slight variation, and inserted in his *Third Part of King Henry VI.*:

"—— doves will peck in rescue of their brood.—

"Unreasonable creatures feed their young;

"And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,

"Yet, in protection of their tender ones,

"Who hath not seen them even with those same wings

"Which they have sometime used in fearful flight,

"Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,

"Offering their own lives in their young's defence?"

So, in our author's *Macbeth*:

"—— the poor wren—

"The most diminutive of birds, will fight,

"Her young ones in the nest, against the owl."

⁷ See p. 364, of this volume, and Vol. IV. p. 211.

But whoever recollects the various thoughts that Shakspeare has borrowed from preceding writers, will not be surpris'd that in a *similar* situation, in *Macbeth*, and *King John*, he should have used the expressions of an old dramatist, with whose writings he had been particularly conversant; expressions too, which he had before embodied in former plays: nor can, I think, these three instances much diminish the force of the foregoing observation. That it may have its full weight, I have in the present edition distinguished by asterisks all the lines in *The Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* of which there is no trace in the old quarto plays, and which therefore I suppose to have been written by Shakspeare. Though this has not been effected without much trouble, yet, if it shall tend to settle this long-agitated question, I shall not consider my labour as wholly thrown away.

Perhaps a similar coincidence in *The First Part of King Henry VI.* may be urged in opposition to my hypothesis relative to that play. "Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire," are in that piece called the attendants on the brave lord Talbot; as in Shakspeare's *King Henry V.* "famine, sword, and fire, are leash'd in like hounds, crouching under the martial Henry for employment." If this image had proceeded from our author's imagination, this coincidence might perhaps countenance the supposition that he had some hand at least in that scene of *The First Part of King Henry VI.* where these attendants on war are personified. But that is not the case; for the fact is, that Shakspeare was furnished with this imagery by a passage in *Holinshed*, as the author of the old play of *King Henry VI.* was by *Hall's Chronicle*: "The Goddesse of warre, called Bellonas—hath these three hand-maides ever of necessitie attendynge on her; *bloud, fyre, and famine* ^s."

In our present inquiry, it is undoubtedly a very striking circumstance that *almost* all the passages in *The Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* which resemble others in Shakspeare's undisputed plays, are not found in the original pieces in quarto, but in his *Risfamento* published in

^s *Hall's Chron.* Henry VI. fol. xxix.

folio. As these *Resemblances* to his other plays, and a peculiar Shakspearian phraseology, ascertain a *considerable portion* of these disputed dramas to be the production of Shakspeare, so on the other hand certain passages which are *discordant* (in matters of fact) from his other plays, are proved by this *Discordancy*, not to have been composed by him; and these discordant passages, being found in the original quarto plays, prove that those pieces were composed by another writer.

Thus, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 303,) Sir John Grey is said to have lost "his life in quarrel of the house of York;" and king Edward stating the claim of his widow, whom he afterwards married, mentions, that his lands after the battle of Saint Albans (February 17, 1460-1) "were seized on by the conqueror." Whereas in fact they were seized on by Edward himself after the battle of Towton, (in which he was conqueror,) March 29, 1461. The conqueror at the second battle of Saint Albans, the battle here meant, was Queen Margaret. This statement was taken from the old quarto play; and, from carelessness was adopted by Shakspeare without any material alteration. But at a subsequent period when he wrote his *King Richard III.* he was under a necessity of carefully examining the English chronicles; and in that play, Act I. sc. iii. he has represented this matter truly as it was:

"In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
 "Were *factious* for the house of Lancaster;—
 "(And, Rivers, so were you;)—Was not your husband
 "In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain?"

It is called "Margaret's battle," because she was there victorious.

An equally decisive circumstance is furnished by the same play. In *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 320.) Warwick proposes to marry his *eldest* daughter (*Isabella*) to Edward prince of Wales, and the proposal is accepted by Edward; and in a subsequent scene Clarence says, he will marry the *younger* daughter (*Anne*). In these particulars Shakspeare has implicitly followed the elder drama. But the fact is, that the prince of Wales married Anne the *younger* daughter of the earl of Warwick, and the duke of

Clarence married the *elder*, Isabella. Though the author of *The true Tragedie of the duke of Yorke, &c.* was here inaccurate, and though Shakspeare too negligently followed his steps,—when he wrote his *King Richard III.* he had gained better information; for there Lady ANNE is rightly represented as the widow of the prince of Wales, and the *youngest* daughter of the earl of Warwick:

“ Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
 “ And leave the world to me to buffle in.
 “ For then I’ll marry Warwick’s *youngest* daughter;
 “ What though I kill’d her husband, and her father,” &c.

i. e. Edward prince of Wales, and king Henry VI.

King Richard III. Act I. sc. i.

I have said that certain passages in *The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.* are ascertained to be Shakspeare’s by a peculiar phraseology. This peculiar phraseology, without a single exception, distinguishes such parts of these plays as are found in the folio, and not in the *elder* quarto dramas, of which the phraseology, as well as the verification, is of a different colour. This observation applies not only to the new original matter produced by Shakspeare, but to his alteration of the old. Our author in his undoubted compositions has fallen into an inaccuracy, of which I do not recollect a similar instance in the works of any other dramatist. When he has occasion to quote the same paper twice, (not from memory, but *verbatim*), from negligence he does not always attend to the words of the paper which he has occasion to quote, but makes one of the persons of the drama recite them with variations, though he holds the very paper quoted before his eyes. Thus, in *All’s well that ends well*, Act V. sc. iii. Helena says,

“ — here’s your letter; This it says:
 “ *When from my finger you can get this ring,*
 “ *And are by me with child,*”—

Yet, as I have observed in Vol. IV. p. 55, n. 6. Helena in Act III. sc. ii. *reads* this very letter aloud, and there the

the words are different, and in plain prose: "When thou canst get the ring from my finger, which never shall come off, and shew me a child begotten of thy body," &c. In like manner, in the first scene of *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* Suffolk presents to the duke of Gloster, protector of the realm, the articles of peace concluded between France and England. The protector begins to read the articles, but when he has proceeded no further than these words,—“Item, that the dutchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father,”—he is suddenly taken ill, and rendered incapable of proceeding: on which the bishop of Winchester is called upon to read the remainder of the paper. He accordingly reads the whole of the article, of which the duke of Gloster had only read a part: “Item, It is further agreed between them, that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent,” &c. Now though Maine in our old chronicles is sometimes called a county, and sometimes a dutchy, yet words cannot thus change their form under the eyes of two readers: nor do they in the original play, entitled *The first part of the Contention of the two houses*, &c for there the article as recited by the protector corresponds with that recited by the bishop, without the most minute variation. “Item, It is further agreed between them, that the dutchies of Anjou and of Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent,” &c. Thus in the old play says the duke, and so says the cardinal after him. This one circumstance, in my apprehension, is of such weight, that though it stood alone, it might decide the present question. Our author has fallen into a similar inaccuracy in the fourth scene of the same act, where the duke of York recites from a paper the questions that had been put to the Spirit, relative to the duke of Suffolk; Somerset⁹, &c.

Many minute marks of Shakspeare's hand may be traced in such parts of the old plays as he has new-modelled. I at present recollect one that must strike every

⁹ See p. 141, n. *

reader who is conversant with his writings. He very frequently uses adjectives adverbially; and this kind of phraseology, if not peculiar to him, is found more frequently in his writings than those of any of his contemporaries. Thus,—“I am myself *indifferent* honest;”—“as *dishonourable* ragged as an old faced ancient;”—“*equal* ravenous;”—“leaves them *invisible*”; &c. In *The true Tragedie of the duke of Yorke*, &c. the king, having determined to marry Lady Grey, enjoins his brothers to use her *honourably*. But in Shakspeare's play the words are,—“use her *honourable*.” So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“Young man, thou could'st not die more *honourable*.”

In like manner, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* we find this line:

“Is either slain, or wounded *dangerous*.”

but in the old play the words are—“wounded *dangerously*.”

In the same play the word *handkerchief* is used; but in the corresponding scene in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 270.) Shakspeare has substituted the northern term *napkin*, which occurs so often in his works, in its room.

The next circumstance to which I wish to call the attention of those who do not think the present investigation wholly incurious, is, the *Transpositions* that are found in these plays. In the preceding notes I have frequently observed that not only several lines, but sometimes whole scenes², were transposed by Shakspeare.

In p. 270, a Messenger, giving an account of the death of the duke of York, says,

“Environed he was with many foes;

“And stood against them, as the hope of Troy

“Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.

“But Hercules himself must yield to odds;”—

When this passage was printed, not finding any trace

¹ See Vol. V. p. 233, n. 3; Vol. IV. p. 564, n. 6; Vol. III. p. 441, n. 2.

² See p. 335, n. 9; p. 340, n. 6; p. 344, n. 5.

of the last three lines in the corresponding part of the old play, I marked them inadvertently as Shakspeare's original composition; but I afterwards found that he had borrowed them from a subsequent scene on a quite different subject, in which Henry, taking leave of Warwick, says to him,

“Farewell my Hector, and my Troy's true hope!”

and the last line, “But Hercules,” &c. is spoken by Warwick near the conclusion of the piece, after he is mortally wounded in the battle of Barnet.

So, in *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. after the duke has slain Clifford, he says,

“Now, Lancaster, sit sure:—thy sinews shrink.”

Shakspeare has not made use of that line in that place, but availed himself of it afterwards, where Edward brings forth Warwick wounded; *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act V. sc. ii.

“Now, Mountague, sit fast: I seek for thee,” &c.

Many other transpositions may be traced in these plays, to which I shall only refer in a note³.

Such transpositions as I have noticed, could never have arisen from any carelessness or inaccuracy of transcribers or copyists; and therefore are to be added to the many other circumstances which prove that *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.*, as exhibited in the folio, were formed from the materials of a preceding writer.

It is also observable, that many lines are repeated in Shakspeare's *Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.*⁴, but no such repetitions are found in the old quarto plays. The repetition undoubtedly arose from Shakspeare's not always following his original strictly, but introducing expressions which had struck him in other parts of the old plays; and afterwards, forgetting that he had before used such expressions, he suffered them to remain in their original places also.

³ See p. 193, n. 9; p. 211, n. 5; p. 245, n. 8; p. 330, n. 4; p. 354, n. 8, and n. 9; p. 359, n. 9.

⁴ See p. 287, n. 6; p. 301, n. 9; p. 313, n. 2; p. 317, n. *.

Another proof that Shakspeare was not the author of *The Contention of the two houses*, &c. is furnished by the inconsistencies into which he has fallen, by sometimes adhering to, and sometimes deviating from, his original: an inaccuracy which may be sometimes observed in his undisputed plays.

One of the most remarkable instances of this kind of inconsistency is found in *The Second Part of K. Henry VI.* p. 217, where he makes Henry say,

“ I’ll send some holy bishop to entreat,” &c.

a circumstance which he took from Holinshed’s Chronicle; whereas in the old play no mention is made of a bishop on this occasion. The king there says, he will himself come and parley with the rebels, and in the mean time he orders Clifford and Buckingham to gather an army. In a subsequent scene, however, Shakspeare forgot the new matter which he had introduced in the former; and Clifford and Buckingham only parley with Cade, &c. *conformably to the old play*⁵.

In *Romeo and Juliet* he has fallen into a similar inaccuracy. In the poem on which that tragedy is founded, Romeo, in his interview with the Friar, after sentence of banishment has been pronounced against him, is described as passionately lamenting his fate in the following terms:

“ First nature did he blame, the author of his life,

“ In which his joys had been so scant, and sorrows
aye so rife;

“ The time and place of birth he fiercely did reprove;

“ He cryed out with open mouth against the stars
above.—

“ On fortune eke he rail’d,” &c.

The friar afterwards reproves him for want of patience. In forming the corresponding scene Shakspeare has omitted Romeo’s invective against his fate, but inadvertently copied the friar’s remonstrance as it lay before him:

“ Why rail’st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?”

⁵ See also p. 139, n. 6; p. 316, n. 6; and p. 317, n. 6.

If the following should be considered as a trifling circumstance, let it be remembered, that circumstances which, separately considered, may appear unimportant, sometimes acquire strength, when united to other proofs of more efficacy: in my opinion, however, what I shall now mention is a circumstance of considerable weight. It is observable that the priest concerned with Eleanor Cobham Dutcheſs of Gloceſter, in certain pretended operations of magick, for which ſhe was tried, is called by Hall, John *Hum*. So is he named in *The firſt part of the Contention of the two Houſes of Yorke, &c.* the original, as I ſuppoſe, of *The Second Part of K. Henry VI.* Our author probably thinking the name harſh or ridiculous, ſoftened it to *Hume*; and by that name this prieſt is called in *his* play printed in folio. But in Holinſhed he is named *Hun*; and ſo undoubtedly, or perhaps for ſoftneſs, *Hune*, he would have been called in the original quarto play juſt mentioned, if Shakſpeare had been the author of it; for Holinſhed and not Hall was his guide, as I have ſhewn incontestably in a note on *King Henry V.* Vol. V. p. 40. But Hall was undoubtedly the hiſtorian who had been conſulted by the original writer of *The Contention of the two Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*; as appears from his having taken a line from thence, “That *Alexander Iden, an eſquire of Kent*,” and from the ſcene in which Cardinal Beaufort is exhibited on his death-bed. One part of the particular deſcription of the Cardinal’s death and dying words, in the old quarto play, is founded on a paſſage in Hall, which Holinſhed, though in general a ſervile copyiſt of the former chronicler, has omitted. The paſſage is this. “Dr. John Baker, his pryvie counſailer and hys chappellayn, wrote, that lying on his death-bed he [Cardinal Beaufort] ſaid theſe words: ‘Why ſhould I dye, havynge ſo much riches? If the whole realme would ſave my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Fye! will not death be hyered, nor will money

* See Hall, Henry V. fol. lxxix. Holinſhed ſays, “a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Iden, awaited ſo his time,” &c.

do nothyng?" From this the writer of the old play formed these lines:

O death, if thou wilt let me live
But one whole year, I'll give thee as much gold
As will purchase such another island.

which Shakspeare new-modelled thus:

If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

If Shakspeare had been the author of *The first part of the Contention*, &c. finding in his Holinshed the name *Hun*, he would either have preserved it, or softened it to *Hune*. Working on the old play, where he found the name of *Hum*, which sounded ridiculous to his ear, he changed it to *Hume*. But whoever the original writer of the old play was, having used the name of *Hum*, he must have formed his play on Hall's Chronicle, where *alone* that name is found. Shakspeare therefore having made Holinshed, and not Hall, his guide, could not have been the writer of it.

It may be remarked, that by the alteration of this priest's name he has destroyed a rhyme intended by the author of the original play, where Sir John begins a soliloquy with this jingling line:

"Now, Sir John *Hum*, no word but *mum*:
"Seal up your lips, for you must silent be."

which Shakspeare has altered thus:

"— But how now, Sir John *Hume*?
"Seal up your lips, and give no words but *mum*."

Lines rhiming in the middle and end, similar to that above quoted, are often found in our old English plays, (previous to the time of Shakspeare,) and are generally put into the mouths of priests and friars.

It has already been observed, that in the original play on which *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* is founded, "*Abradas*, the Macedonian pirate," is mentioned.

This

This hero does not appear in Shakspeare's new-modelled play, "*Bargulus*, the strong *Illyrian* pirate," being introduced in his room. *Abradas* is spoken of (as Mr. Steevens has remarked) by Robert Greene, the very person whom I suppose to have been one of the joint authors of the original plays, in a pamphlet, entitled *Penelope's Web*, 1589:—"Abradas, the great *Macedonean* pirate, thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." Of this pirate or his achievements, however celebrated he may have been, I have not found the slightest trace in any book whatsoever, except that above quoted: a singular circumstance, which appears to me strongly to confirm my hypothesis on the present subject; and to support my interpretation of Greene's words in his *Groatsworth of Witte*, in a former part of the present disquisition.

However this may be, there are certainly very good grounds for believing that *The first part of the Contention of the two houses of York and Lancaster*, &c. and the *True Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. were written by the author or authors of the old *King John*, printed in 1591.

In *The true Tragedie*, &c. we find the following lines:

"Let England be true within itself,

"We need not France, nor any alliance with her."

The first of these lines is found, with a very minute variation, in the old *King John*, where it runs thus:

"Let England live but true within itself,—".

Nor is this the only coincidence. In the deservedly admired scene in which Cardinal Beaufort's death is represented, in the original play, (as well as in Shakspeare's *Second Part of King Henry VI.*) he is called upon to hold up his hand, as a proof of his confidence in God:

"Lord Cardinal,

"If thou die'st assured of heavenly blisse,

"Hold up thy hand, and make some sign to us.

[*The Cardinal dies.*

"O see, he dies, and makes no sign at all:

"O God, forgive his soule!"

I quote

I quote from the original play.—It is remarkable that a similar proof is demanded in the old play of *King John* also, when that king is expiring:

“Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,
“Lift up your hand, in token you forgive.”

Again:

“—— in token of thy faith,
“And signe thou diest the servant of the Lord,
“Lift up thy hand, that we may witnesse here
“Thou diest the servant of our Saviour Christ.—
“Now joy betide thy soul!”

This circumstance appears to me to add considerable support to my conjecture.

One point only remains. It may be asked, if *The First Part of King Henry VI.* was not written by Shakspeare, why did Heminge and Condell print it with the rest of his works? The only way that I can account for their having done so, is by supposing, either that their memory at the end of thirty years was not accurate concerning our author's pieces, (as appears indeed evidently from their omitting *Troilus and Cressida*, which was not recollected by them, till the whole of the first folio, and even the table of contents, (which is always the last work of the press,) had been printed; or, that they imagined the insertion of this historical drama was necessary to understanding the two pieces that follow it; or lastly, that, Shakspeare, for the advantage of his own theatre, having written a few lines in *The First Part of King Henry VI.* after his own *Second* and *Third Part* had been played, they conceived this a sufficient warrant for attributing it, along with the others, to him, in the general collection of his works. If Shakspeare was the author of any part of this play, perhaps the second and the following scenes of the fourth act were his; which are for the most part written in rhyme, and appear to me somewhat of a different complexion from the rest of the play. Nor is this the only instance of their proceeding on this ground; for is it possible to conceive that they could have

have any other reason for giving *Titus Andronicus* a place in their edition of Shakspeare's works, than his having written twenty or thirty lines in that piece, or having retouched a few verses of it, if indeed he did so much?

Shakspeare's referring in the Epilogue to *K. Henry V.* which was produced in 1599, to these three parts of *King Henry VI.* of which the first, by whom soever it was written, appears from the testimony of a contemporary to have been exhibited with great applause⁷; and the two latter, having been, as I conceive, eight years before new-modelled and almost re-written, by our author, we may be confident were performed with the most brilliant success; his supplicating the favour of the audience to his new play of *King Henry V.* "for the sake" of these old and popular dramas, which were so closely connected with it, and in the composition of which, as they had for many years been exhibited, he had so considerable a share; the connexion between the last scene of *King Henry VI.* and the first scene of *K. Richard III.*; the Shakspearian diction, versification, and figures, by which the *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* are distinguished; "the easiness of expression and the fluency of numbers," which, it is acknowledged, are found here, and were possessed by no other author of that age; all these circumstances are accounted for by the theory now stated, and all the objections⁸ that have been founded upon them, in my apprehension, vanish away.

On the other hand, the entry on the Stationers' books of the old play, entitled *The first part of the Contention of the two houses of Yorke and Lancaster, &c.* without the name of the author; that piece, and *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke, &c.* being printed in 1600, anonymously; their being founded on the *Chronicle of Hall*, who was not Shakspeare's historian, and represented by the servants of Lord Pembroke, by whom

⁷ See p. 390, of this Dissertation.

⁸ See these several objections stated by Dr. Johnson in the notes at the end of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.*

none of his uncontested dramas were represented ; the colour, diction, and versification of these old plays ; the various circumstances, lines, and speeches, that are found in them, and not in our author's new-modification of them, as published in folio by his original editors ; the resemblances that have been noticed between his other works and such parts of these dramas as are *only* exhibited in their folio edition ; the discordances (in matters of fact) between certain parts of the old plays printed in quarto and Shakspeare's undoubted performances ; the transpositions that he has made in these pieces ; the repetitions, and the peculiar Shakspearian inaccuracies, and phraseology, which may be traced in the folio, and not in the old quarto plays ; these and other circumstances, which have been stated in the foregoing pages, form, when united, such a body of argument and proofs, in support of my hypothesis, as appears to me, (though I will not venture to assert that " the probation bears no hinge nor loop to hang a doubt on,) to lead directly to the door of *truth*."

It is observable that several portions of the English History had been dramatized *before* the time of Shakspeare. Thus, we have *King John* in two parts, by an anonymous writer ; *Edward I.* by George Peele ; *Edward II.* by Christopher Marlowe ; *Edward III.* anonymous ; *Henry IV.* containing the deposition of *Richard II.* and the accession of *Henry* to the crown, anonymous⁸ ; *Henry V.* and *Richard III.* both by anonymous authors⁹. Is it not then highly probable, that the *whole* of the story of *Henry VI.* had also been brought upon the scene ? and that the first of the plays now in question, formerly (as I believe) called *The historical play of King Henry VI.* and now named *The First Part of King Henry VI.*, as well as *The first part of the Contention of the two houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, &c. (which three pieces comprehend the entire reign of that king from his birth to his death,) were

⁸ See Vol. V. p. 4, n. 1.

⁹ Entered on the Stationers' books in 1594.

were the composition of some of the authors, who had produced the historical dramas above enumerated?

In consequence of an hasty and inconsiderate opinion formed by Mr. Pope, without any minute examination of the subject, *K. John* in two parts, printed in 1591, and *The old Taming of a Shrew*, which was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594, and printed in 1607, passed for half a century for the compositions of Shakspeare. Further inquiries have shown that they were the productions of earlier writers; and perhaps a more profound investigation of this subject than I have been able to make, may hereafter prove decisively, that the *first* of the three *Henries* printed in folio, and both the parts of *The Whole Contention of the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, as exhibited in quarto, and printed in 1600, ought to be classed in the same predicament with the two old plays above mentioned. For my own part, if it should ever be thought proper to reprint the old dramas on which Shakspeare founded some of his plays, which were published in two volumes a few years ago, I have no doubt that *The first part of the Contention of the two houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of the duke of Yorke*, &c. should be added to the number.

Gildon somewhere says, that "in a conversation between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, Ben asked him the reason why he wrote his historical plays." Our author (we are told) replied, that "finding the nation generally very ignorant of history, he wrote them in order to instruct the people in that particular." This anecdote, like many other traditional stories, stands on a very weak foundation; or to speak more justly, it is certainly a fiction. The malignant Ben does indeed, in his *Devil's an Ass*, 1616, sneer at our author's historical pieces, which for twenty years preceding had been in high reputation, and probably were *then* the only historical dramas that had possession of the theatre; but from the list above given, it is clear that Shakspeare was not the *first* who dramatized our old chronicles; and that the principal events of the English History were familiar to the ears of
his

his audience, before he commenced a writer for the stage¹: though undoubtedly at this day whatever knowledge of our annals is dispersed among the people, is derived from the frequent exhibition of our author's historical plays.

¹ This point is established not only by the list referred to, but by a passage in a pamphlet already quoted, entitled *Pierce Pennileffe his Supplication to the Devil*, written by Thomas Nashe, quarto, 1592: "Whereas the afternoone being the eldest time of the day, wherein men that are their owne masters (as gentlemen of the Court, the Innes of court, and the number of captaines and soldiers about London) do wholly bestow themselves upon pleasure, and that pleasure they divide (how virtuously it skilles not,) into gaming, following of harlots, drinking, or *seeing a play*; is it not then better, since of foure extreames all the world cannot keepe them but they will choose one, that they should betake them to the least, which is *Playes*? Nay, what if I prove playes to be no extreame, but a rare exercise of vertue? First, for the *subject* of them; for the most part it is borrowed out of our ENGLISH CHRONICLES, wherein our fore-fathers' valiant actes, that have been long buried in rustie brasse and worme-eaten bookes, are revived, and they themselves raised from the grave of oblivion, and brought to plead their aged honours in open presence; than which, what can be a sharper reproofe to these degenerate dayes of ours?"

After an elogium on the brave Lord Talbot, and on the actor who had personated him in a popular play of that time, "before ten thousand spectators at the least;" (which has already been printed in a former page,) and after observing "what a glorious thing it is to have King Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to swear fealty,"—the writer adds these words:

"In playes, all coufenages, all cunning drifts, over-guilded with outward holinesse, all stratagems of warre, all the canker-wormes that breed in the rust of peace, are most lively anatomized. They shew the ill successe of treason, the fall of hasty climbers, *the wretched end of usurpers, the miserie of civil dissention*, and how just God is evermore in punishing murder. And to prove every one of these allegations, could I propound the circumstances of *this play and that*, if I meant to handle this theame otherwise than *obiter*."

It is highly probable that the words, "*the miserie of civil dissention*," allude to the very plays which are the subjects of the present disquisition, *The first part of the Contention of the two houses*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*; as, by "*the wretched end of Usurpers*," and the justice of God in "*punishing murder*," old plays on the subject of *King Richard III.* and that of *Hamlet*, prior to those of Shakspeare, were, I believe, alluded to.

He

He certainly did not consider writing on fables that had already been formed into dramas, as any derogation from his fame; if indeed fame was ever an object of his thoughts. We know that plays on the subjects of *Measure for Measure*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *King John*, *King Richard II.* *King Henry IV.* *King Henry V.* *King Richard III.* *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and, I strongly suspect, on those of *Hamlet*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Julius Cæsar*², existed before he commenced a dramatick author; and perhaps in process of time it may be found, that many of the fables of his *other* plays also had been unskilfully treated, and produced upon the stage, by preceding writers.

Such are the only lights that I am able to throw on this very dark subject. The arguments which I have stated have entirely satisfied my own mind; whether they are entitled to bring conviction to the minds of others, I shall not presume to determine. I produce them, however, with the more confidence, as they have the approbation of one who has given such decisive proofs of his taste and knowledge, by ascertaining the extent of *Shakspeare's learning*, that I have no doubt his thoughts on the present question also, will have that weight with the publick to which they are undoubtedly entitled. It is almost unnecessary to add, that I mean my friend Dr. Farmer; who many years ago delivered it as his opinion, that these plays were not written *originally* by Shakspeare. MALONE.

² See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I.

KING HENRY VI.

[illegible]

KING RICHARD III.

Persons Represented.

King Edward *the Fourth*.

Edward, *Prince of Wales, afterwards* }

K. Edward V. }

Sons to the king.

Richard, *duke of York,*

George, *duke of Clarence,*

Richard, *duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III.* }

Brothers to the king.

A young son of Clarence.

Henry, *earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.*

Cardinal Bouchier, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

Archbishop of York. Bishop of Ely.

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Norfolk : Earl of Surrey, his son.

Earl Rivers, brother to K. Edward's Queen :

Marquis of Dorset, and Lord Grey, her sons.

Earl of Oxford.

Lord Hastings.

Lord Stanley.

Lord Lovel.

Sir Thomas Vaughan. Sir Richard Ratcliff.

Sir William Catesby. Sir James Tyrrel.

Sir James Blount. Sir Walter Herbert.

Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Christopher Urswick, a Priest. Another Priest.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

Elizabeth, *Queen of K. Edward IV.*

Margaret, *widow of K. Henry VI.*

Dutcheſs of York, mother to K. Edward IV. Clarence, and Gloſter.

Lady Anne, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, ſon to K. Henry VI. ; afterwards married to the duke of Gloſter.

A young daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants ; two Gentlemen, a Purſuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Meſſengers, Ghoſts, Soldiers, &c.

S C E N E, England.

LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent²
Made glorious summer by this sun of York³;

And

¹ This tragedy, though it is called the Life and Death of this prince, comprizes, at most, but the last eight years of his time; for it opens with George duke of Clarence being clapped up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of the year 1477; and closes with the death of Richard at Bosworth field, which battle was fought on the 22d of August, in the year 1485. THEOBALD.

It appears that several dramas on the present subject had been written before Shakspeare attempted it. See the notes at the conclusion of this play, which was first enter'd at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wise, Oct. 20, 1597, under the title of *The Tragedie of King Richard the Third, with the Death of the Duke of Clarence*. Before this, viz. Aug. 15th, 1586, was entered, *A Tragical report of King Richard the Third, a Ballad*. It may be necessary to remark that the words, *song*, *ballad*, *book*, *enterlude* and *play*, were often synonymously used. STEEV.

This play was written, I imagine, in the same year in which it was first printed,—1597. The *Legend of King Richard III.* by Francis Seagars, was printed in the first edition of *the Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1559, and in that of 1575; and 1587, but Shakspeare does not appear to be indebted to it. In a subsequent edition of that book printed in 1610, the old legend was omitted, and a new one inserted, by Richard Nichols, who has very freely copied the play before us. In 1597, when this tragedy was published, Nichols, as Mr. Warton has observed, was but thirteen years old. *Hist. of Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 267.

The real length of time in this piece is fourteen years; (not eight years, as Mr. Theobald supposed;) for the second scene commences with the funeral of King Henry VI. who was murdered on the 21st of May, 1471. The imprisonment of Clarence, which is represented previously in the first scene, did not in fact take place till 1477-8.

MALONE.

² — *the winter of our discontent*—] So, in an old play entitled *Wily Beguild*:

“Presaging some good future hap shall fall,

“After these blust'ring blasts of discontent.”

G G 3

Wily

And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our house,
 In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
 And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds⁴,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
 He capers⁵ nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,

Wily beguil'd had appeared before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in a pamphlet entitled *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, which was published in that year. MALONE.

³ — *this sun of York*;] Alluding to the cognizance of Edward IV. which was a *sun*, in memory of the *three suns*, which are said to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross. STEEVENS.

See p. 268, n. 2. MALONE.

⁴ *Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,*

Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.

Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;

And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds, &c.] Shakspeare seems to have had the following passage from Lily's *Alexander and Campaspe*, 1584, before him, when he wrote these lines: "Is the warlike sound of drum and trumpet turn'd to the soft noise of lyre and lute? The neighing of *barbed steeds*, whose loudness filled the air with terror, and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smook, converted to delicate tunes, and amorous glances?" &c. REED.

The *Measures* were in our authour's time a species of dance. See Vol. II. p. 406, n. 4. A *barbed steed* is a horse covered with a caparison or trappings. *Barbed* and *barded* are (as Mr. Steevens has suggested) synonymous; or rather, *barbed* is a corruption of *barded*. See "A *Barbed horse*," and "*Bardes*," in Minshew's Dict. 1617, the latter of which he defines "*horse-trappings*." MALONE.

⁵ *He capers*—] *War capers*. This is poetical, though a little harsh; if it be York that capers, the antecedent is at such a distance, that it is almost forgotten. JOHNSON.

Cheated of feature by dissembling nature⁶,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity⁷:
 And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover⁸,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,

⁶ *Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,*] By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another: but nature that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body. WARBURTON.

Dissembling is here put very licentiously for *fraudful, deceitful*.

JOHNSON.

I once thought that Dr. Johnson's interpretation was the true one. *Disimulation* necessarily includes *fraud*, and this might have been sufficient to induce Shakspeare to use the two words as synonymous, though *fraud* certainly may exist without *disimulation*. But the following lines in the old *K. John*, 1591, which our authour must have carefully read, were perhaps in his thoughts, and seem rather in favour of Dr. Warburton's interpretation:

“ Can nature so *dissemble* in her frame,
 “ To make the one so like as like may be,
 “ And in the other print no character
 “ To challenge any mark of true descent?

Feature is used here, as in other pieces of the same age, for *beauty* in general. See Vol. VII. p. 484, n. 6. MALONE.

⁷ *And descant on mine own deformity:*] *Descant* is a term in musick, signifying in general that kind of harmony wherein one part is broken and formed into a kind of paraphrase on the other. The propriety and elegance of the above figure, without such an idea of the nature of *descant*, could not be discerned. SIR J. HAWKINS.

That this is the original meaning of the term, is certain. But I believe the word is here used in its secondary and colloquial sense, without any reference to musick. MALONE.

⁸ *And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,*] Shakspeare very diligently inculcates, that the wickedness of Richard proceeded from his deformity, from the envy that rose at the comparison of his own person with others, and which incited him to disturb the pleasures that he could not partake. JOHNSON.

And hate the idle pleasures⁹ of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous¹,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
 In deadly hate the one against the other:
 And, if king Edward be as true and just²,
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
 About a prophecy, which says—that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
 That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
 He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
 O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
 That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.
 But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I protest,
 As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
 He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams³;

And

⁹ *And hate the idle pleasures—*] Perhaps we might read:

And bate the idle pleasures—. JOHNSON.

¹ *—inductions dangerous,*] Preparations for mischief. The *induction* is preparatory to the action of the play. JOHNSON.

Marston has put this line, with little variation, into the mouth of Fame:

“Plots ha’ you laid? *inductions dangerous*?” STEEVENS.

² *—Edward be as true and just,*] The meaning is, if Edward keeps his word. JOHNSON.

³ *He bearkens after prophecies, and dreams;*] From Holinshed: “Some have reported that the cause of this nobleman’s death rose of a foolish prophecy, which was, that after king Edward should reign one whose first letter of his name should be a G; wherewith the king and the queene were fore troubled, and began to conceive a grievous grudge against

And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
 And says—a wizard told him, that by G
 His issue disinherited should be;
 And, for my name of George begins with G,
 It follows in his thought, that I am he:
 These, as I learn, and such like toys as these⁴,
 Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—
 'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;
 My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
 That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
 Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
 Anthony Woodville, her brother there⁵,
 That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower;
 From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
 We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
 But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
 That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
 Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
 Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining⁶ to her deity
 Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
 I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
 If we will keep in favour with the king,
 To be her men, and wear her livery:
 The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself⁷,

against this duke, and could not be in quiet till they had brought him to his end." Philip de Comines, a contemporary historian, says that the English at that time were never unfurnished with some prophecy or other, by which they accounted for every event. MALONE.

⁴ —toys—] Fancies, freaks of imagination. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. iv:

"The very place puts toys of desperation

"Without more motive into every brain—." REED.

⁵ —her brother there,] *There* is in this place, according to our author's usual practice, a dissyllable. MALONE.

⁶ Humbly complaining, &c.] I think these two lines might be better given to Clarence. JOHNSON.

⁷ The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,] That is, the queen and Shore. JOHNSON.

Since

Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so? an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king
Is wife, and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years⁸; fair, and not jealous:—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee,
fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects⁹, and must obey.

Brother,

⁸ *Well struck in years;*] This odd expression in our language was preceded by one as uncouth though of a similar kind.

“*Well shot in years be seem'd,*” &c. Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. V. c. vi: The meaning of neither is very obvious; but as Mr. Warton has observed in his *Essay on the Faery Queen*, by an imperceptible progression from one kindred sense to another, words at length obtain a meaning entirely foreign to their original etymology. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *the queen's abjects*—] That is, not the queen's *subjects*, whom she might protect, but her *abjects*, whom she drives away. JOHNSON. So, in *The Case* is altered. *How? Art Dalio, and Millo*, 1604: “This ugly *object* or rather *abject* of nature.” HENDERSON.

I cannot approve of Dr. Johnson's explanation. *The queen's abjects* means the most servile of her subjects, who must of course obey all her commands,

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
 And whatsoever you will employ me in,—
 Were it, to call king Edward's widow—sister¹,—
 I will perform it, to enfranchise you.
 Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
 Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
 I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
 Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce²; farewell.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and Guard.]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
 Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
 That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
 If heaven will take the present at our hands.
 But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!

commands, which would not be the case of those whom she had driven away from her. In the preceding page Gloucester had said of Shore's wife—

“ — I think, it is our way,

“ If we will keep in favour with the king,

“ To be her men, and wear her livery.”

In Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Puntarvolo says to Shift, “ I'll make thee stoop, thou abject.” MASON.

¹ *Were it to call king Edward's widow—sister,*] This is a very covert and subtle manner of insinuating treason. The natural expression would have been, *were it to call king Edward's wife, sister*. I will solicit for you, though it should be at the expence of so much degradation and constraint, as to own the low-born wife of King Edward for a sister. But by slipping, as it were casually, *widow*, into the place of *wife*, he tempts Clarence with an oblique proposal to kill the king.

JOHNSON.

King Edward's widow is, I believe, only an expression of contempt, meaning the *widow Grey*, whom Edward had chosen for his queen. Gloucester has already called her, *the jealous o'erworn widow*. STEEV.

² *I must perforce;*] Alluding to the proverb, “ Patience perforce is a medicine for a mad dog.” STEEVENS.

Well

Well are you welcome to this open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd³,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by saint Paul⁴, this news is bad indeed,
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[Exit HASTINGS.]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?

³ — *should be mew'd,*] A *mew* was the place of confinement where a hawk was kept till he had moulted. So, in *Albunaxar*:

“Stand forth, transform'd Antonio, fully *mew'd*”

“From brown fear feathers of dull yeomanry,

“To the glorious bloom of gentry.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Now, by saint Paul,*—] The folio reads—*Now, by saint John.*

STEEVENS,

The

The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her husband, and her father :
The which will I ; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market :
Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives, and reigns ;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. Another Street.

Enter the corse of King Henry the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it ; and Lady Anne as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament⁵
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
Poor key-cold⁶ figure of a holy king !
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds !
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes :—
O, cursed be the hand, that made these holes !

⁵ — obsequiously lament] *Obsequious*, in this instance, means *funereal*. So, in *Hamlet*, A&I. sc. ii :

“ To do obsequious sorrow.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *key-cold*—] A key, on account of the coldness of the metal of which it is composed, was anciently employed to stop any slight bleeding. The epithet is common to many old writers. So, in the *Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647 :

“ The *key-cold* figure of a man.” STEEVENS.

Again, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ And then in *key-cold* Lucrece' bleeding stream

“ He falls—.” MALONE.

Cursed

Curfed the heart, that had the heart to do it !
 Curfed the blood, that let this blood from hence !
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wifh to adders, fpiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whofe ugly and unnatural afpect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
 And that be heir to his unhappinefs * !
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young lord, and thee !—
 Come, now, towards Chertfey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there ;
 And, ftill as you are weary of the weight,
 Reft you, whiles I lament king Henry's corfe.

[*The Bearers take up the corfe, and advance.*]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corfe, and fet it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To flop devoted charitable deeds ?

Glo. Villains, fet down the corfe ; or, by faint Paul,
 I'll make a corfe of him that difobeys ?

1. Gent. My lord, ftand back, and let the coffin pafs.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog ! ftand thou when I command :
 Advance thy halberd higher than my breaft,
 Or, by faint Paul, I'll ftrike thee to my foot,
 And fpuen upon thee, beggar, for thy boldnefs.

[*The bearers fet down the coffin.*]

Anne. What, do you tremble ? are you all afraid ?

Alas, I blame you not ; for you are mortal,
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—

* — to his unhappinefs !] To his mifchievous difpofition. See Vol. II. p. 187, n. 8, and p. 234, n. 2. MALONE.

⁷ I'll make a corfe of him that difobeys.] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ I'll make a ghoft of him that lets me.” JOHNSON.

Avaunt,

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
 Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
 His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet faint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
 Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclams.
 If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
 Behold this pattern of thy butcheries⁸:—
 O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
 Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh⁹!—
 Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;

⁸ — pattern of thy butcheries:] Pattern is instance, or example.

JOHNSON.

Holinshed says: "The dead corps on the Ascension even was conveyed with billes and glaives pompouslie (if you will call that a funerall pompe) from the Tower to the church of saint Paule, and there laid on a beire or coffin bare-faced; the same in the presence of the beholders did bleed; where it rested the space of one whole daie. From thence he was carried to the Black-friers, and bled there likewise;" &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ — see, dead Henry's wounds

Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—] It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby that he has endeavoured to explain the reason. JOHNSON.

So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"The more I found his name, the more he bleeds:

"This blood condemns me, and in gushing forth

"Speaks as it falls, and asks me why I did it."

Again, in the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

"The captain will assay an old conclusion often approved; that at the murderer's sight the blood revives again and boils afresh; and every wound has a condemning voice to cry out guilty against the murderer."

Mr. Tollet observes that this opinion seems to be derived from the ancient Swedes, or Northern nations from whom we descend; for they practised this method of trial in dubious cases, as appears from Pitt's *Atlas*, in Sweden, p. 20. STEEVENS.

See also *Demonologie*, quarto, 1603, p. 79, and Goulart's *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, translated by Grimeston, quarto, 1607, p. 422. REED.

For

For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman, and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.—

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry,—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

¹ *Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,*] I believe, *diffus'd* in this place signifies *irregular, uncouth*; such is its meaning in other passages of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

Diffus'd infection of a man may mean, thou that art as dangerous as a pestilence, that infects the air by its diffusion. *Diffus'd* may, however, mean *irregular*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“ ——— rush at once

“ With some *diffused* song.”

Again, in Green's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: “I have seen an English gentleman so *defused* in his futes; his doublet being for the wear of Castile, his hose for Venice,” &c. STEEVENS.

Anne.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not?

Anne. Why then, they are not dead*;
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul's throat thou ly'st; queen Margaret
saw

Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders².

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant
me too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him³.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

* *Why then, they are not dead;*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:
Then say, they are not slain. MALONE.

² *That laid their guilt—*] The crime of my brothers. He has just
charged the murder of lady Anne's husband upon Edward. JOHNSON.

³ *O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.*

Glo. *The fitter for the king of heaven, &c.*] So, in *Pericles Prince*
of Tyre, 1609:

"I'll do't: but yet she is a goodly creature.

"*Dion.* The fitter then the gods should have her." STEEV.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—

To leave this keen encounter of our wits,

And fall somewhat into a slower method* ;—

Is not the causer of the timeless deaths

Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,

As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect!

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;

Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,

To undertake the death of all the world,

So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,

These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,

You should not blemish it, if I stood by:

As all the world is cheered by the sun,

So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

4 — a slower method ;—] As quick was used for sprightly, so slower was put for serious. In the next scene lord Grey desires the queen to cheer his grace with quick and merry words. STEEVENS.

5 Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.] Effect, for executioner. He asks, was not the causer as ill as the executioner? She answers, Thou wast both. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608:

— thou art the cause,

“ Effect, quality, property; thou, thou.”

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. “ I have read the cause of his effects in Galen.” STEEVENS.

Our author, I think, in another place uses effect, for efficient cause.

MALONE.

Glo.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!⁶

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death⁷.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

⁶ 'Would they were basilisks, &c.] So, in *the Winter's Tale*:

"Make me not sighted like the basilisk;

"I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better

"By my regard, but kill'd none so."

See also *K. Henry VI.* P. II. p. 181, n. ^W. MALONE.

⁷ — they kill me with a living death.] In imitation of this passage,
and, I suppose, of a thousand more, Pope writes:

"— a living death I bear,

"Says Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair." JOHNSON.

So, in *Watson's Sonnets*, printed about 1580:

"Love is a fowre delight, a sugred grieve,

"A living death, an ever-dying life."

We have again the same expression in *Venus and Adonis*:

"For I have heard it [love] is a life in death,

"That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath."

MALONE.

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear⁸;
 Not, when my father⁹ York and Edward wept,
 To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
 When black-fac'd Clifford shock his sword at him:
 Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
 Told the sad story of my father's death;
 And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
 That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
 Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
 My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
 I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;
 My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word^{*};
 But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[*She looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
 Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
 Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
 And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.*]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;—
 But 'twas thy beauty^{*} that provoked me.
 Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;—

[*She again offers at his breast.*]

⁸ *These eyes, which never, &c.*] The twelve following beautiful lines added after the first editions. POPE.

They were added with many more. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Not, when my father—*] The old copies read—*No, when, &c.* The correction was made by Mr. Pope. I am not sure that it is necessary. MALONE.

^{*} — *sweet soothing word;*] Thus the quarto, 1598. The folio has—*sweet smothering word.* MALONE.

But 'twas thy beauty—] Shakspeare countenances the observation, that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty.

JOHNSON.

But

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[*She lets fall the sword.*]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give. [*She puts on the ring.*]

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place²:

² — *Crosby-place*:] A house near Bishopsgate-street, belonging to the duke of Gloster. JOHNSON.

Crosby-place is now *Crosby-square* in Bishopsgate-street; part of the house is yet remaining, and is a meeting place for a presbyterian congregation. Sir J. HAWKINS.

Where—after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty³ see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already⁴.

[*Exeunt Lady ANNE, and two Gentlemen.*]

Glo. Take up the corse, firs.

2. *Gent.* Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Fryars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!
Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

3 — with all expedient duty—] See Vol. V. p. 25, n. 4.

MALONE.

4. *Imagine, I have said farewell already.*] Cibber, who altered *King Richard III.* for the stage, was so thoroughly convinced of the ridiculousness and improbability of this scene, that he thought himself obliged to make Tressel say:

*When future chronicles shall speak of this,
They will be thought romance, not history.* STEEVENS.

Edward,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
 Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury * ?
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
 Fram'd in the prodigality of nature ⁵,
 Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal ⁶,—
 The spacious world cannot again afford:
 And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
 That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
 And made her widow to a woeful bed ?
 On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?
 On me, that halt, and am mishapen thus ?
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier ⁷,
 I do mistake my person all this while:
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man ⁸.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
 And entertain a score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body:
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.

* — whom I, some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?] Here we have the exact time of this scene ascertained, namely August 1471. King Edward however is in the second act introduced dying. That king died in April 1483; so there is an interval between this and the next act of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI. was in fact not confined nor put to death till seven years afterwards, March, 1477-8. MALONE.

⁵ *Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,*] i. e. when nature was in a prodigal or lavish mood. WARBURTON.

⁶ — and, no doubt, right royal,—] Richard means to represent Edward as full of all the noble properties of a king. No doubt, right royal, may, however, be ironically spoken, alluding to the incontinence of Margaret, his mother. STEEVENS.

⁷ — a beggarly denier,] A denier is the twelfth part of a French sou, and appears to have been the usual request of a beggar. So, in the *Cunning Northern Beggar*, b. l. an ancient ballad:

“ For still will I cry, good your worship, good sir,

“ Bestow one poor denier, sir.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — a marvellous proper man.] *Marvellous* is here used adverbially. Proper in old language was *handsome*. See Vol. III. p. 14, n. 7.

MALONE.

But,

But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave;
 And then return lamenting to my love.—
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lord RIVERS, and Lord GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt, his majesty

Will soon recover his accusom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse;
 Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
 To be your comforter, when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
 Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
 A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet⁹;
 But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley¹.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

⁹ It is determin'd, not concluded yet:] *Determin'd* signifies the final conclusion of the will: *concluded*, what cannot be altered by reason of some act, consequent on the final judgment. WARBURTON.

¹ — and Stanley.] The old copies all have *Derby*, instead of *Stanley*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, who has shewn the necessity of the change by observing that “Thomas Lord Stanley, Lord Steward of Edward the Fourth's household, (the person here meant) was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry the Seventh. Accordingly in the fourth and fifth acts of this play, before the battle of Bosworth-field, he is every where called Lord Stanley.”

MALONE.

Q. Eliz.

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond*, good my lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them² to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be;—
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,

* *The countess Richmond*,—] Margaret, daughter to John Beaufort, first duke of Somerset. After the death of her first husband, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, half-brother to K. Henry VI. by whom she had only one son, afterwards K. Henry VII. she married first Humphrey duke of Buckingham, and secondly, Thomas lord Stanley. MALONE.

² — to warn them—] i. e. to summon. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“They mean to warn us at Philippi here.” STEEVENS.

I must

I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,

But thus his simple truth must be abus'd

By filken, sly, insinuating Jacks³?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.

When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—

Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—

Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:

The king, of his own royal disposition,

And not provok'd by any suitor else;

Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,

That in your outward action shews itself,

Against my children, brothers, and myself,

Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather

The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it⁴.

Glo. I cannot tell;—The world is grown so bad,

That wrens may prey⁵ where eagles dare not perch:

Since every Jack became a gentleman,

There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Gloster;

You envy my advancement, and my friends:

³ — *insinuating Jacks*?] See Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

⁴ *Of your ill-will, &c.*] This line is restored from the first edition.

POPE.

By the first edition Mr. Pope, as appears from his *Table of Editions*, means the quarto of 1598. But that and the subsequent quartos read — and to remove. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. The folio has only—

Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground—.

Here clearly a line was omitted; yet had there been no quarto copy, it would have been thought hardy to supply the omission: but of all the errors of the press omission is the most frequent; and it is a great mistake to suppose that these *lacunæ* exist only in the imagination of editors and commentators. MALONE.

⁵ — *may prey*—] The quarto 1598 and the folio read—*make prey*. The correction, which all the modern editors have adopted, is taken from the quarto, 1602. MALONE.

God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to enoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By him, that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for—

Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
With those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech
thee!
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said⁵
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains⁶ are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil⁷! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;

'To royalize⁸ his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at saint Albans slain⁹?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

⁵ Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said—] This verse I have restored from the old quartos. THEOBALD.

Here we have another proof of a line being passed over by the transcriber, or the compositor at the press, when the first folio was printed, for the subsequent line is not sense without this. MALONE.

⁶ — my pains—] My labours; my toils. JOHNSON.

⁷ Out, devil!] Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Flodden Field*, that *out* is an interjection of abhorrence or contempt, most frequent in the mouths of the common people of the north. It occurs again in Act IV:

“—out on ye, owls!” STEEVENS.

⁸ — royalize,] i. e. to make royal. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

“Who means to-morrow for to royalize

“The triumphs,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ — Was not your husband,

In Margaret's battle, &c.] It is said in *King Henry VI.* that he died in quarrel of the house of York. JOHNSON.

The account here given is the true one. See this inconsistency accounted for in p. 303, and in the *Dissertation* at the end of the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* p. 415. MALONE.

Glo.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu pardon!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king¹;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this-country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.— [advancing.
Hear me, you wrangling pirates², that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me³:

¹ — our lawful king;] So the quarto 1598, and the subsequent quartos. The folios has—*sovereign* king.

In this play the variations between the original copy in quarto, and the folio, are more numerous than, I believe, in any other of our author's pieces. The alterations, it is highly probable, were made, not by Shakspeare, but by the players, many of them being very injudicious. The text has been formed out of the two copies, the folio, and the early quarto; from which the preceding editors have in every scene selected such readings as appeared to them fit to be adopted. To enumerate every variation between the copies would encumber the page with little use. MALONE.

² *Hear me, you wrangling pirates, &c.*] This scene of Margaret's imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another Cassandra, for the following tragick revolutions. WARBURTON.

³ — *which you have pill'd from me:*] To pill is to pillage. So, in the *Martyr'd Soldier*, by Shirley, 1638:

“He has not pill'd the rich, nor slay'd the poor.” STEEVENS.
Which

Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
 If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects;
 Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
 Ah, gentle villain⁴; do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
 That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death*?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
 Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
 And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
 This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
 And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
 When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
 And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
 And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
 Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
 His curses, then from bitterness of soul
 Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;

⁴ *Ab, gentle villain,*] *Gentle* is *high-born*. An opposition is meant between that and *villain*, which means at once a *wicked* and a *low-born wretch*. So before:

Since ev'ry Jack is made a gentleman,

There's many a gentle person made a Jack. JOHNSON.

Gentle appears to me to be taken in its common acceptation, but to be used ironically. MASON.

⁵ — *what mak'st thou in my sight?*] An obsolete expression for—*what dost thou in my sight*. So, in *Otello*:

"Ancient, what makes he here?"

Margaret in her answer takes the word in its ordinary acceptation.

MALONE.

* *Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?*] Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham in 1464, and Edward soon afterwards issued a proclamation, prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding her to return, or harbouring her, should she attempt to revisit England. She remained abroad till the 14th of April 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury, in May 1471, she was confined in the Tower, where she continued a prisoner till 1475, when she was ransomed by her father Reignier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482. The present scene is in 1477-8. MALONE.

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed*.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,
And the most mercilefs, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it⁶.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me⁷?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—

Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king⁸,

As ours by murder, to make him a king!

Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,

For Edward my son, that was prince of Wales,

Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!

Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;

And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!

* — *hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.*] To *plague* was used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries in the sense of to *punish*. See Vol. IV. p. 470, n. 2. MALONE.

⁶ *Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.*] Alluding to a line in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

“What weeping ripe, my lord Northumberland?” STEEVENS.

⁷ *And turn you all your hatred now on me?*] Perhaps we ought rather to point thus:

And turn you, all, your hatred now on me?

to shew that *all* is not to be joined in construction with *hatred*. That the poet did not intend that it should be connected with *hatred*, seems to be indicated by the foregoing line:

What! were you snarling *all*, &c.

The quarto reads, perhaps better:

And turn you now your hatred, all on me? MALONE.

⁸ — *by surfeit die your king!*] Alluding to his luxurious life. JOHNS.

Long

Long die thy happy days before thy death;
 And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
 Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
 Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—
 And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
 That none of you may live your natural age,
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
 The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
 Thou elvish-mark'd⁹, abortive, rooting hog¹!

Thou

⁹ — *elvish-mark'd*,—] The common people in Scotland (as I learn from Kelly's *Proverbs*) have still an aversion to those who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them *mark'd* out for mischief. STEEVENS.

¹ — *rooting hog*!] She calls him *hog*, as an appellation more contemptuous than *boar*, as he is elsewhere termed from his ensigns armorial. JOHNSON.

In the *Mirror for Magistrates* is the following Complaint of Collingbourne, who was cruelly executed for making a rime.

“For where I meant the king by name of bog,

“I only alluded to his badge the bore:

“To Lovel's name I added more,—our dog;

“Because most dogs have borne that name of yore.

“These metaphors I us'd with other more,

“As cat and rat, the half-names of the rest,

“To hide the sense that they so wrongly wrest.”

That Lovel was once the common name of a dog, may be likewise known from a passage in *The Historie of Jacob and Esau*, an interlude, 1568:

“Then

Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
 The slave of nature², and the son of hell!
 Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
 Thou rag of honour³! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

"Then come on at once, take my quiver and my bowe;

"Fette lowell my bounde, and my horne to blowe."

The rhyme for which Collingbourne suffered, was:

"A cat, a rat, and Lovel the dog,

"Rule all England under a hog." STEEVENS.

The persons levelled at by this rhyme were the king, Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovel, as appears in *the Complaint of Collingbourne*:

"Catesbye was one whom I called a cat,

"A craftie lawyer catching all he could;

"The second Ratcliffe, whom I named a rat;

"A cruel beast to gnaw on whom he should:

"Lord Lovel barkt and byt whom Richard would,

"Whom I therefore did rightly terme our dog,

"Wherewith to ryme I cald the king a hog." MALONE.

² *The slave of nature*.] The expression is strong and noble, and alludes to the ancient custom of masters branding their profligate slaves; by which it is insinuated that his misshapen person was the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions. Shakspeare expresses the same thought in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"He is deformed, crooked, &c.

"Stigmatical in making,—"

But as the speaker rises in her resentment, she expresses this contemptuous thought much more openly, and condemns him to a still worse state of slavery:

"Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him."

WARBURTON.

Part of Dr. Warburton's note is confirm'd by a line in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*, from which it appears he was acquainted with the practice of marking slaves:

"Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot." MALONE.

³ *Thou rag of honour!* &c.] This word of contempt is used again in *Timon*:

"If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,

"Must be the subject."

Again, in this play:

"These over-weening rags of France." STEEVENS.

VOL. VI.

I i

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against
yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune⁴!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider⁵,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Haft. False-boding woman, end thy frantick curse;
Left, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd
mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your
duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current⁶:
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

⁴ — *flourish of my fortune!*] This expression is likewise used by Massinger in the *Great Duke of Florence*:

“ — I allow these

“ As *flourishings of fortune.*” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *bottled spider,*] A spider is called bottled, because, like other insects, he has a middle slender and a belly protuberant. Richard's form and venom make her liken him to a spider. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:*] Thomas Grey was created Marquis of Dorset, A. D. 1476. PERCY.

The present scene, as has been already observed, is in 1477-8.

MALONE.

They

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!—
Witness my son⁷, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest⁸:—
O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,

⁷ *Witness my son,*—] Thus the quarto of 1598, and the folio. The modern editors, after the quarto of 1612, read—*sun*. MALONE.

⁸ *Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest*!—] An *aiery* is a hawk's or an eagle's nest. So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:

“It is a subtle bird that breeds among the *aiery* of hawks.”

STEEVENS.

His venom tooth will rankle to the death :
 Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
 Sin, death, and hell⁹, have set their marks on him ;
 And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
 And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,
 When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow ;
 And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
 Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
 And he to yours, and all of you to God's !

[*Exit.*

Haft. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine ; I muse, why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother ;
 She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
 My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
 I was too hot to do some body good,
 That is too cold in thinking of it now.
 Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repay'd ;
 He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains² ;—

God

⁹ *Sin, death, and hell, —*] Possibly Milton took from hence the hint of his famous allegory. BLACKSTONE.

¹ *Live each of you the subjects to his hate,*

And be to yours, and all of you to God's !] It is evident from the conduct of Shakspeare, that the house of Tudor retained all their Lancastrian prejudices, even in the reign of queen Elizabeth. In his play of *Richard the Third*, he seems to deduce the woes of the house of York from the curses which queen Margaret had vented against them ; and he could not give that weight to her curses, without supposing a right in her to utter them. WALPOLE.

² *He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains ;*] A *frank* is an old English word for a *hog-sky*. 'Tis possible he uses this metaphor to Clarence, in allusion to the crest of the family of York, which was a *boar*. Whereto relate those famous old verses on Richard III :

The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog,

Rule all England under a hog.

He uses the same metaphor in the last scene of Act IV. POPE.

A frank

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us³.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;—

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

[*Aside.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come:—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloster.*

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—

I do beweepe to many simple gulls;

Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;

And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,

That stir the king against the duke my brother.

Now they believe it; and withal whet me

To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,

Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:

And thus I clothe my naked villainy

With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;

And seem a faint, when most I play the devil.

A *frank* was not a common *hog-she*, but the pen in which those hogs were confined of whom *brawn* was to be made. STEEVENS.

From the manner in which the word is used in *King Henry IV.* a *frank* should seem to mean a pen in which any hog is fatted. "Does the old boar feed in the old *frank*?" So also, as Mr. Bowle observes to me, in Holinshed's *Description of Britaine*, B. III. p. 1096. "The husbandmen and farmers never *fraunke* them above three or four months, in which time he is dyeted with otes and peason, and lodged on the bare planches of an uneasie coate."

"He feeds like a boar in a frank," as the same gentleman observes, is one of Ray's proverbial sentences. MALONE.

³ — *done scathe to us.*] *Scathe* is harm, mischief. So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

"Millions of men oppress with ruin and *scath*." STEEVENS.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates?
Are you now going to dispatch this thing*?

1. *Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:

[gives the warrant.]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, first, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;

For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1. *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears*:

I like you, lads;—about your business straight;

Go, go, dispatch.

1. *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE, and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,

* — to dispatch this thing?] Seagars in his *Legend of Richard the Third*, speaking of the murder of Gloster's nephews, makes him say,

“What though he refused, yet be sure you may,

“That other were as ready to take in hand that thing.”

The coincidence was, I believe, merely accidental. MALONE.

* Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears:] This, I believe, is a proverbial expression. It is used again in the tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

“Men's eyes must mill-stones drop, when fools shed tears.”

STEEVENS.

So

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly fights⁵,
That, as I am a christian faithful man⁶,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you,
tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy*;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What fights of ugly death⁷ within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

⁵ *So full of fearful dreams, of ugly fights,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1598:

So full of ugly fights, of ghastly dreams. MALONE.

⁶ — *faithful man,*] Not an infidel. JOHNSON.

* — *to Burgundy;*] Clarence was desirous to assist his sister Margaret against the French king, who invaded her jointure-lands after the death of her husband, Charles duke of Burgundy, who was killed at the siege of Nancy, in January 1476-7. Isabel the wife of Clarence being then dead, (taken off by poison, administered by the duke of Gloster, as it has been conjectured,) he wished to have married Mary the daughter and heir of the duke of Burgundy; but the match was opposed by Edward, who hoped to have obtained her for his brother-in-law, Lord Rivers; and this circumstance has been suggested as the principal cause of the breach between Edward and Clarence. Mary of Burgundy however chose a husband for herself, having married in August 1477 Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederick. MALONE.

⁷ *What fights of ugly death—*] Thus the folio. The quarto has—
What ugly fights of death. MALONE.

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels⁸,
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes,
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom⁹ of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul¹, and would not let it forth
 To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air²;
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk³,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
 O, then began the tempest to my soul!
 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman⁴ which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
 Who cry'd aloud, — *What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?

⁸ *Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,*] *Unvalu'd* is here used for *invaluable*. So, in Lovelace's *Posthumous Poems*, 1659:

" — the *unvalued* robe she wore,

" Made infinite lay lovers to adore." MALONE.

⁹ *That woo'd the slimy bottom—*] By seeming to gaze upon it; or, as we now say, to *ogle* it. JOHNSON.

¹ *Kept in my soul,*] Thus the quarto. The folio—*Slept in*. MALONE.

² *To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;*] Perhaps we should point thus:

To seek the empty vast, and wand'ring air,
 that is, to seek the immense vacuity. *Vast* is used by our authour as a substantive in other places. See Vol. IV. p. 122, n. 4.

Seek is the reading of the quarto, 1598; the folio has *find*. MALONE.

³ — *within my panting bulk,*] *Bulk* is often used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries for *body*. So again, in *Hamlet*:

" ——— it did seem to shatter all his *bulk*,

" And end his being." MALONE.

⁴ — *grim ferryman—*] The folio reads—*four* ferryman. STEEV.
 And

And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
*Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence*⁵,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me⁶, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
 That now give evidence against my soul,—
 For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!—
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee⁷,
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
 O, spare my guiltless wife*, and my poor children!—
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me⁸;

⁵ — *fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,*] *Fleeting* is the same as *changing sides*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—— now the *fleeting* moon

"No planet is of mine."

Clarence broke his oath with the earl of Warwick, and joined the army of his brother king Edward IV. STEEVENS.

See p. 371. MALONE.

⁶ — *a legion of foul fiends*

Environ'd me, &c.] Milton seems to have thought on this passage where he is describing the midnight sufferings of *Our Saviour*, in the 4th book of *Paradise Regain'd*:

"—— nor yet stay'd the terror there,

"Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round

"Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd—".

STEEVENS.

⁷ O God! if my deep prayers, &c.] This and the three following lines are found in the folio, but not in the quarto. MALONE.

* — *my guiltless wife,*] The wife of Clarence died before he was apprehended and confined in the Tower. See p. 487, n. *. MALONE.

⁸ I pray thee, gentle keeper, &c.] So the quarto, p. 598. The folio reads:
 Keeper, I pry thee, sit by me a while. MALONE.

My

My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!— [*Clarence reposes himself on a chair.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours⁹,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil¹;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares²:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

[*Enter the two Murderers.*]

1. *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1. *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2. *Murd.* O, sir, 'tis better to be brief, than tedious:—
Shew him our commission, talk no more.

[*A paper is delivered to Brackenbury, who reads it.*]

⁹ *Sorrow breaks seasons, &c.*] In the common editions, the keeper is made to hold the dialogue with Clarence till this line. And here Brackenbury enters, pronouncing these words; which seem to me a reflection naturally resulting from the foregoing conversation, and therefore continued to be spoken by the same person, as it is accordingly in the first edition. POPE.

The keeper introduced in the quarto 1598, was, in fact, Brackenbury, who was lieutenant of the Tower. There can be no doubt therefore that the text, which is regulated according to the quarto, is right.

MALONE.

¹ *Princes have but their titles for their glories,*

An outward honour for an inward toil;] The first line may be understood in this sense, *The glories of princes are nothing more than empty titles*: but it would more impress the purpose of the speaker, and correspond better with the following lines, if it were read:

Princes have but their titles for their troubles. JOHNSON.

² — *for unfelt imaginations,*

They often feel a world of restless cares:] They often suffer real miseries for imaginary and unreal gratifications. JOHNSON.

Brak.

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep³:
I'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1. *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: Fare
you well. [Exit Brakenbury.]

2. *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1. *Murd.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when
he wakes.

2. *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never
wake until the great judgment day.

1. *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleep-
ing.

2. *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath
bred a kind of remorse in me:

1. *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

2. *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but
to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant
can defend me.

1. *Murd.* I thought, thou had'st been resolute.

2. *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1. *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2. *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this
holy humour of mine⁴ will change; it was wont to hold
me but while one would tell twenty.

1. *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

³ *Here are the keys, &c.*] So the quarto, 1598. The folio reads:

There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys. MALONE.

⁴ — *this holy humour of mine*—] Thus the early quarto. The folio
has—this *passionate* humour of mine, for which the modern editors
have substituted *compassionate*, unnecessarily. *Passionate*, though not so
good an epithet as that which is furnished by the quarto, is sufficiently
intelligible. See Vol. IV. p. 467, n. *.

The second murderer's next speech proves that *holy* was the authour's
word. The player editors probably changed it, as they did many others,
on account of the Statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. A little lower, they, from
the same apprehension, omitted the word, *'saith*. MALONE.

2. *Murd.*

2. *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me,

1. *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done,

2. *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1. *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2. *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1. *Murd.* So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2. *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1. *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2. *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1. *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2. *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee⁵, but to make thee sigh.

1. *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd⁶, he cannot prevail with me.

⁵ *Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, &c.*] One villain says, *Conscience* is at his elbows, persuading him not to kill the duke. The other says, take the devil into thy nearer acquaintance, *into thy mind*, who will be a match for thy conscience, and believe it not, &c. It is plain then, that *him* in both places in the text should be it, namely, conscience. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare so frequently uses both these pronouns indiscriminately, that no correction is necessary. STEEVENS.

In the *Merchant of Venice* we have a long dialogue between Launcelot, his *Conscience*, and the Devil. But though conscience were not here personified, Shakspeare would have used *him* instead of *it*. He does so in almost every page of these plays. MALONE.

⁶ *I am strong-fram'd,—*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—I am strong in fraud. MALONE.

2. *Murd.*

2. *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow⁷, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1. *Murd.* Take him over the costard⁸ with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2. *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a fop of him.

1. *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2. *Murd.* Strike.

1. *Murd.* No, we'll reason⁹ with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1. *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1. *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1. *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1. *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to,—

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1. *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2. *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men¹,
To

⁷ *Spoke like a tall fellow,*] The meaning of *tall*, in old English, is stout, daring, fearless, and strong. JOHNSON.

⁸ —*the costard*—] i. e. the head. See Vol. II. p. 350, n. 4.

STEEVENS.

⁹ —*we'll reason*—] We'll talk. JOHNSON.

See Vol. I. p. 136, n. 5. MALONE.

¹ *Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,*] I think it may be better read: *Are ye cull'd forth*—. JOHNSON.

The folio reads:

Are you drawn forth among a world of men.

I adhere

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
 Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
 What lawful quest* have given their verdict up
 Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
 The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
 Before I be convict by course of law*,
 To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.
 I charge you, as you hope to have redemption³
 By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
 That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
 The deed you undertake is damnable.

1. *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2. *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
 Hath in the table of his law commanded,
 That thou shalt do no murder; Wilt thou then
 Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
 Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
 To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2. *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
 For false forswearing, and for murder too:

I adhere to the reading now in the text. So, in *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598:

"Art thou call'd forth amongst a thousand men,

"To minister this sovereigne antidote?" STEEVENS.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1598. MALONE.

2. *What lawful quest—*] *Quest* is *inquest* or jury. JOHNSON.

* *Before I be convict, &c.*] Shakspeare has followed the current tale of his own time, in supposing that Clarence was imprisoned by Edward, and put to death by order of his brother Richard, without trial or condemnation. But the truth is, that he was tried, and found guilty by his Peers, and a bill of attainder was afterwards passed against him. According to Sir Thomas More, his death was *commanded* by Edward; but he does not *assert* that the duke of Gloster was the instrument. Polydore Virgil says, though he talked with several persons who lived at the time, he never could get any certain account of the motives that induced Edward to put his brother to death. See p. 487, n. *. MALONE.

3 — *as you hope to have redemption—*] The folio reads—as you hope for any goodness. STEEVENS.

This arbitrary alteration was made, and the subsequent line was omitted, by the editors of the folio, to avoid the penalty of the Stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. MALONE.

Thou

Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1. *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2. *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1. *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1. *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing⁴, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice⁵, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1. *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed⁶, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

⁴ — *springing Plantagenet*,] Blooming Plantagenet; a prince in the spring of life. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Shepherds Calender*, 1579:

"That wouldest me my *springing youth* to spill." MALONE.

When gallant, springing,] This should be printed as one word, I think;—*gallant-springing*. Shakspeare is fond of these compound epithets, in which the first adjective is to be considered as an adverb. So, in this play he uses *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate* and *mortal-flaring*. TYRWHITT.

⁵ — *novice*,] Youth; one yet new to the world. JOHNSON.

⁶ *If you are hir'd for meed*,] Thus the folio. The quarto 1598, reads, *If you be hired for need*; which is likewise sense: *If it be necessity* which induces you to commit this murder. MALONE.

2. *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you*.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1. *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones⁷; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1. *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1. *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2. *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,

* — *your brother Gloster hates you.*] Mr. Walpole some years ago, suggested, from the Chronicle of Croyland, that the true cause of Gloster's hatred to Clarence was, that Clarence was unwilling to share with his brother that moiety of the estate of the great earl of Warwick, to which Gloster became entitled on his marriage with the younger sister of the dutchess of Clarence, Lady Anne Neville, who had been betrothed to Edward prince of Wales. This account of the matter is fully confirmed by a letter, dated Feb. 14, 1471-2, which has been lately published. *Paston Letters*, Vol. II. p. 91. "Yesterday the king, the queen, my lords of Clarence and Gloucester, went to Shene to pardon; men say, not all in charity. The king entreateth my lord of Clarence for my lord of Gloucester; and, as it is said, he answereth, that he may well have my lady his sister-in-law, but *they shall part no livelibood*, as he saith; so, what will fall, can I not say."

MALONE.

7 — *he will weep.*

1. *Murd.* Ay, millstones;] So, in Massinger's *City Madam*:

" — He, good gentleman,

" Will weep when he hears how we are used.—

" Yes, millstones." STEEVENS.

To

To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?—
Ah, firs, confider, he, that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2. *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
Which of you⁸, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—
Would not entreat for life? as you would beg,
Were you in my distress,—

1. *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?⁹

2. *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1. *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[Stabs him.
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.

⁸ Which of you, &c.] This line, and the four following lines, are found in the folio, but not in the quarto. I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that they have been inserted in a wrong place. MALONE.

I believe this passage should be regulated thus.

Clar. Relent and save your souls.

1. *Murd.* Relent; 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent—

If two such—

Would not entreat for life?

My friend, I spy—

O, if thine eye—

Come then on my side, and entreat for me,

As you would beg, were you in my distress.

A begging prince what beggar pities not? TYRWHITT.

⁹ A begging prince what beggar pities not?] To this, in the quarto, the murderer replies:

I, thus and thus: if this will not serve,

I'll chop thee in the malmsey but in the next roome.

and then stabs him. STEEVENS.

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K k

2. *Murd.*

2. *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1. *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou
help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2. *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.]

1. *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:

And when I have my meed, I will away;

For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King EDWARD, (led in sick,) Queen ELIZABETH,
DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM,
GREY, and Others.*

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's
work;—

You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassage

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And now in peace¹ my soul shall part to heaven.

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred², swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

¹ *And now in peace—*] So the quarto. The folio has—*And now
to peace—* MALONE.

² *Dissemble not your hatred, &c.*] I suppose he means, Divest yourselves of that concealed hatred which you have heretofore secretly borne to each other. Do not merely, says Edward, conceal and cover over your secret ill will to each other by a shew of love, but eradicate hatred altogether from your bosoms. MALONE.

Hast.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, So thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord
marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

[embraces Dorset.]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this
league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [to the Queen.] but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

[embracing Rivers, &c.]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke³.

³ — here comes the noble duke.] So the quarto. The folio reads:
And in good time

Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the duke. MALONE.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:—
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage*,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, lord Rivers,—and lord Grey, of you,—
That all without desert have frown'd on me*;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,

With

4 *If I unwittingly, or in my rage,]* So the quarto. Folio—*unwillingly*. This line and the preceding hemistick are printed in the old copies, as one line; a mistake that has very frequently happened in the early editions of these plays. Mr. Pope, by whose licentious alterations our authour's text was much corrupted, omitted the words—*or in my rage*; in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

* —*frown'd on me*;] I have followed the original copy in quarto. The folio here adds:

Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you;—

The eldest son of earl Rivers was lord Scales: but there was no such person as lord Woodville. MALONE.

5 *I do not know, &c.]* Milton in his ΕΙΚΟΝΟΚΛΑΣΤΗΣ, has this observation. “The poets, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person, than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse au-

thor,

With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?
[*They all start.*]

You do him injury, to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand⁶,

thor, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet-companion of these his solitudes, William Shakspeare; who introduced the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage in this book, and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place; *I intended*, saith he, *not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies.* The like saith Richard, Act II. sc. i:

I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the tragedy, where in the poet used not much licence in departing from the truth of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but of religion." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *some tardy cripple, &c.*] This is an allusion to a proverbial expression which Drayton has versified in the second canto of the *Barons' Wars*:

"Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;
"Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever slow." STEEVENS.

That came too lag to see him buried:—
 God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
 Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
 And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit⁷, sovereign, of my servant's life;
 Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
 Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death⁸,
 And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
 My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
 And yet his punishment was bitter death.
 Who su'd to me for him⁹? who, in my wrath,
 Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd¹?
 Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
 Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake

⁷ *The forfeit*—] He means the *remission* of the forfeit. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?*] This lamentation is very tender and pathetick. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Who su'd to me for him?* &c.] This pathetick speech is founded on this slight hint in Sir Thomas More's *History of Edward V.* inserted by Holinshed in his *Chronicle*: "Sure it is, that although king Edward were consenting to his death, yet he much did both lament his infortunate chance, and repent his sudden execution. Inſomuch that when any person ſued to him for the pardon of malefactours condemned to death, he would accuſtomable ſay, and openly ſpeake, O infortunate brother, for whoſe life not one would make ſuite! openly and apparently meaning by ſuche words that by the means of ſome of the nobilitie he was deceived, and brought to his confuſion." MALONE.

¹ *—be advis'd?*] i. e. deliberate; conſider what I was about to do. So, in the *Letters of the Paſſon Family*, Vol. II. p. 279: "Written in haſte with ſhort adviſement," &c. See alſo *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, p. 137, n. 8. MALONE.

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
 Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
 When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
 And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
 Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
 Even in his garments; and did give himself,
 All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But, when your carters, or your waiting vassals,
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
 But for my brother, not a man would speak,—
 Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
 Have been beholding to him in his life;
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
 O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet². O,
 Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt King, Queen, HAST. RIV. DOR. and GREY.*]

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd you not,
 How that the guilty kindred of the queen
 Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
 O! they did urge it still unto the king:
 God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
 To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt.*]

² *Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.*] Hastings was Lord Chamberlain to king Edward IV. MALONE.

SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter the Dutchess of York³, with a son and daughter of Clarence.*

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Dutch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast?
And cry,—O Clarence, my unhappy son!Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?Dutch. My pretty cousins⁴, you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.]
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Dutch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you
well:Incapable and shallow innocents⁵,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,

³ *Enter the Dutchess of York,*] Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville first earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield in 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495. MALONE.

⁴ — *my pretty cousins,*] The dutchess is here addressing her grandchildren, but *cousin* was the term used in Shakspeare's time, by uncles to nephews and nieces, grandfathers to grandchildren, &c. It seems to have been used instead of our *kinsman*, and *kinswoman*, and to have supplied the place of both. MALONE.

⁵ *Incapable and shallow innocents,*] *Incapable* is unintelligent. See p. 122, n. 8. MALONE.

Devis'd impeachments to imprison him :
 And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
 And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek ;
 Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
 And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
 And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice !
 He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
 Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble⁶, grandam ?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark ! what noise is this ?

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, distractedly ; RIVERS, and
 DORSET, after her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah ! who shall hinder me to wail and weep ?
 To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?
 I'll join with black despair against my soul,
 And to myself become an enemy.

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience ?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragick violence :—
 Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.—
 Why grow the branches, when the root is gone ?
 Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap ?—
 If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief ;
 That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's ;
 Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
 To his new kingdom of perpetual rest⁷.

Dutch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
 As I had title in thy noble husband !
 I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
 And liv'd by looking on his images⁸ :

⁶ — *my uncle did dissemble,*] Shakspeare uses *dissemble* in the sense of acting fraudulently, feigning what we do not feel or think ; though strictly it means to conceal our real thoughts or affections. So also Milton in the passage quoted in p. 500, n. 5. MALONE.

⁷ — *of perpetual rest.*] So the quarto. The folio reads—*of ne'er changing night.* MALONE.

⁸ — *his images :*] The children by whom he was represented.

JOHNSON.

So, in *the Rape of Lucrece*, Lucretius says to his daughter,

" O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn." MALONE.

But

But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
 Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death⁹;
 And I for comfort have but one false glass,
 That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
 Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
 And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
 But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
 And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
 Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I,
 (Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)
 To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
 How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
 Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
 I am not barren to bring forth laments:
 All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
 That I, being govern'd by the watry moon¹,
 May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
 Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

Dutch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

⁹ But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;] So, in our authour's
Rape of Lucrece:

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold

"In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;

"But now, that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,

"Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn."

Again, in his Third Sonnet:

"Thou art thy mother's glass," &c. MALONE.

¹ — being govern'd by the watry moon,] That I may live hereafter
 under the influence of the moon, which governs the tides, and by the
 help of that influence drown the world. The introduction of the moon
 is not very natural. JOHNSON.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Dutch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
 Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
 She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
 I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
 These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I²:
 I for an Edward weep, so do not they³:—
 Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

² — *and so do I*;] So the quarto. The variation of the folio is remarkable. It reads—*so do not they*. MALONE.

³ *I for an Edward weep, so do not they*:—] The text is here made out partly from the folio and partly from the quarto. In the quarto this and the preceding line stand thus:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;

I for an Edward weep, *and so do they*.

The end of the second line is evidently corrupted. In the Ms. from which the folio was printed, or in a corrected quarto copy, the two lines undoubtedly were right:

These babes for Clarence weep, [*and so do I*;

I for an Edward weep,] so do NOT they.

But the compositor's eye passing over two half lines, the passage was printed thus in the folio, in one line:

These babes for Clarence weep, so do not they.

I have stated this matter thus particularly, because it confirms an observation that I have more than once had occasion to make in revising these plays; that there is reason to suspect that many of the difficulties in our authour's works have arisen from the omission of either single words, single lines, or the latter half of one line with the half of the next: a solution which readers are very slow to admit, and generally consider as chimerical. One week's acquaintance with the business of the press (without those proofs which a collation of the quartos with each other and with the first folio affords) would soon convince them that my supposition is not a mere offspring of imagination. In the plays of which there is no authentick copy but the first folio, there is no means of *proving* such omissions to have happened; but the present and other proofs of their having actually happened in the other plays, lay surely a reasonable ground for conjecturing that similar errors have happened in those pieces of which there is only a single ancient copy extant, and entitle such conjectures to indulgence. See Vol. II. p. 4. n. 4; Vol. IV. p. 322, n. 1; Vol. V. p. 36, n. 5, and p. 228, n. 8; Vol. VI. p. 202, n. 5; and Vol. VII. p. 216, n. 4, and p. 555, n. 9. MALONE.

Pour

Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother⁴; God is much displeas'd,
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common wordly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven⁵,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and Others.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Dutch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing; [*Aside.*]
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,

⁴ *Comfort, dear mother, &c.*] This line and the following eleven lines are found only in the folio. MALONE.

⁵ — *to be thus opposite with heaven,*] This was the phraseology of the time. See Vol. IV. p. 57, n. 5. MALONE.

But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd⁶
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with⁷ some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me⁸; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

* *The broken rancour of your bigg-swoln hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must be preserv'd, &c.*] Their broken rancour recently splinted
and knit, the poet considers as a new league of amity and concord; and
this it is that Buckingham exhorts them to preserve. MALONE.

⁶ *Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd*—] Edward
the young prince, in his father's life-time, and at his demise, kept
his household at Ludlow, as prince of Wales; under the governance of
Antony Woodville, earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side.
The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the
Marches; and, by the authority of his presence, to restrain the Welsh-
men, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed
murders and outrages. Vid. Hall, Holinshed, &c. THEOBALD.

⁷ *Why with &c.*] This line and the following seventeen lines are
found only in the folio. MALONE.

⁸ *Riv. And so in me;*] This speech (as a modern editor has observ-
ed) seems rather to belong to Hastings, who was of the duke of
Gloster's party. The next speech might be given to Stanley.

MALONE

Glo.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures⁹ in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but* BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOSTER.

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of¹,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's confistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then², for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1. *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away fo
fast?

2. *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

1. *Cit.* Yes, that the king is dead.

2. *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better³:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter

⁹ — your censures—] To *censure* formerly meant to deliver an opi-
nion. So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“ Cinna affirms the senate's *censure* just,

“ And faith, let Marius lead the legions forth.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 113, n. 8. MALONE.

¹ As index to the story—] i. e. preparatory,—by way of prelude.
So, in *Hamlet*:

“ That storms so loud, and thunders in the index.”

See the note on that passage. MALONE.

² Towards Ludlow then,] The folio here and a few lines higher, for
Ludlow reads—*London*. Few of our authour's plays stand more in
need of the assistance furnished by a collation with the quartos, than
that before us. MALONE.

³ — seldom comes the better:] A proverbial saying, taken notice of
in *The English Courtier and Country Gentleman*, quarto, bl. l. 1586,
Sig.

Enter another Citizen.

3. *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1. *Cit.* Give you good morrow, fir.

3. *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2. *Cit.* Ay, fir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3. *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1. *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3. *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!

2. *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, council under him^s,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1. *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3. *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God
wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1. *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3. *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

Sig. B. "— as the proverb sayth, *seldome comes the better*. VALL.
That proverb indeed is auncient, and for the most part true," &c.

REED.

The modern editors read—*a better*. The passage quoted above proves that there is no corruption in the text; and shews how very dangerous it is to disturb our authour's phraseology, merely because it is not familiar to our ears at present. MALONE.

⁴ *Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!*] "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." *Ecclesiastes*, ch. x. STEEVENS.

⁵ That, in his nonage, council under him,] So the quarto. The folio reads—*Which* in his nonage.—*Which* is frequently used by our authour for *who*, and is still so used in our Liturgy. But neither reading affords a very clear sense. Dr. Johnson thinks a line lost before this. I suspect that one was rather omitted after it. MALONE.

O, full

O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
 And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud:
 And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,
 This sickly land might solace as before.

1. *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3. *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
 When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
 Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
 All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
 'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2. *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
 You cannot reason⁶ almost with a man
 That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3. *Cit.* Before the days of change⁷, still is it so:
 By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
 Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
 The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
 But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2. *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3. *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*]

⁶ *You cannot reason—*] i. e. converse. See Vol. IV. p. 546, n. 1. MALONE.

⁷ *Before the days of change, &c.*] This is from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, Vol. III. p. 721. "Before such great things, men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself some time before a tempest." TOLLET.

It is evident in this passage that both Holinshed and Shakspeare allude to St. Luke. See Chap. xxi. 25, &c. HENLEY.

It is manifest that Shakspeare here followed Holinshed, having adopted almost his words. Being very conversant with the sacred writings, he perhaps had the Evangelist in his thoughts when he wrote, above,

"Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear." MALONE.

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York,
Queen ELIZABETH, and the Dutchess of York.*

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night^s:

To-

* — *Archbishop of York*—] was Thomas Rotheram. He was made Lord Chancellor by King Edward IV. in 1475. MALONE.

^s *Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;*

At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:] Thus the quarto, 1598.
The folio reads:

Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to-night.

An anonymous Remarker, who appears not to have inspected a single quarto copy of any of these plays, is much surprized that editors should presume to make such changes in the text, (without authority, as he intimates,) and assures us the reading of the folio is right, the fact being, that “the prince and his company did in their way to London actually lye at Stony-Stratford one night, and were the next morning taken back by the duke of Gloucester to Northampton, where they lay the following night. See Hall, Edw. V. fol. 6.”

Shakspeare, it is clear, either forgot this circumstance, or did not think it worth attending to.—According to the reading of the original copy in quarto, at the time the archbishop is speaking the king had not reached Stony-Stratford, and consequently his being taken back to Northampton on the morning after he had been at Stratford, could not be in the authour’s contemplation. Shakspeare well knew that Stony-Stratford was nearer to London than Northampton; therefore in the first copy the young king is made to sleep on one night at Northampton, and the archbishop very naturally supposes that on the next night, that is, on the night of the day on which he is speaking, the king would reach Stony-Stratford. It is highly improbable that the editor of the folio should have been apprized of the historical fact above stated; and much more likely that he made the alteration for the sake of improving the metre, regardless of any other circumstance. How little he attended to topography appears from a preceding scene, in which Gloucester, though in London, talks of sending a messenger to that town, instead of Ludlow. See p. 510, n. 2.

By neither reading can the truth of history be preserved, and therefore we may be sure that Shakspeare did not mean in this instance to adhere to it. According to the present reading, the scene is on the day on which the king was journeying from Northampton to Stratford; and of course the messenger’s account of the peers being seized, &c.

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which

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my heart to see the prince; I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Dutch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper, My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow

More than my brother; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,

Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,

Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold In him that did object the same to thee:

which was on the next day after the king had lain at Stratford, is inaccurate. If the folio reading be adopted, the scene is indeed placed on the day on which the king was seized; but the archbishop is supposed to be apprized of a fact which *before the entry of the Messenger* he manifestly does not know, and which Shakspeare did not intend he should appear to know; namely, the duke of Gloster's coming to Stony-Stratford the morning after the king had lain there, taking him forcibly back to Northampton, and seizing the lords Rivers, Grey, &c. The truth is, that the queen herself, the person most materially interested in the welfare of her son, did not hear of the king's being carried back from Stony-Stratford to Northampton till about *midnight* of the day on which this violence was offered him by his uncle. See Hall, Edward V. fol. 6. Historical truth being thus deviated from, we have a right to presume that Shakspeare in this instance did not mean to pay any attention to it, and that the reading furnished by the quarto was that which came from his pen: nor is it possible that he could have made the alteration which the folio exhibits, it being utterly inconsistent with the whole tenour and scope of the present scene. If the archbishop had known that the young king was carried back to Northampton, he must also have known that the lords who accompanied him, were sent to prison; and instead of eagerly asking the Messenger in p. 515, "*What news?*" might have informed him of the whole transaction.

The truth of history is neglected in another instance also. The messenger says, the lords Rivers, Grey, &c. had been sent by Gloster to *Pomfret*, whither they were not sent till some time afterwards, they being sent at first, according to Sir Thomas More, (whose relation Hall and Holinshed transcribed) "into the North country, into diverse places to prison, and afterwards all to Pontefract." MALONE.

He

He was the wretched'st thing⁹, when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Dutch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd¹,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Dutch. How, my young York? I prythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Dutch. I prythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Dutch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy²:—Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger³.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: What news?

Mes. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mes. Well, madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Mes. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,
With them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty dukes, Gloster, and Buckingham.

9 — the wretched'st thing,] *Wretched* is here used in a sense yet retained in familiar language, for *paltry*, *pitiful*, being below expectation. JOHNSON.

¹ — been remember'd,] *To be remembered* is in Shakspeare, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one. JOHNSON.

² A parlous boy:] *Parlous* is keen, shrewd. So, in *Law Tricks*, 1608:

"A parlous youth, sharp and satirical." STEEVENS.

³ Enter a Messenger.] The quarto reads—*Enter Dorset*. STEEVENS.

2. *Eliz.* For what offence⁴?

Mef. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

2. *Eliz.* Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind⁵;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless⁶ throne:—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss:
And being seated, and domestick broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self:—O, preposterous
And frantick outrage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more⁷!

⁴ For what offence? This question is given to the archbishop in former copies, but the messenger plainly speaks to the queen or dutchess.

JOHNSON.
The question is given in the quarto to the archbishop, (or cardinal, as he is there called,) where also we have in the following speech, my gracious lady. The editor of the folio altered lady to lord; but it is more probable that the compositor prefixed *Car.* (the designation there of the archbishop) to the words, "For what offence?" instead of *Qu.* than that lady should have been printed in the subsequent speech instead of lord. Compositors always keep the names of the interlocutors in each scene ready-composed for use; and hence mistakes sometimes arise. MALONE.

⁵ The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—while she, the picture of pure piety,
"Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws—"

MALONE.
⁶ —awless—] Not producing awe, not revered. To jut upon is to encroach. JOHNSON.

⁷ —on death—] So the quarto 1598, and the subsequent quartos. The folio reads—*earth*. MALONE.

2. *Eliz.*

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go, [to the Queen,
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep; And so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Street.

*The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, GLOSTER,
BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal Bouchier*, and Others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your
chamber⁸.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,

* *Cardinal Bourchier,*] Thomas Bourchier was made a Cardinal,
and elected Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1464. He died in 1486.

MALONE.

⁸ —to your chamber.] London was anciently called *Camera regia*.

POPE.

So, in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1633,
2d Part:

"This city, our great chamber." STEEVENS.

This title it began to have immediately after the Norman conquest.
See *Coke's 4 Inst.* 243, where it is styled *Camera regis*; Camden's *Bri-*
tannia, 374; Ben Jonson's *Account of King James's Entertainment*
in passing to his coronation, &c. REED.

Than of his outward shew; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.⁹
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.—

[*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*]

I thought, my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:—
Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And, in good time¹, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

⁹ — jumpeth with the heart.] So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

“Wert thou my friend, thy mind would jump with mine.”

STEEVENS.

¹ — in good time,] A la bonne heure. Fr. STEEVENS.

Card.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional²:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age³,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men⁴;
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

² Too ceremonious, and traditional:] Ceremonious for superstitious; traditional for adherent to old customs. WARBURTON.

³ Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,] That is, compare the act of seizing him with the gross and licentious practices of these times, it will not be considered as a violation of sanctuary, for you may give such reasons as men are now used to admit. JOHNSON.

⁴ Dr. Warburton reads—with the greenness of his age; and endeavours to strengthen his emendation by asserting, in general terms, that “the old quarto” reads—greatness; from which he considers greenness as no great deviation. The truth is, the quarto 1598, and the two subsequent quartos, as well as the folio, all read—grossness. Greatness is the corrupt reading of a late quarto of no authority, printed in 1622.

MALONE.

⁴ Oft have I heard of sanctuary men; &c.] These arguments against the privilege of sanctuary are taken from Sir Thomas More's *Life of King Edward the Fifth*, published by Stowe: “—And verily, I have often heard of sanctuary men, but I never heard earst of sanctuary children,” &c. STEEVENS.

More's *Life of K. Edward V.* was published also by Hall and Holinshed, and in the Chronicle of Holinshed Shakspeare found this argument. MALONE.

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, and HASTINGS.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity⁵,
Even to the general ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long⁶.
[*Aside.*]

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word⁷. } [*Aside.*]

Prince.
⁵ *As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,*] *Retail'd* may signify diffused,
dispersed. JOHNSON.

Minshew in his Dictionary, 1617, besides the verb *retail* in the mercantile sense, has the verb “to *retaille* or *retell*, G. *renommer*, a Lat. *renumerare*;” and in that sense, I conceive, it is employed here.

MALONE.
Richard uses the word *retailed* in the same sense in the fourth act, that he does in this place, when speaking to the queen of her daughter, he says,

“To whom I will retail my conquests won.” MASON.

⁶ *So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.*]

Is cedit ante senem, qui sapit ante diem,
a proverbial line. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,*
I moralize two meanings in one word.] Dr. Warburton reads—like
the

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His

the formal-wise antiquity, and has endeavoured to support this capricious and violent alteration of the text by a very long note, which I have not preserved, as in my apprehension it carries neither conviction, nor information with it. To accommodate the next line to his reading, he altered the punctuation of it thus:

—like the formal-wise antiquity,

I moralize;—two meanings in one word.

which has been adopted, I think, improperly, by the subsequent editors, who yet did not adopt the reading to strengthen which this alteration was made.

The *Vice*, *Iniquity*, cannot with propriety, be said to *moralize* in general; but in the old Moralities he, like Richard, did often “*moralize two meanings in one word.*”

Our authour has again used *moralize* as a verb active in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“Nor could she *moralize* his wanton sight,

“More than his eyes were open to the light.”

In which passage it means, “to interpret or investigate the *latent meaning* of his wanton looks,” as in the present passage, it signifies either to extract the double and latent meaning of one word or sentence, or to couch two meanings under one word or sentence. So *moral* is used by our authour in *Much ado about Nothing*, for a *secret meaning*. “There is some *moral* in this Benedictus.” See Vol. II. p. 265, n. 7; and Vol. V. p. 601, n. 5. The word which Richard uses in a double sense is *live*, which in his former speech he had used literally, and in the present is used metaphorically. Mr. Mason conceives, because what we now call a motto, was formerly denominated the *mot* or *word*, that *word* may here signify a whole sentence. But the argument is defective. Though in tournaments the motto on a knight’s shield was formerly called *The word*, it never at any period was called “*One word.*”

The *Vice* of the old moralities was a buffoon character, [See Cotgrave’s Dict. “*Badin*, A foole or *Vice* in a play.—*Mime*, A *vice*, foole, jester, &c. in a play.”] whose chief employment was to make the audience laugh, and one of the modes by which he effected his purpose was by double meanings, or playing upon words. In these moral representations, *Fraud*, *INIQUITY*, *Covetousness*, *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, *Vanity*, &c. were frequently introduced. Mr. Upton in a dissertation which, on account of its length, is annexed at the end of this play, has shewn, from Ben Jonson’s *Staple of News*, and *the Devil’s an Ass*, that *Iniquity* was sometimes the *Vice* of the Moralities. Mr. Steevens’s note in the subsequent page, shews, that he was not always so.

The *formal Vice* perhaps meant, the *shrewd*, the *sensible Vice*.—

VOL. VI.

L 15

In

His wit set down, to make his valour live :
 Death makes no conquest of this conqueror^s;
 For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
 I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
 I'll win our ancient right in France again,
 Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

In the *Comedy of Errors*, "a formal man" seems to mean, one in his senses; a rational man. Again, in *Twelfth Night*, Vol. IV. p. 56.
 "—this is evident to any formal capacity." MALONE.

This alteration [of Dr. Warburton's] Mr. Upton very justly censures. Dr. Warburton, has, in my opinion, done nothing but correct the punctuation, if indeed any alteration be really necessary. See the dissertation on the old *vice* at the end of this play.

To this long collection of notes may be added a question, to what equivocation Richard refers? The position immediately preceding, that *some lives long without characters*, that is, without the help of letters, seems to have no ambiguity. He must allude to the former line:

So young, so wise, they say, do ne'er live long,
 in which he conceals under a proverb, his design of hastening the prince's death. JOHNSON.

From the following stage-direction, in an old dramatick piece, entitled, *Histrionastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610, it appears, that the *Vice* and *Iniquity* were sometimes distinct personages:

"Enter a roaring devil, with the *Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other."

The devil likewise makes the distinction in his first speech:

"Ho, ho, ho! these babes mine are all,

"The *Vice*, *Iniquitie*, and *Child Prodigal*."

The following part of this note was obligingly communicated by the Rev. Mr. Bowle, of Idmestone near Salisbury. "I know no writer who gives so complete an account of this obsolete character, as archbishop Marinet, in his *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, p. 114, Lond. 1603: "It was a pretty part (he tells us) in the old church-playes, when the nimble *Vice* would skip up nimbly like a jackanapes into the devil's necke, and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his wooden dagger, till he made him roare, whereat the people would laugh to see the devil so *vice*-haunted." STEEVENS.

^s — of this conqueror;] For this reading we are indebted to Mr. Theobald, who probably derived it from the original edition in 1597. All the subsequent ancient copies read corruptly—of *his* conqueror.

MALONE.

Glo.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring^o.

[*Aside.*

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time; here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord¹; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:

Too late he died², that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholding to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

^o *Short summers lightly have a forward spring.*] That is, short summers are usually preceded by a forward spring; or in other words, and more appositely to Gloster's latent meaning, a premature spring is usually followed by a short summer. MALONE.

—lightly—] Commonly, in ordinary course. JOHNSON.

So, in the old proverb: "There's lightning *lightly* before thunder." See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 130, edit. 3. Again, in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*: "He is not *lightly* within to his mercer." STEEVENS.

¹ —dread lord;—] The original of this epithet applied to kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes, the king is called *Rex metuendissimus*. JOHNSON.

² *Too late he died;*] i. e. too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory. WARBURTON.

So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—— I did give that life,

"Which she too early, and too late hath spill'd."

Again, in *King Henry V*:

"The mercy that was quick in us but late," &c. MALONE.

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give³.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier⁴.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;

Because that I am little like an ape⁵,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck.
³ — *which is no grief to give.*] *Which to give*, or the gift of which, induces no regret. Thus the authentick copies, the quarto, 1598, and the first folio. A quarto of no authority changed *grief* to *gift*, and the editor of the second folio capriciously altered the line thus:

And being a toy, it is no grief to give. MALONE.

⁴ *I weigh it lightly, &c.*] i. e. I should still esteem it but a trifling gift, were it heavier. WARRBURTON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, A& V. sc. ii:

"You weigh me not,—O that's, you care not for me." STEEV.

⁵ *Because that I am little like an ape,*] The reproach seems to consist in this: at country shews it was common to set the monkey on the back of some other animal, as a bear. The duke therefore, in calling himself ape, calls his uncle bear. JOHNSON.

To this custom there seems to be an allusion in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gipsies*:

"A gypsy in his shape,

"More calls the beholder,

"Than the fellow with the ape,

"Or the ape on his shoulder."

Again, in the first part of the eighth liberal science, entitled *Ars adulandi*, &c. devised and compiled by Ulpial Fulwel, 1576: "—thou hast an excellent back to carry my lord's ape."

York also alludes to the hump on Gloucester's back, which was commodious for carrying burthens, as it served instead of a porter's knot.

STEEVENS.

I don't

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord⁵, will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so*.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, YORK, HAST. Card. and Attendants.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed⁶ by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable⁷;

I don't believe that the reproach is what Dr. Johnson supposes, or that York meant to call his uncle a bear. He merely alludes to Richard's deformity, his high shoulder, or hump-back, as it is called. That was the scorn he meant to give his uncle. In the third act of the Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* the same thought occurs to Richard himself, where describing his own figure, he says,

"To make an envious mountain on my back,

"Where sits deformity, to mock my body." MASON.

⁵ *My gracious lord,*] For the insertion of the word *gracious*, I am answerable. Gloster has already used the same address. The defect of the metre shews that a word was omitted at the press. MALONE.

* — *needs will have it so.*] The word *needs* was added, to complete the metre, by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁶ *Was not incensed*—] i. e. incited. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "—how Don John your brother *incensed* me to slander the lady here." MASON.

⁷ — *capable* ;] here, as in many other places in these plays, means intelligent, quick of apprehension. See p. 504, n. 5. MALONE.

He's

He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby;
thou art sworn

As deeply to effect what we intend,

As closely to conceal what we impart :

Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way ;—

What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter

To make William lord Hastings of our mind,

For the instalment of this noble duke

In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley ? will not he ?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this : Go, gentle Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,

How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;

And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,

To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,

Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons :

If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,

Be thou so too ; and so break off the talk,

And give us notice of his inclination :

For we to-morrow hold divided councils^s,

Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

^s — divided councils,] That is, a *private consultation*, separate from the known and publick council. So, in the next scene, Hastings says :

Bid him not fear the separated councils. JOHNSON.

Mr. Reed has shewn from Hall's Chronicle that this circumstance is founded on the historical fact. But Holinshed, Hall's copyist, was our authour's authority : " But the protectoure and the duke after that they had sent to the lord Cardinal,—the lord Stanley and the lord Hastings then lord Chamberlaine, with many other noblemen, to commune and devise about the coronation in *one place*, as fast were they in *another place*, contriving the contrarie, and to make the protectour king." " — the lord Stanley, that was after earle of Darby, wisely mistrusted it, and sayde unto the lorde Hastings, that he much mislyked *these two several counsels*." MALONE.

Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.

[Exit CATESBY.]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will
do⁹:—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Before Lord Hastings' House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, my lord,—

[knocking.]

Hast. [within.] Who knocks?

Mes. One from the lord Stanley.

Hast. [within.] What is't o'clock?

Mes. Upon the stroke of four.

⁹ — will do: The folio reads—will determine. STEEVENS.

¹ Scene II.] Every material circumstance in the following scene is taken from the *Chronicles*, except that it is a knight with whom Hastings converses, instead of *Buckingham*. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights?

Mef. So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then,—

Mef. And then he sends you word,

He dreamt to-night the boar had rased his helm²:

Besides, he says, there are two councils held;

And that may be determin'd at the one,

Which may make you and him to rue at the other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—

If presently you will take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the north,

To shun the danger that his foul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;

Bid him not fear the separated councils:

His honour³, and myself, are at the one;

And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby⁴;

Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance⁵:

And

² — *the boar had rased his helm.*] So Holinshed, after Hall and Sir Thomas More: "The selfe night next before his death the lorde Stanley sent a trustie secret messenger unto him at midnight in all haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him, for he was disposed utterlie no longer to byde, he had so fearful a dreame, in which him thought that a boare with his tuskes so rased them both by the heades that the blood ran about both their shoulders. And forasmuch as the Protector gave the boare for his cognizance, this dreame made so fearful an impression in his heart, that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarie, but had his horse readie, if the lorde Hastings would go with him," &c. MALONE.

³ *His honour.*—] This was the usual address to noblemen in Shakespeare's time. MALONE.

⁴ *And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby; &c.*] So, in the Legend of Lord Hastings, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1575:

"I fear'd the end; my Catesby being there

"Discharg'd all doubts; him held I most entyre." MALONE.

⁵ — *wanting instance.*] That is, *wanting some example or act of malevolence*, by which they may be justified: or which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, wanting any immediate ground or reason.

JOHNSON.

This

And for his dreams—I wonder, he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Meſ. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you ſay.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering ſtate?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never ſtand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland? doſt thou mean the
crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my ſhoul-
ders,

Before I'll ſee the crown ſo foul miſplac'd.

But canſt thou gueſs that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:

And, thereupon, he ſends you this good news,—

That, this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, muſt die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been ſtill my adverſaries:

But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's ſide,

To bar my maſter's heirs in true deſcent,

God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordſhip in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—

This is the reading of the quarto, except that it has—*inſtancie.*

MALONE.

The folio reads—*without inſtance.* STEEVENS.

VOL. VI.

M m

That

That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,—
For they account his head upon the bridge. *[Aside.]*

Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow;—good morrow, Catesby:—

You may jest on, but by the holy rood⁶,
I do not like these several councils*, I.

Hast. My lord,

I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never, in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needful coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

⁶ — the holy rood,] i. e. the cross. So, in the old mystery of *Canterbury-Play*, 1512:

“Whan hir swete sone shall on a rood deye.” STEEVENS.

* I do not like these several councils,—] See p. 526, n. 8. MALONE.

Hast.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,

Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.

But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt STANLEY, and CATESBY.*]
How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Pursf. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now, Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the queen's allies;

But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)

This day those enemies are put to death;

And I in better state than ere I was.

Pursf. God hold it⁷, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me.

[*throwing him his purse.*]

Pursf. I thank your honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*]

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good fir John⁸, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise⁹;

Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

⁷ *They, for their truth,*] That is, with respect to their honesty.

JOHNSON,

⁸ — *bold it,*] That is, continue it. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *good fir John,*] Sir was formerly the usual address to the inferior clergy. See Vol. I. p. 191, n. 2. MALONE.

¹ — *exercise;*] Performance of divine service. JOHNSON.

I rather imagine it meant—for attending him in private to hear his confession. So, in p. 547:

“To draw him from his holy exercise.” MALONE.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand².

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I can not stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [*aside.*
Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Pomfret. Before the Castle.

*Enter RATCLIFF, with a guard, conducting RIVERS,
GREY, and VAUGHAN to execution.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners³.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

* *Enter Buckingham.]* From the Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, where the account given originally by sir Thomas More is transcribed with some additions, it appears that the person who held this conversation with Hastings was sir Thomas Howard, who is introduced in the last act of this play as earl of Surrey:

"The same morning ere he [Hastings] were up from his bed, where Shore's wife lay with him all night, there came to him sir Thomas Haward, [Howard] sonne to the lord Haward,—as it were of courtesaie, to accompaaigne him to the counsaill; but forasmuche as the lord Hastings was not ready, he taried a while for him, and hasted him away. This sir Thomas, while the lord Hastings stayed a while commonyng with a priest whom he met in the Tower strete, brake the lordes tale, saying to him merily, 'What, my lorde, I pray you come on; wherefore talke you so long with the priest? You have no nede of a priest yet:' and laughed upon him, as though he would saye, you shall have neade of one sone." Fol. 59. MALONE.

² —*shriving work in hand.]* *Shriving work* is *confession*. JOHNSON.

³ *Come, bring forth the prisoners.]* This speech is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

Vaugh.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit* of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd she Buck-
ingham,

Then curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!

And for my sister, and her princely sons,—
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate⁴.

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here
embrace:
Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [Exeunt,

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of Ely*⁵, CATESBY, LOVEL, and Others, *sitting at a table: Officers of the council attending.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is—to determine of the coronation:

In
* —the limit—] for the limited time. See Vol. V. p. 112, n. 8.
MALONE.

⁴ *Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.*] Thus the folio. The quarto furnishes a line that has occurred already:

Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Expiate is used for *expiated*; so *confiscate*, *contaminate*, *consummate*, &c. &c. It seems to mean *fully completed*, and *ended*. Shakspeare has again used the word in the same sense in his 22d Sonnet:

"Then look I death my days should *expiate*."

So, in *Loocrine*, 1595:

"Lives Sabren yet, to *expiate* my wrath."

M m 3

The

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are, and want but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind,

Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,—
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:—
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not founded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lord, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow;
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord⁶,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

The editor of the second folio, who altered whatever he did not understand, reads arbitrarily,

“ Dispatch; the hour of death is now expir'd.

and he has been followed by all the modern editors. MALONE.

⁵ *Bishop of Ely,*] Dr. John Morton; who was elected to that see in 1478. He was advanced to the see of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed Lord Chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate, Sir Thomas More tells us, first devised the scheme of putting an end to the long contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Henry earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV. and was a principal agent in procuring Henry when abroad to enter into a covenant for that purpose. MALONE.

⁶ *Had you not come upon your cue—*] This expression is borrowed from the theatre. The *cue*, *queue*, or *tail* of a speech, consists of the last words, which are the token for an entrance or answer. To *come on the cue*, therefore, is to come at the proper time. JOHNSON.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there⁷;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit ELY.*]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*takes him aside.*]

Catesby hath founded Hastings in our business;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM.*]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph,
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent
For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morn-
ing;

⁷ *I saw good strawberries*—] The reason why the bishop was
dispatched on this errand, is not clearer in Holinshed, from whom
Shakspeare adopted the circumstance, than in this scene, where it is
introduced. Nothing seems to have happened which might not have
been transacted with equal security in the presence of the reverend cul-
ticator of *these strawberries*, whose complaisance is likewise recorded
by the author of the Latin play on the same subject, in the Museum;

Eliensis antistes venit? senem quies,

Juvenem labor decet: ferunt hortum tuum

Decora fraga plurimum producere.

EPISCOPUS ELIENSIS.

Nil tibi claudetur hortus quod meus

Producit; esset lautius vellem mihi,

Quo sim tibi gratus.

This circumstance of asking for the strawberries, however, may have
been mentioned by the historians merely to shew the unusual affability
and good humour which the dissembling Gloster affected at the very
time when he had determined on the death of Hastings. STEEVENS.

There's some conceit or other likes him well⁸,
 When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.
 I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
 Can lesse hide his love, or hate, than he;
 For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
 By any likelihood⁹ he shew'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
 For, were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve¹,
 That do conspire my death with devilish plots

Of

⁸ *There's some conceit or other likes him well,*] Conceit is thought. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Here is a thing, too young for such a place,

"Who, if it had conceit, would die." MALONE.

⁹ — *likelihood*—] Semblance; appearance. JOHNSON.

So, in another of our authour's plays:

"—poor *likelihoods*, and modern seemings." STEEVENS.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*liuelibood*. MALONE.

¹ *I pray you all, tell me what they deserve, &c.*] This story was originally told by Sir Thomas More, who wrote about thirty years after the time. His *History of King Richard III.* was inserted in Hall's Chronicle, from whence it was copied by Holinshed, who was Shakspeare's authority:

"Between ten and eleven he returned into the chamber among them with a wonderful soure, angric, countenance, knitting the browes, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lippes, and so sette him downe in his place.—Then when he had sitten still awhile, thus he began: What were they worthie to have that compasse and imagine the destruction of me, being so neere of bloud unto the king, and protectour of his royal person and his realme?—Then the lord Chamberlaine, as he that for the love betweene them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and sayd, that they were worthie to be punished for hainous traytors, whatsoever they were; and all the other affirmed the same. That is, quoth he, yonder forcereffe, my brother's wife, and other with her, meaning the queene:—ye shall all see in what wise that forcereffe, and that other witch of her counsell, Shore's wife, with their affinitie, have by their forcerie and witchcraft wasted my body. And therewith he plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arme, where he shewed a werish withered arme and small, as it was never other.—No man but was there present, but well knew his arme was ever such since his birth. Naythelesse the lord

Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders: Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head:—now, by saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—

lord Chamberlaine (which from the death of king Edward kept Shore's wife, on whom he somewhat doted in the king's life, saving, as it is said, he that while forbore her of reverence toward the king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity to his friend) answered and said, Certainly, my lord, *if they have so heinously done, they be worthy heinous punishment.* What, quoth the protector, thou servest me I wene with *ifs* and with *ands*: I tell thee they have so done; and that I will make good on thy bodie, traitour; and therewith, as in great anger, he clapped his fist upon the boord a great rap. At which token given, one cried, treason, without the chamber. Therewith a dore clapped, and in came there rushing men in harnesse, as many as the chamber might holde. And anone the protector sayd to the lord Hastings, I arrest thee traitor.—Then were they all quickly bestowed in diverse chambers, except the lord Chamberlaine, whom the protector bade *speede him and shrive him apace, for by S. Paul, quoth he, I will not to dinner till I see thy head off.*—So was he brought forth into the greene beside the chappell within the Tower, and his head laid downe upon a long log of timber, and there stricken off; and afterward his body with the head enterred at Windsor, beside the body of king Edward."

M. D. i. e. *Maister John Dolmon*, the authour of the Legend of Lord Hastings, in *the Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1575, has thrown the same circumstances into verse.

Morton, Bishop of Ely, was present at this council, and from him Sir Thomas More, who was born in 1480, is supposed to have had his information. Polydore Virgil, who began his history in 1505, tells the story differently. MALONE.

Lovel,

Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done²;—
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me*.

[*Exeunt Council, with GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM,*
Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this:

Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;

But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble³,

And

² *Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;*] In former copies:

Lovel, and Ratcliff, look, that it be done.

The scene is here in the Tower; and lord Hastings was cut off on that very day, when Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan suffered at Pomfret. How then could Ratcliff be both in Yorkshire and the Tower? In the scene preceding this, we find him conducting those gentlemen to the block. In the old quarto, we find it, *Exeunt: Manet Catesby with Hastings.* And in the next scene, before the Tower walls, we find Lovel and Catesby come back from the execution, bringing the head of Hastings. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald should have added, that, in the old quarto, no names are mentioned in Richard's speech. He only says—"some see it done." Nor, in that edition, does Lovel appear in the next scene; but only Catesby, bringing the head of Hastings. The confusion seems to have arisen, when it was thought necessary, that Catesby should be employed to fetch the mayor, who, in the quarto, is made to come without having been sent for. As some other person was then wanted to bring the head of Hastings, the poet, or the players, appointed Lovel and Ratcliff to that office, without reflecting that the latter was engaged in another service on the same day at Pomfret. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted the emendation, because in one scene at least it prevents the glaring impropriety mentioned by Mr. Theobald. But unfortunately, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed, this very impropriety is found in the next scene, where Ratcliffe is introduced, and where it cannot be corrected without taking greater liberties than perhaps are justifiable. For there, in consequence of the injudicious alteration made, I think, by the players, instead of—"Here comes the Mayor," the reading of the quarto, we find in the folio—

Rich. But what, is Catesby gone?

Buck. He is, and see he brings the Mayor along.

Catesby being thus employed, he cannot bring in the head of Hastings; nor can that office be assigned to Lovel only; because Gloster in the folio mentions two persons:

Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel. MALONE.

* *The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.*] So, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"And they that love my honour, follow me." MALONE.

³ *Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;*—

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,] So Holinshed, after Sir Thomas More: "A marvellous case is it to heare, either the warnings

And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I want the priest that spake to me :

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cate. Dispatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks⁴,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Low. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block⁵, bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead⁶. [*Exeunt.*]

warnings of that he should have voided, or the tokens of that he could not void; for the selfe night next before his death the L. Stanley sent a trustie secret messenger unto him at midnight, in all the haste, &c. [See p. 528, n. 2.]—Certain it is also, that in riding towards the Tower the same morning in which he [Hastings] was beheaded, his horse twise or thrise stumbled with him, almost to the falling: which thing, albeit each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whome no such mischance is toward; yet hath it beene of an old rite and custome observed as a token oftentimes notablie foregoing some great misfortune."

A footclorb, it has been already observed, signified the housings of a horse. See p. 223, n. 3. MALONE.

⁴ Who builds his hope in air, &c.] So, Horace :

Nescius auræ fallacis. JOHNSON.

⁵ Come, lead me to the block,] William lord Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catharine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville earl of Salisbury, and widow of William lord Bonville, was restored to his honours and estate by K. Henry VII. in the first year of his reign.—The daughter of Lady Hastings by her first husband was married to the Marquis of Dorset, who appears in the present play. MALONE.

⁶ They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.] i. e. those who now smile at me, shall be shortly dead themselves. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE V.

*The same. The Tower-walls.**Enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armour⁴,
marvellous ill-favour'd.**Glo.* Come cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?*Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?**Buck.* Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion⁵: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?*Glo.* He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.*Enter the Lord Mayor, and CATESBY.**Buck.* Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,—*Glo.* Look to the draw-bridge there.*Buck.* Hark! a drum.*Glo.* Catesby, o'erlook the walls.*Buck.* Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—*Glo.* Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.*Buck.* God and our innocency defend and guard us!

⁴ — in rusty armour, &c.] Thus Holinshed: "The protector immediately after dinner, intending to set some colour upon the matter, sent in all haste for many substantial men out of the citie into the Tower; and at their coming, himselfe, with the duke of Buckingham, stood harnesssed in old ill-faring briganders, such as no man should weene that they would vouchsafe to have put upon their backs, except that some sudden necessitie had constrained them." STEEVENS.

⁵ Intending deep suspicion:] Intending is here, and elsewhere in these plays, used for pretending. See Vol. III. p. 317, n. 7. MALONE.

Enter

Enter LOVEL, and RATCLIFF⁶, with HASTINGS's head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Low. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a christian⁷;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation⁸ with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covertst shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. What! had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,

⁶ Enter Lovel, and Ratcliff,—] The quarto has—"Enter Catesby, with Hastings' head," and Gloster, on his entry, says—"O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby." For this absurd alteration, by which Ratcliffe is represented at Pomfret and in London at the same time, I have no doubt that the player-editors are answerable. See p. 538, n. 2. MALONE.

⁷ — the earth a christian;] Here the quarto adds:

Look you, my lord mayor,

This hemistick I have inserted in the following speech of Buckingham, to which I believe it originally belonged; as without it we meet with an imperfect verse.

Well, well, he was the covertst shelter'd traitor

That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ — his conversation—] i. e. familiar intercourse. The phrase—criminal conversation, is yet in daily use. MALONE.

Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Lord Mayor.

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;

⁹ — put to death a citizen,] This person was one *Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer at the *Crown* in Cheapside. GREY.

Which

Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
 Even where his lustful eye, or savage heart,
 Without controul, list'd¹ to make his prey.
 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child
 Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
 My princely father, then had wars in France ;
 And, by just computation of the time,
 Found, that the issue was not his begot ;
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,
 Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;
 Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord ; I'll play the orator,
 As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
 Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle ;
 Where you shall find me well accompanied,
 With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go ; and, towards three or four o'clock,
 Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—
 Go thou [to Cat.] to friar Penker² ;—bid them both
 Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[Exeunt LOVEL, and CATESBY.]
 Now will I in, to take some privy order

¹ — his lustful eye—list'd—] So the quarto. The folio has *roving* and *lusted*. MALONE.

² — to doctor Shaw,—] This and the two following lines are not in the quarto. Shaw and Penker were two popular preachers.—Instead of a pamphlet being published by the Secretary of the Treasury, to furnish the advocates for the administration of the day, with plausible topics of argument on great political measures, (the established mode of the present time) formerly it was customary to publish the court creed from the pulpit at Saint Paul's Cross. As Richard now employed doctor Shaw to support his claim to the crown, so, about fifteen years before, the great earl of Warwick employed his chaplain doctor Goodard to convince the people that Henry VI. ought to be restored, and that Edward IV. was an usurper. MALONE.

² — to friar Penker ;—] This *Pinker* or *Penker* was provincial of the Augustine friars. See *Speed*. STEEVENS.

To draw the brats of Clarence³ out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd⁴,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent⁵ was full as long a doing;
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?

³ — *the brats of Clarence*—] Edward earl of Warwick, who the day after the battle of Bosworth, was sent by Richmond from Sherifhutton Castle (where Gloster had confined him) to the Tower, without even the shadow of an allegation against him, and executed with equal injustice on Tower-hill on the 21st of November, 1499; and Margaret, afterwards married to Sir Richard de la Pole, the last princess of the house of Lancaster; who was created by King Henry VIII. countess of Salisbury, and in the 31st year of his reign, (1540) at the age of seventy, was put to death by the sanguinary king then on the throne, as her unfortunate and innocent brother had before fallen a victim to the jealous policy of that crafty tyrant Henry VII. MALONE.

⁴ *Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,*] So Holinshed, after Sir Thomas More: "Now was this proclamation made within two houres after that he was beheaded, and it was so curiously indited, and so faire written in parchment, in so well a set hand, and therewith of itself so long a processe, that every child might well perceive that it was prepared before, for all the time between his death and the proclaiming could scant have sufficed unto the bare writing alone, had it been but in paper, and scribbled forth in haste." A by-stander observed, that it must have been dictated by a spirit of prophecy. MALONE.

⁵ *The precedent*—] The original draft from which the engrossment was made. MALONE.

Bad

Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought ⁶. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy ⁷,

And his contract by deputy in France:

The insatiate greediness of his desires,

And his enforcement of the city wives;

His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—

As being got, your father then in France ⁸,

And

⁶ — *seen in thought.*] That is, seen in silence, without notice or detection. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *with his contract with lady Lucy,*] This objection to king Edward's marriage with lady Grey, is said by Sir Thomas More to have been made by the dutchess dowager of York, Edward's mother, who was averse to the match, before he espoused that lady. But Elizabeth Lucy, the daughter of one Wyat, and the wife of one Lucy, being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the king had not been affianced to her, though she owned she had been his concubine. Philip de Comines, a contemporary historian, says that Edward, previous to his marriage with lady Grey, was married to an English lady by the bishop of Bath, who revealed the secret; and according to the Chronicle of Croyland this lady was lady Eleanor Butler, widow of lord Butler of Sudley, and daughter to the great earl of Shrewsbury. On this ground the children of Edward were declared illegitimate by the only parliament assembled by K. Richard III.; but no mention was made of Elizabeth Lucy.

Shakspeare followed Holinshed, who copied Hall, as Hall transcribed the account given by Sir Thomas More. MALONE.

* — *Baynard's Castle.*] A castle in Thames-street, which had belonged to Richard duke of York, and at this time was the property of his grandson King Edward V. MALONE.

⁸ — *his own bastardy,*—

As being got, your father then in France,] This tale is supposed to have been first propagated by the duke of Clarence, soon after he, in conjunction with his father-in-law the earl of Warwick, restored King Henry VI. to the throne; at which time he obtained a settlement of

And his resemblance, being not like the duke.
 Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
 Being the right idea of your father,
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
 Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
 Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
 And, when my oratory grew to an end,
 I bade them, that did love their country's good,
 Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
 But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones*,
 Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
 And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
 His answer was,—the people were not us'd
 To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
 Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cry'd, *God save king Richard!*
 And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,

the crown on himself and his issue, after the death of Henry and his heirs male. Sir Thomas More says, that the duke of Gloucester soon after Edward's death revived this tale; but Mr. Walpole very justly observes, that it is highly improbable that Richard should have urged such a topick to the people; that he should "start doubts concerning his own legitimacy, which was too much connected with that of his brothers to be tossed and bandied about before the multitude." The same ingenious writer has also shewn, that Richard "lived in perfect harmony with his mother, and lodged with her in her palace at this very time." *Historick Doubts*, quarto, 1768. MALONE.

* —unbreathing stones.] The quarto 1598, and the folio, have —breathing. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they; Would they not speak?

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand; Intend some fear?
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; And if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee¹ for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.

[Exit GLOSTER.]

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby? what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,

⁹ —intend *some fear*;] Perhaps, *pretend*; though *intend* will stand in the sense of giving attention. JOHNSON.

One of the ancient senses of *to intend* was certainly *to pretend*. So, in sc. v. of this act:

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

Intending deep suspicion. STEEVENS.

¹ *As I can say nay to thee,*] I think it must be read:

—if you plead as well for them

As I must say, nay to them for myself. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the change is not necessary. Buckingham is to plead for the citizens; and if (says Richard) you speak for them as plausibly as I in my own person, or for my own purposes, shall seem to deny your suit, there is no doubt but we shall bring all to a happy issue. STEEVENS.

To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. *[Exit.]*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross² his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof;
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay*!

Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes again;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace. *[Exit CATE.]*
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

² — to engross—] To fatten; to pamper. JOHNSON.

* — God defend his grace should say us nay!] This pious and courtly Mayor was Edmund Shaw, brother to doctor Shaw, whom Richard had employed to prove his title to the crown, from the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross. MALONE.

Enter

Enter GLOSTER, in a balcony, above, between two Bishops³.

CATESBY returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man*. —
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might please your
grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,

³ — *between two bishops.*] "At the last he came out of his chamber, and yet not downe to theim, but in a galary over theim, with a bishop on every hande of hym, where they beneth might see him and speake to him, as though he would not yet come nere theim, til he wist what they meant." *Hall's Chronicle.* FARMER.

So also Holinshed after him. The words "*with a bishop on every hande of hym*," are an interpolation by Hall, or rather by Grafton, (See his *Continuation of Harding's Chronicle*, 1543, fol. 75,) not being found in Sir Thomas More's *History of King Richard III.* folio 1557, from whom the rest of the sentence is transcribed. MALONE.

* — *to know a holy man.*] i. e. to know a holy man by. See Vol. VII. p. 128, n. 8, and p. 237, n. 6; where several instances of a similar phraseology are given. MALONE.

Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
 The lineal glory of your royal house,
 To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
 Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
 (Which here we waken to our country's good,)
 The noble isle doth want her proper limbs *;
 Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
 Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants †,
 And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph
 Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion ‡.

* — her *proper limbs*—] Thus the quarto, 1598. The folio has —his limbs; an error which I should not mention, but that it justifies corrections that I have made in other places, where, for want of more ancient copies than one, conjectural emendation became necessary. See Vol. III. p. 229, n. 3. MALONE.

† Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,] Shakspeare seems to have recollected the text on which Dr. Shaw preached his remarkable sermon at St. Paul's Cross: "Bastard slips shall never take deep root." MALONE.

‡ And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph
 Of dark forgetfulness—] I believe we should read:

And almost smoulder'd in the swallowing gulph,

That is, almost smother'd, covered and lost. JOHNSON.

Shoulder'd is, I believe, the true reading;—not, thrust in by the shoulders, but, immersed up to the shoulders. So, in *Othello*:

"Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips."

"This passage in *Othello*," says Mr. Mason, "is nothing to the purpose. Had *Othello* used the word *lipp'd*, to signify immersed up to the lips, that indeed would justify our supposing that *shoulder'd* might mean immersed up to the shoulders." But the critick mistook the purpose for which the passage was adduced. It was quoted, not to support the word, "*shoulder'd*," but to shew that the same idea had been elsewhere introduced by Shakspeare; that, as in *Othello* he had spoken of being plunged in poverty to the lips, so here he might have intended to describe the royal stock as immersed up to the shoulders in oblivion.

The word *shoulder'd*, in the following lines in Spenser's *Ruins of Rome*, 1591, may certainly only have been used in its more ordinary signification; but I am not sure that the authour did not employ it as it is here used by Shakspeare:

"Like as ye see the wrathfull sea from farre,

"In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noise,

"Eftsoones of thousand billows *shoulder'd* narre,

"Against a rock to break with dreadful poyse—"

However the word may have been employed in the foregoing passage, its existence in our authour's time is ascertained by it. The word, as Mr. Steevens observes, is likewise used by Drayton in his *Barons' Wars*, Canto III. MALONE.

Which

Which to recure⁶, we heartily solicit
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge
 And kingly government of this your land :
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,
 Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
 But as successively, from blood to blood,
 Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
 For this, consoled with the citizens,
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,
 And by their vehement instigation,
 In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best fitteth my degree, or your condition :
 If, not to answer *,—you might haply think,
 Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
 Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first ;
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
 Definitively thus I answer you.
 Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
 Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were even to the crown,
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth⁷ ;

⁶ Which to recure,] To recure is to recover. This word is frequently used by Spenser ; and both as a verb and a substantive in Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591. STEEVENS.

* If, not to answer,—] If I should take the former course, and depart in silence, &c. So below : " If, to reprove," &c. The editor of the second folio reads—For not to answer ; and his capricious alteration of the text has been adopted by all the subsequent editors.

This and the nine following lines are not in the quarto. MALONE.

⁷ As the ripe revenue, and due of birth ;] So the folio. The quarto thus :

As my right, revenue, and due by birth.

A preceding line seems rather to favour the original reading :

" Your right of birth, your empery, your own." MALONE.

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty, and so many, my defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
 (And much I need to help you⁸, if need were;)
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
 Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial⁹,
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
 For first he was contrâct to lady Lucy,
 Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
 And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
 To Bona, sister to the king of France¹.
 These both put by, a poor petitioner*,
 A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,

⁸ *And much I need to help you, &c.*] And I want much of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *are nice and trivial*,] *Nice* is generally used by Shakspeare in the sense of minute, trifling, of petty import. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*;

“The letter was not nice, but full of charge.” MALONE.

¹ *To Bona, sister to the king of France.*] See *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act III. sc. iii. Bona was daughter to the duke of Savoy, and sister to Charlotte, wife to Lewis XI. King of France. MALONE.

* — *a poor petitioner*,—] See *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act III. p. 303.

MALONE.

Seduc'd

Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy²:
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
 This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that, for reverence to some alive³,
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
 If not to bless us and the land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing time,
 Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty:—

I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,

Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;

As well we know your tendernefs of heart,

² — *loath'd bigamy*;] So Sir T. More, copied by Hall and Holinshed: “— the only *widowbead* of Elizabeth Grey, though she were in all other things convenient for you, should yet suffice, as me seemeth, to reſtraine you from her marriage, ſith it is an unfitting thing, and a verie blemish and high diſparagement to the ſacred majeſtie of a prince, (that ought as nigh to approach prieſthood in cleannesse, as he doth in dignity,) to be defouled with *bigamie* in his first marriage.” MALONE.

Bigamy, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edw. I.) was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins ſucceſſively, or once marrying a widow. BLACKSTONE.

³ *More bitterly could I expostulate,*

Save that, for reverence to some alive,] The duke here hints at a topick which he had touched upon in his address to the citizens, the pretended bastardy of Edward and Clarence. By “some alive,” meant the dutcheſs of York, the mother of Edward and Richard.

MALONE.

And

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse⁴,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, wher you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you;—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.*]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [*Exit CATESBY,*
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, wher I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

* —effeminate remorse,] i. e. pity. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 37, n. 5, and p. 112, n. 1; and Vol. IV. p. 295, n. 4. MALONE.

* —I am not made of stone,] The quarto and folio have—stones. Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

Buck.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again:—

[*To the Bishops:*
Farewel, good cousin;—farewel, gentle friends⁵.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Dutchess of York, and Marquis of DORSET; on the other, Anne Dutchess of Gloster⁶, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter.

Dutch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet⁷,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sifter! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sifter, thanks; we'll enter all together:

⁵ Farewel, good cousin; farewel, gentle friends.] To this act should, perhaps, be added the next scene, so will the coronation pass between the acts; and there will not only be a proper interval of action, but the conclusion will be more forcible. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *Anne, dutchess of Gloster,*—] We have not seen this lady since the second scene of the first act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby-place. She was married about the year 1472. MALONE.

⁷ — *my niece Plantagenet,*] The old dutchess of York calls Clarence's daughter her *niece*, i. e. grand-daughter; as grand-children are frequently called *nephews*. THEOBALD.

So, in *Otello*, *nephews* for *grandchildren*: “—you'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse, you'll have your *nephews* neigh to you.” MALONE.

Enter

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;

The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?

I am their mother, Who shall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their fights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so^s;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

[*To the dutchess of Gloster,*

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despightful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:

^s — *I may not leave it so.*] That is, *I may not so resign my office,*
which you offer to take on you at your peril. JOHNSON.

If thou wilt out-strip death, go cross the seas,
 And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
 Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
 Lest thou increase the number of the dead ;
 And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
 Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam :—
 Take all the swift advantage of the hours ;
 You shall have letters from me to my son
 In your behalf, to meet you on the way :
 Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Dutch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery !—
 O my accursed womb, the bed of death ;
 A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
 Whose unavoided eye is murderous !

Stan. Come, madam, come ; I in all haste was sent.

Anne And I with all unwillingness will go.—

O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
 Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
 Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain⁹ !
 Anointed let me be with deadly venom ;

And die, ere men can say—God save the queen !

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory ;
 To feed my humour, with thyself no harm.

Anne. No ! why ?—When he, that is my husband now,
 Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse ;
 When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
 Which issu'd from my other angel husband,

⁹ *Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !*] She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, viz. by placing a crown of iron heated red-hot, upon his head. In the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631, this punishment is introduced :

“ Fix on thy master's head my burning crown.”

Again :

“ — was adjudg'd

“ To have his head sear'd with a burning crown.”

In some of the monkish accounts of a place of future torment, a *burning crown* is appropriated to those who deprived any lawful monarch of his kingdom. STEEVENS.

And that dead faint which then I weeping follow'd;
 O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
 This was my wish,—*Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,
 For making me, so young, so old a widow!
 And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
 And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
 More miserable by the life of thee,
 Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!*
 Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
 Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
 Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
 And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
 Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;
 For never yet one hour in his bed¹
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
 But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd².
 Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Dutch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!—

[*To Dorset.*]

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

[*To Anne.*]

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

[*To Q. Eliz.*]

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen³,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen⁴.

Q. Eliz.

¹ *For never yet one hour in his bed*] Hour is here, as in many other places, used by Shakspeare as a dissyllable. MALONE.

² *But with his timorous dreams—*] 'Tis recorded by Polydore Virgil, that Richard was frequently disturbed by terrible dreams: this is therefore no fiction. JOHNSON.

³ *Eighty odd years, &c.*] Shakspeare has here, I believe, spoken at random. The present scene is in 1483. Richard duke of York the husband of this lady, had he been then living, would have been but

seventy-three

Q. *Eliz.* Stay yet⁵; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow⁶
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell⁷. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Room of state in the Palace.

Flourish of trumpets. Richard, as king upon his throne;
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and Others.

K. *Rich.* Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—
Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. *Rich.* Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. *Rich.* Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch⁸,

To

seventy-three years old, and we may reasonably suppose that his dutchess was younger than he was. Nor did she go speedily to her grave. She lived till 1495. MALONE.

⁴ And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.] So, in the Rape of Lucrece:

"Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?" MALONE.

Teen is sorrow. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "And yet to my teen be it spoken," &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ Stay yet, &c.] This speech is not in the quarto. MALONE.

⁶ Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow] To call the Tower nurse and playfellow is very harsh: perhaps part of this speech is addressed to the Tower, and part to the lieutenant. JOHNSON.

⁷ So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.] Hither the third act should be extended, and here it very properly ends with a pause of action. JOHNSON.

The folio has—sorrow. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸ —now do I play the touch,] To play the touch is to represent the touchstone. So, in the 16th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"With alabaster, tuck, and porphyry adorn'd."

Again,

To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—

Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince!—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit Buck.*]

Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.⁹
[*Aside.*]

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
[*descends from his throne.*]

And unrespective boys¹; none are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes:—

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—

Boy,—

Page. My lord.

Again, in the epistle of *Mary the French Queen* to *Charles Brandon*,
by Drayton:

“Before mine eye, like *touch*, thy shape did prove.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. iii:

“Though true as *touch*, though daughter of a king.” STEEV.

9 — *see, he gnaws his lip.*] Several of our ancient historians observe,
that this was an accustomed action of Richard, whether he was pensive
or angry. STEEVENS.

¹ *And unrespective boys;—*] *Unrespective* is inattentive, taking no
notice, inconsiderate. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

“When dissolute impiety possess'd

“The *unrespective* minds of prince and people.” STEEVENS.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?²

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him hither,
boy.— [Exit Page.]

The deep-revolving witty³ Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne my wife is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Enquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:—
The boy is foolish⁴, and I fear not him.—

Look,

² —close exploit—] is secret act. JOHNSON.

³ —witty—] in this place signifies judicious or cunning. A wit was not at this time employed to signify a man of fancy, but was used for wisdom or judgment. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

“Although unwise to live, had wit to die.”

Again, in one of Ben Jonson's *Masques*:

“And at her feet do witty serpents move.” STEEVENS.

⁴ The boy is foolish,—] Shakspeare has here perhaps anticipated the folly of this youth. He was at this time, I believe, about ten years old, and we are not told by any historian that he had then exhibited any symptoms of folly. Being confined by Henry VII. immediately after the battle of Bosworth, and his education being consequently entirely neglected, he is described by Polydore Virgil at the time of his death (in 1499) as an idiot; and his account (which was copied by Hall and Holinshed) was certainly a sufficient authority for Shakspeare's representation. “Edouardus Varrici comes in carcere ab incunabulis

Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.—

[Exit CATESBY.]

I must be marry'd to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.⁵
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel?⁶

extra hominum ferarumque conspectum nutritus, qui gallinam ab ansero non facile internosceret, cum nullo suo delicto supplicium quaerere posset, alieno ad id tractus est." MALONE.

⁵ — But I am in

So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.] The same reflections occur in *Macbeth*:

" — I am in blood

" Step'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,

" Returning were as tedious, &c.

Again:

" Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill." STEEVENS.

⁶ Is thy name—Tyrrel? It seems, that a late editor (who boasts much of his fidelity in "marking the places of action, both general and particular, and supplying scenical directions") throughout this scene, has left king Richard on his throne; whereas he might have learnt from the following passage in Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, that the monarch appeared, during the present interview with Tyrrel, on an elevation of much less dignity. "The best part (says Sir John) of our chronicles, in all men's opinions is that of Richard the third, written as I have heard by Moorton, but as most suppose, by that worthy and incorrupt magistrate Sir Thomas More, sometime lord chancellor of England, where it is said, how the king was devising with Teril to have his nephews privily murdered; and it is added, *he was then sitting on a draught*; a fit carpet for such a counsel." See likewise *Holinshead*, Vol. II. p. 735. STEEVENS.

For Richard's mode of proceeding on this occasion, there are, it appears, many ancient and dignified precedents. "Maximilian the emperor," says old Montaigne, "with other customes of his had this one, most contrary to other princes, (who, to dispatch their weightiest affaires, make often their c—e s—l their regal throne or council-chamber,) which was," &c. Florio's Translation, 1603. MALONE.

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon*:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come hither,
Tyrrel;
Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:

[*Whispers.*
There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford⁷, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich.

* — deal upon:] i. e. act upon. We should now say—deal with; but the other was the phraseology of our authour's time. See Vol. VII. p. 523, n. 6. MALONE.

⁷ The earldom of Hereford, &c.] Thomas duke of Gloster, the fifth son of Edward the Third, married one of the daughters and coheirs of Humphrey de Bohun earl of Hereford. The duke of Gloster's nephew, Henry earl of Derby, (the eldest son of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, the fourth son of Edward the Third,) who was afterwards K. Henry IV. married the other daughter of the earl of Hereford. The moiety

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king, When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time.

Have told me, I being by⁹, that I should kill him?

moiety of the Hereford estate, which had been possessed by that king, was seized on by Edward IV. as legally devolved to the crown, on its being transferred from the house of Lancaster to that of York. Henry Stafford duke of Buckingham was lineally descended from Thomas duke of Gloster, his only daughter Anne having married Edmund earl of Stafford, and Henry being the great grandson of Edmund and Anne. In this right he and his ancestors had possessed one half of the Hereford estate; and he claimed and *actually obtained* from Richard III. after he usurped the throne, the restitution of the other half, which had been seized on by Edward; and also the earldom of Hereford, and the office of Constable of England, which had long been annexed by inheritance to that earldom. See Dugdale's *Baronage*, Vol. I. p. 168, 169. Many of our historians however ascribe the breach between him and Richard to Richard's refusing to restore the moiety of the Hereford estate; and Shakspeare has followed them.

Thomas duke of Gloster was created earl of Hereford in 1386 by K. Richard II. on which ground the duke of Buckingham had some pretensions to claim a new grant of the *title*; but with respect to the moiety of the estate, he had not a shadow of right to it; for supposing that it devolved to Edward IV. with the crown, it became, after the murder of his sons, the joint property of his daughters. If it did not devolve to King Edward IV. it belonged to the right heirs of King Henry IV. MALONE.

⁹ *A king! perhaps—*] From hence to the words, *Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein*—have been left out ever since the first editions, but I like them well enough to replace them. POPE.

Mr. Pope is inaccurate; the omission extended only to—*I am not in the giving vein to day*. MALONE.

The allusions to the plays of *K. Henry VI.* are no weak proofs of the authenticity of these disputed pieces. JOHNSON.

These allusions, I trust, have been sufficiently accounted for in the *Dissertation* annexed to the preceding play. MALONE.

⁹ — *I being by,—*] The duke of Gloster was not by when Henry uttered the prophecy. See p. 356. Our authour seldom took the trouble to turn to the plays to which he referred. MALONE.

Buck.

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name, I started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the
stroke¹

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt K. RICHARD and Train.*]

Buck. Is it even so? repays he my deep service

¹ *Because, that, like a Jack, &c.*] An image, like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street, and at the market-houses at several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a *Jack of the clock-house*. See Cowley's *Discourse on the Government of Oliver Cromwell*. [Vol. II. p. 650, edit. 1710.] Richard resembles Buckingham to one of those automaton, and bids him not suspend the stroke on the clock-bell, but strike, that the hour may be past, and himself be at liberty to pursue his meditations. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ — Is this your *Jack o' the clock-house*?

“ Will you *strike*, sir?”

Again, in a pamphlet by Decker, called the *Guls Hornbook*, 1609:
“ — but howsoever, if Powles *Jacks* be once up with their elbowes,
and quarrelling to strike eleven, as soon as ever the clock has parted
them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the duke's gallery
conteyne you any longer.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 101, n. 5. These automaton were called *Jacks* of
the clock-house, because *Jack* in our authour's time was a common
appellation for a mean, contemptible fellow, employed by others in
servile offices. See Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

With such contempt? made I him king for this?
 O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
 To Brecknock*, while my fearful head is on. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

The same.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
 The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
 That ever yet this land was guilty of.
 Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
 To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
 Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
 Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
 Wept like two children, in their deaths' sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk;
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay²;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
 When Dighton thus told on,—*we smothered*
The most replenished sweet work of nature,

* — *to Brecknock,*] To the Castle of Brecknock in Wales, where the duke of Buckingham's estate lay. MALONE.

² *O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—*

Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another.

Within their alabaster innocent arms:—

A book of prayers on their pillow lay;] These circumstances were probably adopted from the old song of *The most cruel Murder of Edward V.* in *The Golden Garland of princely delight.* The thirteenth edition of this collection was published in 1690:

“When these sweet children thus were laid in bed,

“And to the Lord their hearty prayers had said,

“Sweet slumb'ring sleep then closing up their eyes,

“Each folded in the other's arms then lies.”

It must be owned, however, that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the exact date of this, and many other of our ancient ballads. STEEVENS.

That,

That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.—

Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewel, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave.

[Exit.]

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pen'd up close³;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage⁴;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond^{*} aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so
bluntly?

³ *The son of Clarence have I pen'd up close;*] He was confined in Sheriff-Hutton Castle, in Yorkshire.—See p. 544, n. 3. MALONE.

⁴ *His daughter meanly, &c.*] See p. 554, n. 3. MALONE.

^{*} —*the Bretagne Richmond*—] He thus denominates Richmond, because after the battle of Tewksbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II. duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of K. Edward IV. he was kept a long time in a kind of honourable custody. See p. 590, n. 7. MALONE.

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay⁵; —
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fire expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow⁶,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines silyly have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction⁷ am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, and the Dutchess of YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,

⁵ — fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor, &c.] Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay. JOHNSON.

⁶ — begins to mellow, &c.] The same thought occurs in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

— now is his fate grown mellow,

“ Instant to fall into the rotten jaws

“ Of chap-fall'n death.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — dire induction—] *Induction* is preface, introduction, first part. It is so used by Sackville in our authour's time. JOHNSON.

And

And hear your mother's lamentation!

2. *Mar.* Hover about her; say, that right for right.⁸
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

2. *Mar.* Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

2. *Eliz.* Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?⁹

2. *Mar.* When holy Harry dy'd, and my sweet son.

Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

2. *Eliz.* Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*

2. *Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reverent,

⁸ —say, that right for right] This is one of these conceits which our authour may be suspected of loving better than propriety. *Right for right is justice answering to the claims of justice.* So, in this play: — that forehead

Where should be branded, if that right were right, —. JOHNSON.

In the third scene of the first act Margaret was reproached with the murder of young Rutland, and the death of her husband and son were imputed to the divine vengeance roused by that wicked act. "So just is God to right the innocent." Margaret now perhaps means to say, The right of me, an injured mother, whose son was slain at Tewksbury, has now operated as powerfully as that right which the death of Rutland gave you to divine justice, and has destroyed your children in their turn. MALONE.

⁹ When didst thou sleep, &c.] That is, When, before the present occasion, didst thou ever sleep during the commission of such an action? Thus the only authentick copies now extant; the quarto, 1598, and the first folio. The editor of the second folio changed *When* to *Why*, which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors; though Margaret's answer evidently refers to the word found in the original copy.

MALONE.

Give

Give mine the benefit of seniority¹,
 And let my griefs frown on the upper hand².
 If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*
 Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
 I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
 I had a husband*, till a Richard kill'd him:
 Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
 Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
 I had a Rutland too, thou help'dst to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
 A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
 That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,
 To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
 That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
 That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
 That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls³,

¹ — seniority,] for seniority. JOHNSON.

So, in Stowe's *Chron.* edit. 1615, p. 149: "— the son of Edmund, the son of Edward the *seignior*, the son of Alured," &c. STEEVENS.

The word in the quarto is *signorie*, in the folio *signeurie*, and it has been printed *signiory* in the late editions: but as in general modern spelling has been adopted, I know not why the ancient mode should be adhered to in this particular instance. In the *Comedy of Errors*, p. 203, *senior* has been properly printed by all the modern editors, though the words in the old copy are—"We'll draw cuts for the *signior*." The substantive in the text is evidently formed by our authour from hence. MALONE.

² And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"By this starts Collatine as from a dream,

"And bids Lucretius give his sorrows place." MALONE.

* I had a husband,] The quarto has—a *Richard*, which the editor of the folio corrected by substituting—a *husband*. I believe Shakspeare wrote—I had a *Henry*. In a subsequent speech in this scene, p. 584, l. 6, "my brother" being printed in the quarto by mistake, instead of "thy brother," the editor of the folio corrected the wrong word, and printed—my *husband*. MALONE.

³ That reigns, &c.] This and the preceding line have been omitted by all the modern editors, Rowe excepted. STEEVENS.

These two lines are found only in the folio, and are there transposed. They were rightly arranged by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves,—
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pue-fellow⁴ with others' moan!

Dutch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

2. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot⁵, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragick play,
The adulterate Hastings⁶, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves:
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

2. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

2. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;

⁴ *And makes her pue-fellow—*] *Pue-fellow* seems to be companion. We have now a new phrase, nearly equivalent, by which we say of persons in the same difficulties, that they are in *the same box*. JOHNSON.

Pue-fellow is a word yet in use. Sir J. HAWKINS.

I find the word in *Northward Hoe*, a comedy, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "He would make him *pue-fellow* with a lord's steward at least." STEEVENS.

⁵ *Young York he is but boot,*] *Boot* is that which is thrown in to mend a purchase. JOHNSON.

⁶ *The adulterate Hastings.—*] Hastings was an *adulterer*, as he cohabited with Jane Shore during the life of her husband. So, the Ghost in *Hamlet*, speaking of the King, says:—

"—that incestuous, that *adulterate* beast." STEEVENS.

I call'd

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
 The presentation of but what I was,
 The flattering index of a direful pageant⁷,
 One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:
 A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
 A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot⁸;
 A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
 Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
 Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?
 Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
 Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
 Decline all this*, and see what now thou art,
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about⁹,
 And left thee but a very prey to time;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,

⁷ *The flatt'ring index of a direful pageant,*] *Pageants* are dumb shews, and the poet meant to allude to one of these, the index of which promised a happier conclusion. The pageants then displayed on publick occasions were generally preceded by a brief account of the order in which the characters were to walk. These indexes were distributed among the spectators, that they might understand the meaning of such allegorical stuff as was usually exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *a garish flag,*

To be the aim of every dangerous shot;] Alluding to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were entrusted. STEEVENS.

^{*} *Decline all this,*] i. e. run through all this from first to last. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*: "I'll decline the whole question." This phrase the poet borrowed from his grammar. MALONE.

⁹ — *wheel'd about,*] Thus the quartos. The folio—*whirl'd about.* STEEVENS.

To

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, And dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.

Farewel, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—
 These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day*;
 Compare dead happiness with living woe;
 Think that thy babes were fairer¹ than they were,
 And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce
 like mine. [Exit *Q. MARGARET*.]

Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes²,
 Airy succeders of intestate joys³,

* *Forbear to sleep—and fast—*] *Fast* has no connection with the preceding word *forbear*; the meaning being,—Sleep not at night, and fast during the day. The quarto reads—to sleep the *nights*, and fast the *days*. MALONE.

¹ — *were fairer—*] So the quarto. The folio reads—*sweeter*. MALONE.

² *Why should calamity be full of words?*

Windy attorneys to their client woes,] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ So of concealed sorrow may be said:

“ Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;

“ But when the heart's *attorney* once is mute,

“ The *client* breaks as desperate of his suit.”

The quarto reads—*your client* woes. The folio—*their clients* woes. MALONE.

³ — *intestate joys,*] So the quarto. The folio reads corruptly *intestine*. The metaphor is extremely harsh. The joys already possessed being all consumed and passed away, are supposed to have died intestate, that is, to have made no will, having nothing to bequeath; and mere verbal complaints are their successors, but inherit nothing but misery. MALONE.

Poor

Poor breathing orators of miseries!
 Let them have scope: though what they do impart
 Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart*.

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
 My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[*Drum, within.*
 I hear his drum,—be copious in exclams.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Dutch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
 By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
 From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
 Where should be branded, if that right were right,
 The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
 And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
 Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
 Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Dutch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!
 Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
 Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—

[*Flourish. Alarums.*
 Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
 Or with the clamorous report of war
 Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

* —though what they do impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.] So, in *Macbeth*:

“Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,

“Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.”

The quarto reads—*Help not at all,—* MALONE.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition⁴,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me⁵ in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphry Hour⁶, that
call'd your grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.

⁴ — a touch of your condition,] A spice or particle of your temper
or disposition. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's translation of the 24th *Iliad*:

" — his cold blood embrac'd a fiery touch

" Of anger, &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ That ever grac'd me—] To grace seems here to mean the same as
to bless, to make happy. So, *gracious* is kind, and *graces* are favours.

JOHNSON.

⁶ — Humphry Hour,] This may probably be an allusion to some
affair of gallantry of which the dutchess had been suspected. I cannot
find the name in Holinshed. Surely the poet's fondness for a quibble
has not induced him at once to personify and christen that *hour* of the
day which summon'd his mother to breakfast. So, in *The Wit of a
Woman*, 1604: "Gentlemen, time makes us brief: our old mistress,
Hour, is at hand." STEEVENS.

I believe nothing more than a quibble was meant. In our poet's
twentieth Sonnet we find a similar conceit; a quibble between *bues*
(colours) and *Hughes*, (formerly spelt *Hews*) the person addressed.

MALONE.

If

If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Dutch. I pry'thee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again:

K. Rich. So.

Dutch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory!
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life⁷, and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit
to curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her.

[*going.*

K. Rich. Stay, madam⁸, I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;

⁷ *Shame serves thy life,—*] To serve is to accompany, servants being near the persons of their masters. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Stay, madam,*] On this dialogue 'tis not necessary to bestow much criticism: part of it is ridiculous, and the whole improbable.

JOHNSON.
Slander

Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
 Throw over her the veil of infamy:
 So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
 I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood⁹.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say—she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite¹.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny².

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
 My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
 If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
 Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
 Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
 Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
 No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
 Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart²,
 To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
 But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
 My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
 Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
 And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
 Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling rest,

⁹ — *she is of royal blood.*] The folio reads—*she is a royal princess.*

STEEVENS.

¹ *Lo, at their births—*] Perhaps we should read—*No, at their births—*. TYRWHITT.

* *All unavoided, &c.*] i. e. unavoidable. So before:

"Whose unavoided eye is dangerous." MALONE.

² *Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,*] This conceit seems to have been a great favourite of Shakspeare. We meet with it more than once. In *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

"Thou bid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,

"Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

"To stab," &c.

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"Not on thy foal, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,

"Thou mak'st thy knife keen—." STEEVENS.

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type³ of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise⁴ to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy
daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

³ *The high imperial type—*] *Type* is exhibition, shew, display.

JOHNSON.
Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 1616, defines *Type*—"A figure, form, or likeness of any thing." Cawdrey in his *Alphabetical Table*, &c. 1604, calls it—"figure, example, or shadowe of any thing." The word is used in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. as here:

"Thy father bears the *type* of king of Naples." *MALONE.*

⁴ *Canst thou demise—*] The common meaning of the verb to *demise* is to grant, from *demittere*, to devolve a right from one to another.

STEEVENS.

The constant language of leases is, "*—demised*, granted, and to farm let." But I believe the word is used by no poet but Shakespeare. For *demise*, the reading of the quarto, and first folio, the editor of the second folio arbitrarily substituted *devise*. *MALONE.*

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen; Who else should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. I, even I: What think you of it, madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret⁶
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

⁵ *I, even I: What think you of it, madam?*] So the quarto. I am not sure whether it should not be printed, *Ay, even I.* The folio reads:
Even so: how think you of it? MALONE.

⁶ — *as sometime Margaret*—] Here is another reference to the plays of *K. Henry VI.* JOHNSON.

* *Say, that I did, &c.*] This and the following fifty-four lines, ending with the words *tender years* in p. 382, are found only in the folio. MALONE.

2. *Eliz.* Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee⁷,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil⁸.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood⁹;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her¹, for whom you bid like sorrow².

⁷ *Nay then, indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee,*] The sense seems to require that we should read:

— but love thee,

ironically. TYRWHITT.

⁸ — bloody spoil.] Spoil is waste, havock. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Even of your mettle, of your very blood;*] The folio has—*mettal*. The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. That *mettle* was the word intended here, appears from various other passages. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — Thy undaunted *mettle* should compose

“ Nothing but males.

Again, in *K. Richard II.*

“ — that bed, that womb,

“ That *mettle*, that self-mould that fashion'd thee,

“ Made him a man.”

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ — Common mother, thou,

“ Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,

“ Teems and feeds all, whose self-same *mettle*

“ Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,

“ Engenders the black toad,” &c. MALONE.

¹ *Endur'd of her,*] *Of* in the language of Shakspeare's age was frequently used for *by*. MALONE.

² — bid like sorrow.] *Bid* is in the past tense from *bide*. JOHNSON.

Your

Your children were vexation to your youth,
 But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
 The loss, you have, is but—a son being king.
 And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen,
 I cannot make you what amends I would,
 Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
 Dorset your son, that, with a fearful soul,
 Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
 This fair alliance quickly shall call home
 To high promotions and great dignity:
 The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—wife,
 Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;
 Again shall you be mother to a king,
 And all the ruins of distressful times
 Repair'd with double riches of content.
 What! we have many goodly days to see:
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
 Advantaging their loan, with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness³.
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
 Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;

³ *Advantaging their loan, with int'rest*

Of ten times double gain of happiness.] The folio has—*lone*, instead of *lone*, the old spelling of *loan*. How often the letters u and n are confounded in these copies, has been shewn in various places. See Vol. I. p. 292, n. 9, and Vol. VIII. p. 83, n. 8. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, who adds this paraphrase. "The tears that you have *lent* to your afflictions, shall be turned into gems; and requite you by way of *interest* with happiness twenty times as great as your sorrow has been." MALONE.

To whom I will retail⁴ my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids⁵.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last⁶?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject low⁷.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale⁸.

⁴ *To whom I will retail—*] i. e. recount. See p. 520, n. 5.

⁵ — *which the king's King forbids.*] Alluding to the prohibition in the Levitical law. See Leviticus, xviii. 14. GREY. MALONE.

⁶ *But how long shall that title, ever, last?*] Young has borrowed this thought in his *Universal Passion*:

“But say—my mistress and my friend,

“Which day next week the eternity shall end?” STEEVENS.

⁷ — *am her subject low.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:—*her subject love.* STEEVENS.

⁸ *Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.*] So the quarto. The folio reads—

Then plainly to her tell my loving tale. MALONE.

Q. Eliz.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead ;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam ; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my george, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing ; for this is no oath.

The george, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour ;

The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ;

The crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory :

If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam ; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, &c.] In the quarto, 1598, the first of these two lines is wanting. The passage stands thus :

Qu. O, no, my reasons, &c.

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

King. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

Now by my george, &c.

The printer of the next quarto saw that the line—" Harp on it still shall I," &c. could not belong to Richard, and therefore annexed it to the queen's former speech, but did not insert the omitted line.

The editor of the folio supplied the line that was wanting, but absurdly misplaced it, and exhibited the passage thus :

Qu. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead ;

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

King. Harp not on that string, madam, that is past.

Now by my george, &c.

The text is formed from the quarto, and the folio. MALONE.

[The george, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour ;] So the quarto. The folio reads :

Thy george, profan'd, hath lost his lordly honour ;

Thy garter, &c. MALONE.

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-mis-us'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by heaven,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him¹,
The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain².
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust³,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms⁴.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. By the time to come*.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

¹ God's wrong is most of all.

If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him, &c.] I have here followed the quarto, except that it reads in the preceding speech, Why then, by God,—. The editors of the folio, from the apprehension of the penalty of the Statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. printed "Why then by heaven,"—and the whole they absurdly exhibited thus:

Rich. Why then, by heaven.

Qu. Heaven's wrong is most of all.

If thou didst fear to break an oath with him,

The unity, &c.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

The imperial metal, &c.

By their alteration in the first line of the queen's speech, they made all that follows ungrammatical. The change in the preceding speech, not having that consequence, I have adopted it. MALONE.

² —the king thy brother made,

Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.] The quarto, by an error of the press, has—my brother, which the editor of the folio corrected thus:

The unity the king, my husband, made,

Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died. MALONE.

³ *Which now, two tender bed-fellows, &c.*] Mr. Roderick observes, that the word *two* is without any force, and would read:

Which now, too tender, &c. STEEVENS.

Thus the folio. The quarto—two tender play-fellows. MALONE.

⁴ —a prey for worms.] So the quarto. Folio—the prey. MALONE.

* *By the time to come.*] So the quarto. *By* is not in the folio.

MALONE.

Th:

The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age⁵:
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt⁶
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours⁷!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs*.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

⁵ — to wail it in their age:] So the quarto, 1598. The quarto 1602, &c. and the folio, read—with their age. MALONE.

⁶ — in my dangerous attempt—] So the quarto. Folio—dangerous affairs. MALONE.

⁷ Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!] This line is found only in the folio. MALONE.

* And be not peevish found—] Thus the folio. *Peevish* in our author's time signified *foolish*. So in the second scene of this act:

“When Richmond was a little *peevish* boy,—”

See also Minshew's *Dict.* in v. The quarto reads—*peevish fond*, and I am not sure that it is not right. A compound epithet might have been intended; *peevish-fond*. So *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate*, *foolish-witty*, &c. MALONE.

Q. Eliz.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them :
Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed⁸
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.

[*kissing her.* Exit *Q. ELIZABETH.*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman!
How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back :
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of
Norfolk⁹;—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither¹: Post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain,

[*To Catesby.*

⁸ — in that nest of spicery, they shall breed] Alluding to the phoenix.

STEEVENS.

So the quarto. The folio reads—they will breed. MALONE.

⁹ Some light-foot friend post to the duke—] Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders, and sudden variations of opinion. JOHNSON.

¹ Ratcliff, come hither:] The folio has—Catesby, come hither. The words are not in the quarto. It is obvious that they are addressed to Ratcliff. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Why

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby; — Bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go.

[*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good, nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate², what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

² White-liver'd *runagate*,] This epithet, descriptive of cowardice, is not peculiar to Shakespeare. Stephen Gosson in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, speaking of the Helots, says:

"Leave these precepts to the white-livered Hylotes."

STEEVENS.

What

What heir of York is there alive, but we³?
 And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
 Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
 You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
 Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege⁴; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
 Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
 Are they not now upon the western shore,
 Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
 Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
 I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,
 Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:

I will not trust you, sir⁵.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
 You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
 I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you, leave behind

Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
 Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

³ *What heir of York is there alive, but we?*] Richard asks this question in the plenitude of power, and no one dares to answer him. But they whom he addresses, had they not been intimidated, might have told him, that there was a male heir of the house of York alive, who had a better claim to the throne than he; Edward earl of Warwick, the only son of the Usurper's elder brother, George duke of Clarence; and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV, and all her sisters, had a better title than either of them. MALONE.

⁴ *No, mighty liege;*] So the quarto. Folio: No, my good lord. MALONE.

⁵ *I will not trust you, sir.*] So the quarto. Folio: But I'll not trust thee. MALONE.

Stan.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit STANLEY.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2. *Mes.* In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors⁶
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3. *Mes.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?

[*He strikes him.*]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3. *Mes.* The news I have to tell your majesty*,
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-adviced friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3. *Mes.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4. *Mes.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,

⁶ — more competitors] More associates. See Vol. VII. p. 445, n. 7.
MALONE.

* *The news I have, &c.*] So the folio. The quarto reads:
Your grace mistakes; the news I bring is good;
My news is, &c. MALONE.

If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
 Who answered him, they came from Buckingham
 Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
 Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne⁷.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
 If not to fight with foreign enemies,
 Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
 That is the best news; That the earl of Richmond
 Is with a mighty power landed at Milford⁸,
 Is colder news, but yet they must be told⁹.

⁷ — *and made his course again for Bretagne.*] Henry Tudor earl of Richmond, the eldest son of Edmund of Hadham earl of Richmond, (who was half-brother to King Henry VI.) by Margaret, the only daughter of John the first duke of Somerset, who was grandson to John of Gaunt duke of Lancaster, was carried by his uncle Jasper earl of Pembroke immediately after the battle of Tewksbury into Brittany, where he was kept in a kind of honourable custody by the duke of Bretagne, and where he remained till the year 1484, when he made his escape and fled for protection to the French court. Being considered at that time as nearest in blood to King Henry VI. all the Lancastrian party looked up to him even in the life-time of King Edward IV. who was extremely jealous of him; and after Richard *usurped* the throne, they with more confidence supported Richmond's claim. The claim of Henry duke of Buckingham was in some respects inferior to that of Richmond; for he was descended by his mother from Edmund the second duke of Somerset, the younger brother of duke John; by his father from Thomas duke of Gloster, the younger brother of John of Gaunt: but whatever priority the earl of Richmond might claim by his mother, he could not plead any title through his father, who in fact had no Lancastrian blood whatsoever: nor was his maternal title of the purest kind, for John the first earl of Somerset was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt. MALONE.

⁸ — *landed at Milford,*] The earl of Richmond embarked with about 2000 men at Harfleur in Normandy, August 1st, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his course to Wales, hoping the Welch would receive him cordially, as their countryman, he having been born at Pembroke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Catharine of France, the widow of King Henry V. MALONE.

⁹ — *they must be told.*] This was the language of Shakspeare's time, when the word *news* was often considered as plural. See Vol. VII. p. 425, n. *.

All the modern editors, however, read—*it must be told.* MALONE.
K. Rich.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason here¹,

A royal battle might be won and lost:—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in Lord Stanley's House:

Enter STANLEY, and Sir Christopher URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me²:—
That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid^{*}.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chri. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great fame and worth:

¹ — *while we reason here,*] i. e. while we talk here. See Vol. III. p. 44, n. 1. MALONE.

² *Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—*] The person, who is called sir Christopher here, and who has been stiled so in the *Dramatis Personæ* of all the impressions, I find by the chronicles to have been Christopher Uswick, a bachelor in divinity; and chaplain to the countess of Richmond, who had intermarried with the lord Stanley. This priest, the history tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages betwixt the countess of Richmond, and her husband, and the young earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England. THEOBALD.

Formerly the title of *Sir* was frequently given to clergymen. See Vol. I. p. 191, n. 2; and Vol. III. p. 188, n. 9. MALONE.

^{*} — *my present aid.*] Thus the quarto. After these words three lines are added in the folio, in substance the same as the first three lines of Stanley's concluding speech. Instead of the concluding speech of the quarto, which is here followed, the folio reads thus:

Well, hie to thy lord; I kiss his hand;

My letter will resolve him of my mind.

Farewell. MALONE.

And

And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me to him;
Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewel. [*gives papers to sir Christopher.* *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Salisbury. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?³

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice;
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomf-day.

This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall

³ *Will not king Richard let me speak with him?* The reason why the duke of Buckingham solicited an interview with the king, is explained in *K. Henry VIII.* Act I:

“ — I would have play'd

“ The part my father meant to act upon

“ The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,

“ Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,

“ As he made semblance of his duty, would

“ Have put his knife into him.” STEEVENS.

By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
 This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs⁴.
 That high All-seer which I dally'd with,
 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
 Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
*When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess.*—
 Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame⁵.
 [Exeunt BUCKINGHAM, &c.]

SCENE II.

Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with drum and colour, RICHMOND, OXFORD⁶.
 Sir James BLUNT⁷, Sir Walter HERBERT, and
 Others, with forces, marching.
 Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,

Thus

⁴ *Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.*] Hanmer has rightly explained it, the time to which the punishment of his wrongs was respited.

Wrongs in this line means *wrong* done; injurious practices.

JOHNSON.

⁵ — *blame the due of blame.*] This scene should, in my opinion, be added to the foregoing act; so the fourth act will have a more full and striking conclusion, and the fifth act will comprise the business of the important day, which put an end to the competition of York and Lancaster. Some of the quarto editions are not divided into acts, and it is probable, that this and many other plays were left by the author in one unbroken continuity, and afterwards distributed by chance, or what seems to have been a guide very little better, by the judgment or caprice of the first editors. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *Oxford,*—] John de Vere earl of Oxford, a zealous Lancastrian, who after a long confinement in Hames Castle in Picardy, Vol. VI.

Q 9

escaped

Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment;
 And here receive we from our father Stanley
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
 That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
 In your embowell'd bosoms⁸,—this foul swine
 Lies now⁹ even in the centre of this isle,
 Near to the town of Leiceſter, as we learn:
 From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords¹,
 To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;
 Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
 march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

escaped from thence in 1484, and joined the earl of Richmond at Paris. He commanded the Archers at the battle of Bosworth.

MALONE.

⁷ — *Sir James Blunt*,—] He had been captain of the Castle of Hames, and assisted the earl of Oxford in his escape. MALONE.

⁸ — *embowell'd bosoms*,—] Exenterated; ripped up. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Lies now*,—] i. e. sojourns. See Vol. V. p. 365, n. 9. For *lies*, the reading of the quarto, the editors of the folio, probably not understanding the term, substituted—*Is*. See p. 596, n. 4. MALONE.

¹ — *conscience is a thousand swords*,] Alluding to the old adage, "*Conscientia mille testes*." BLACKSTONE.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*a thousand men*. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Bosworth Field.

Enter King RICHARD, and forces; the Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and Others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;

[Soldiers begin to set up the king's tent.]

But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—

Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account²;

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.—

Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—

Call for some men of sound direction³:—

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

[Exeunt.]

² — *our battalia trebles that account:*] Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand men. But lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise.

MALONE.

³ — *sound direction:*] True judgment; tried military skill.

JOHNSON.

*Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir William BRANDON, OXFORD, and other lords*⁴. *Some of the soldiers pitch RICHMOND's Tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper⁵ in my tent;—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:—
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;—
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:—
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

⁴ — *Oxford, and other lords*.—] The direction in the folio, is—
“Enter Richmond and Sir William Brandon, Oxford and Dorset.”
In the quarto only, “Enter Richmond, with the lordes. This is one
of numerous proofs that many of the alterations in the folio edition of
this play were made by the players, and not by Shakspeare; for Shak-
speare had been informed by Holinshed that *Dorset* was not at the
battle of Bosworth; Richmond before his leaving Paris having bor-
rowed a sum of money from the French king, Charles the Eighth,
and having left the marquis of Dorset and Sir John Bouchier as hos-
tages for the payment. MALONE.

⁵ *Give me some ink and paper*.—] Thus the folio. In the quarto,
this and the three following lines are introduced lower down immedi-
ately before the words—“Come, gentlemen, let us consult,” &c.

MALONE.

Blunt

Blunt, Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good captain *Blunt*. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw⁶ and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

Enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock⁷.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—

Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was?—

And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms

To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power

Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night.—

Fill me a bowl of wine:—Give me a watch⁸:—

[*To Catesby.*]

Saddle

⁶ — the air is raw—] So the quarto. Folio—the dew. MALONE.

⁷ It's nine o'clock.] So the folio. The quarto reads—It is six of the clock; full supper time. MALONE.

⁸ Give me a watch:] A watch has many significations, but I should believe that it means in this place not a sentinel, which would be regularly placed at the king's tent; nor an instrument to measure time, which was not used in that age; but a watch-light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards burnt blue; yet a few lines after, he says:

Bid my guard watch,—

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow⁷.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy⁸.
Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland⁹?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,

which leaves it doubtful whether *watch* is not here a sentinel.

JOHNSON:
The word *give* shews, I think, that a *watch-light* was intended. Cole has in his Dictionary, 1679, *Watch-candle*. MALONE.

A *watch*, i. e. guard, would certainly be placed about a royal tent, without any request of the king concerning it.

I believe, therefore, that particular kind of candle is here meant, which was anciently called a *watch*, because, being marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it supplied the place of the more modern instrument by which we measure the hours. I have seen these candles represented with great nicety in some of the pictures of Albert Durer.

Barret, in his *Alvearis*, 1580, mentions *watching* lamps or candles. So, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632: "— slept always with a *watching* candle." Again, in *Albumazar*, 1614: "Sit up all night like a *watching* candle." STEEVENS.

Lord Bacon mentions a species of light called an *all-night*, which is a wick set in the middle of a large cake of wax. JOHNSON.

⁷ Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—] So, in Holinshed, p. 754: "— he was mounted on a great *white courser*," &c. STEEV.

⁸ Look, that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.] *Staves* are the wood of the lances. JOHNSON.

As it was usual to carry more lances than one into the field, the lightness of them was an object of consequence. Hall informs us, that at the jousts in honour of the marriage of Mary, the younger sister of king Henry VIII. with the king of France, "a gentleman called Anthony Bownarme came into the field all armed, and on his body brought in fight x speres, that is to wyt, ii speres set in every styroppe forward, and under every thigh ii speres, upward, and under his left arme was on spere backward, and the 10th in his hand," &c.

STEEVENS.
⁹ — the melancholy lord Northumberland?] Richard calls him *melancholy*, because he did not join heartily in his cause. "Henry the fourth earle of Northumberland," says Holinshed, "whether it was by the commandement of King Richarde putting diffidence in him, or he did it for the love and favour he bare unto the earle [of Richmond], stood still with a great company, and intermixed not in the battaile; which was [after the battle] incontinently received into favour, and made of the counsaile." MALONE.

Much

Much about cock-shut time¹, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfy'd. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit²,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
So, set it down*.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*K. RICHARD retires into his tent. Exeunt RATCLIFF,
and CATESBY.*

Richmond's Tent opens, and discovers him, and his officers, &c.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory fit on thy helm!

¹ *Much about cock-shut time,*] Ben Jonson uses the same expression in one of his entertainments:

“For you would not yesternight,

“Kiss him in the cock-shut light.”

Again, in the *Widow*, by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, 1652: “Come away then: a fine cockshut evening.” STEEVENS.

Cockshut time, i. e. twilight. In Mr. Whalley's note upon *Ben Jonson*, Vol. V. p. 204, “*Cockshut* is said to be a net to catch wood-cocks; and as the time of taking them in this manner is in the twilight, either after sun-set or before its rising, *cockshut* light may very properly express the evening or the morning twilight.” The particular form of such a net, and the manner of using it, is delineated and described in *Dictionary Rusticum*, 2 vols. 8vo. 3d edit. 1726, under the word *cock-roads*. TOLLET.

In a metrical performance (quoted by Mr. Steevens) entitled, *No whipping nor tripping, but a kind friendly snipping*, 1601, this net is mentioned:

“A filly honest creature may do well,

“To watch a cocke-shoote, or a limer bush.” MALONE.

² *I have not that alacrity of spirit, &c.*] So, in Holinshed, p. 775: “—not using the alacritie of mirth and mind and countenance as he was accustomed to doo before he came toward the battell.” STEEV.

* *So, set it down.*] The word *So* in the old copies stands at the beginning of the first line of this speech, caught perhaps by the compositor's eye glancing on the line below. Mr. Steevens made the emendation. In Richard's next speech the word *Ratcliff* is prefixed to the second line, but the metre shews that it was placed there by the negligence of the compositor. MALONE.

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. 1. by attorney³; blest thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:

So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,

And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

In brief, for so the season bids us be,

Prepare thy battle early in the morning;

And put thy fortune to the arbitrement

Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war⁴.

I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)

With best advantage will deceive the time,

And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:

But on thy side I may not be too forward,

Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George

Be executed⁵ in his father's fight.

Farewell: The leisure and the fearful time

Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love⁶,

And

³ —by attorney,—] By deputation. JOHNSON.

⁴ —mortal staring war.] Thus the old copies. I suppose, by *staring war* is meant—war that looks big. STEEVENS.

I suspect the poet wrote—mortal-scaring war. MALONE.

⁵ Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George

Be executed—] So Holinshed after Hall: "When the said lord Stanley would have departed into his country to visit his familie, and to recreate and refreshe his spirits, as he openly said, (but the truth was to the intent to be in a perfite readinesse to join the earle of Richmond at his first arrival in Englande,) the king in no wise would suffer him to depart before he had left as an hostage in the court, George Stanley, lord Strange, his first begotten son and heir."—

"The lord Stanley lodged in the same town, [Stafford] and hearing that the earle of Richmond was marching thitherward, gave to him place, dislodging him and his,—to avoid all suspicion, being afraide least if he should be seen openly to be a factor or ayder to the earle, his son-in-law, before the day of battayle, that king Richard, which yet not utterly put him in diffidence and mistrust, would put to some evil death his son and heir apparent."

The young nobleman whom the poet calls George Stanley, was created Baron Strange, in right of his wife, by King Edward IV. in 1482. MALONE.

⁶ —The leisure and the fearful time

Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,] We have still a phrase equivalent to this, however harsh it may seem, I would do this, if leisure

And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon;
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Left leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow⁷,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Lords, &c. with STANLEY.*

O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
'To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

*The Ghost⁸ of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth,
rises between the two tents.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*to K. Richard.*

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth

At

leisure would permit, where leisure, as in this passage, stands for want
of leisure. So, again:

— *More than I have said,—*

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell upon. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Left leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,*] So, in our au-
thour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight.”

MALONE.

To *peize*, i. e. to weigh down, from *peser*, Fr. I find the word in
the old play of *The Reigns of K. Edward III.* 1596:

“And *peize* their deeds with heavy weight of lead.” STEEV.

⁸ *The Ghost, &c.*] Mr. Steevens has here quoted a passage from
Nichols's *Legend of King Richard III.* inserted in *The Mirror for
Magistrates*,

At Tewksbury; Despair therefore, and die!—
 Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
 Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Magistrates, and another from the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, both descriptive of the visions supposed to have been seen by Richard the night before the battle of Bosworth. He adds the following observation:

"It is not unpleasant to trace the progress of a poetical idea. Some of our oldest historians had informed us that king Richard was much disturbed in his dreams. The author of a metrical legend, [Nichols] who follows next in succession, proceeds to tell us the quality of these ominous visions. A poet [Drayton] who takes up the story, goes further, and acquaints us with the names of those who are supposed to have appeared in them; and last of all comes the dramatick writer, who brings the phantoms, speaking in their particular characters, on the stage."

The annotations of my ingenious predecessor seldom require animadversion or revision; but I am here obliged to remark, as I did on a former occasion, where the learned Bishop of Worcester had made a similar attempt to trace a thought from one poet to another, [See Vol. V. p. 397, n. 4.] that this supposed progress of a poetical idea is in the present instance merely imaginary, as a few dates will at once demonstrate. Shakspeare's *K. Richard III.* was printed in 1597. Nichols's *Legend of King Richard III.* first appeared in that edition of *The Mirrour for Magistrates* which was published in 1610, thirteen years after our authour's play had appeared; and the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* was not published till twenty-five years after the tragedy of *King Richard III.* had been printed, that is, in 1622.

Our ancient historians have said more than that Richard was *disturbed by dreams*; they have mentioned the nature of them, and particularly of his dream on this night. The account given by Polydore Virgil, which was copied by Hall and Holinshed, is as follows. "The same went, that he had the same night [the night before the battle of Bosworth] a dreadful and a terrible dream; for it seemed to him being aslepe, that he saw *diverse ymages like terrible devilles*, which pulled and haled him, not sufferynge him to take any quiet or reste. The which straunge vision not so sodaynly strake his heart with a sodayne feare, but it stuffed his head and troubled his mind with many busy and dreadful imaginations. And least that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends, of the morning, his *wonderfull vyfion*, and fearefull dreame." I quote from Holinshed, because he was Shakspeare's authority.

Polydore Virgil, as I have already observed, began to write his history about twenty years after Richard's death. MALONE.

The

The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body

[*to K. Rich.*

By thee was punched full of deadly holes :

Think on the Tower, and me ; Despair, and die ;

Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die !—

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror ! [*to Richm.*

Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king⁹,

Doth comfort thee in thy sleep ; Live, and flourish.

The Ghost of Clarence rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

[*to K. Rich.*

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine¹,

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword ; Despair, and die !—

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster, [*to Richm.*

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee ;

Good angels guard thy battle ! Live, and flourish !

The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

[*to K. Rich.*

Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret ! Despair, and die !

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair !

[*to K. Rich.*

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan ; and, with guilty fear,

Let fall thy lance ! Despair, and die !— [*to K. Rich.*

All. Awake ! and think, our wrongs in Richard's bo-

som

[*to Richm.*

Will conquer him ;—awake, and win the day !

⁹ *Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,*] This prophecy, to which this allusion is made, was uttered in one of the parts of *King Henry the Sixth*. JOHNSON.

See p. 359, n. 5. MALONE.

¹ — *with fulsome wine,*] *Fulsome*, was sometimes used, I think, in the sense of *unclean*. The wine in which the body of Clarence was thrown, was Malmsey. MALONE.

The Ghost of Hastings rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake; [to K. Rich,
And in a bloody battle end thy days!

Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake! [to Richm.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower;
Let us be lead within thy bosom², Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Lady Anne rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee³,

Now

² *Let us be lead within thy bosom,—*] So, says Mr. Theobald, the quarto, 1597. The subsequent copies all have *laid*, instead of *lead*.

That there was an edition of this play printed in 1597, I have not the least doubt, (though none of the editors except Mr. Theobald have ever seen it,) because it was entered in the stationers' books in that year, and nearly at the same time with *K. Richard II.* by the same bookseller for whom an edition of that play was printed in 1597, which is still extant. It is, however, very remarkable, that Mr. Theobald should have profited in this single instance only, by that copy. Whenever it shall be discovered, it will, I am confident, if diligently collated, like every other *first* edition that I have seen, prove its superior value in other instances beside the present. MALONE.

³ *That never slept a quiet hour with thee,*] Shakspeare was probably here thinking of Sir Thomas More's animated description of Richard, which Holinshed transcribed: "I have heard (says Sir Thomas) by credible report of such as were secret with his chamberlaine, that after this abominable deed done [the murder of his nephews] he never had quiet in his mind. He never thought himself sure where he went abroad; his eyes whirled about; his body privily fenced; his hand ever upon his dagger; his countenance and maner like one always readie to strike againe. He tooke ill rest a-nights; lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch; rather slumbered than slept, troubled with fearfull dreames; sodainely sometime start up, leapt out of bed,

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,
 And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!
 Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep; [*to Richm.*
 Dream of success and happy victory;
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of Buckingham rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown;
 [*to K. Rich.*

The last was I, that felt thy tyranny:
 O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
 And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
 Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
 Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
 I dy'd for hope⁴, ere I could lend thee aid:

[*to Richm.*

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
 God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side;
 And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. K. Richard starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse⁵, — bind up my
 wounds,—

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
 O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
 The lights burn blue⁶.—Is it not dead midnight?

Cold.

*bed, and ran about the chamber; so was his restless heart continually
 tost and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance
 of his abominable deeds."*

With such a companion well might Anne say, that she never sleeps
 one quiet hour. MALONE.

⁴ *I dy'd for hope,]* I died for only having hoped to give you that
 assistance, which I never had it in my power to afford you in reality.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Give me another horse, &c.]* There is in this, as in many of our
 authour's speeches of passion, something very trifling, and something
 very striking. Richard's debate, whether he should quarrel with him-
 self, is too long continued, but the subsequent exaggeration of his
 crimes is truly tragical. JOHNSON.

⁶ *The lights burn blue.]* So, in Lylly's *Galathea*, 1592: "I thought
 there was some spirit in it because it burnt so blue; for my mother
 would

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:
 Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: Why?
 Lest I revenge. What? Myself upon myself?
 Alack I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.
 I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,
 Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
 I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
 And, if I die, no soul will pity me:—
 Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself.
 Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd⁷
 Came to my tent; and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

would often tell me, when the candle burnt blue, there was some ill spirit in the house." It was anciently supposed that fire was a preservative against evil spirits; "because," (says Nash, in *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil*, 1592) "when any spirit appeareth, the lights by little and little goe out as it were of their own accord, and the takers are by degrees extinguished." The takers are the spirits who blast or take. So, in *King Lear*:

"——— strike her young bones,

"Ye taking airs, with lameness!" STEEVENS.

⁷ *Methought, the souls, &c.*] These lines stand with so little propriety at the end of this speech, that I cannot but suspect them to be misplaced. Where then shall they be inserted? Perhaps after these words:

Fool, do not flatter. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream⁸—
What think'st thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terrour to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
'Tis not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt K. RICHARD, and RATCLIFF.*]

Richmond wakes. Enter OXFORD, and Others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cry'd—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

⁸ O, Ratcliff, &c.] This and the two following lines are omitted in the folio. Yet Ratcliff is there permitted to say—"be not afraid of shadows," though Richard's dream has not been mentioned: an additional proof of what has been already suggested in p. 596, n. 4.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.— [He advances to the troops.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those, whom we fight against;
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means^o to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair¹, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;

^o *One that made means—*] To make means was, in Shakspeare's time, always used in an unfavourable sense, and signified—to come at any thing by indirect practices. STEEVENS.

¹ — by the foil

Of England's chair,] It is plain that foil cannot here mean that of which the obscurity recommends the brightness of the diamond. It must mean the leaf (*feuille*) or thin plate of metal in which the stone is set. JOHNSON.

Nothing has been, or is still more common, than to put a bright-coloured foil under a cloudy or low-priced stone. The same allusion is common to many writers. So, in a Song published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“False stones by foiles have many one abus'd.” STEEVENS.
England's chair means *England's throne*. Set is used equivocally.

MALONE.

If

If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your childrens' children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt²
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
 God, and saint George! Richmond, and victory³!

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: And what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i'the right; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
 He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:

² — *the ransom of my bold attempt*—] The *fine* paid by me in atonement for my rashness shall be my dead corpse. JOHNSON.

³ *God, and saint George!*] *Saint George* was the common cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy. The author of the old *Arte of Warre*, printed in the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, formally enjoins the use of this cry among his military laws, p. 84.

"*Item*, that all souldiers entring into battaile, assault, skirmish, or other faction of armes, shall have for their common cry and word, *Saint George, forward, or upon ibem, saint George*, whereby the souldiour is much comforted, and the enemy dismaied by calling to minde the ancient valour of England, which with that name has so often been victorious; and therefore he, who upon any *sinister zeale*, shall maliciously omit so fortunate a name, shall be *severely punished* for his obstinate *erroneous heart*, and *perverse mind*." T. WARTON.

A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field:

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—Caparison my horse;—
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length⁴,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and saint George to boot⁵!—What think'st thou,
Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning. [*giving a scrawl.*]

⁴ *My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,*] So Holinshed:
“King Richard having all things in a readiness went forth with the
army out of his tentes, and began to set his men in aray: first the fore-
ward set forth a marvellous length, both of horsemen and also of foot-
men,—and to the foremost part of all the bowmen as a strong fortresse
for them that came after; and over this John duke of Norfolk was head
captain. After him followed the king with a mighty sort of men.”

The words *out all* were added by Mr. Theobald, to supply the de-
fective metre of this line. MALONE.

⁵ *This, and St. George to boot!*] That is, this is the order of our
battle, which promises success; and over and above this, is the pro-
tection of our patron saint. JOHNSON.

To boot is (as I conceive) to help, and not *over and above.*

HAWKINS.

K. Rich.

*K. Rich. Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold*⁶, [reads.
*For Dickon thy master is bought and sold*⁷.

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls⁸;
Conscience is but a word * that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—

What shall I say more than I have infer'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds⁹, rascals, and run-aways,

⁶ — *be not too bold*,] The quarto 1598, and folio, read—*so bold*. But it was certainly an error of the press: for in both Hall and Holinshed, the words are given as in the text. MALONE.

⁷ — *Dickon thy master*, &c.] *Diccon* is the ancient abbreviation of *Richard*. In *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575, *Diccon* is the name of the Beldam. In the words—*bought and sold*, I believe, there is somewhat proverbial. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“It would make a man as mad as a buck, to be so *bought and sold*.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Mortimeriados*, a poem by Michael Drayton, no date:

“Is this the kindness that thou offerest me?

“And in thy country am I *bought and sold*?”

Again, in Skelton's *Colin Clout*, 1568:

“How prelacy is *sold and bought*,

“And come up of nought.”

Again, in Bacon's History of K. Henry VII: “—all the news ran upon the duke of Yorke, that he had been entertained in Ireland, *bought and sold* in France,” &c.—The same expression occurs again in *King John*, A& V. and in *Troilus and Cressida*. It seems to have signified that some *foul play* has been used. The *foul play* alluded to here, was Stanley's desertion. MALONE.

⁸ *Let not our babbling dreams*, &c.] I suspect these six lines to be an interpolation; but if Shakspeare was really guilty of them in his first draught, he probably intended to leave them out when he substituted the much more proper harangue that follows. TYRWHITT.

* *Conscience is but a word*—] So the quarto 1598. But being accidentally omitted in a later quarto, the editor of the folio supplied the omission by reading—*For conscience is a word*, &c. MALONE.

⁹ *A sort of vagabonds*,] A *sort*, that is, a *company*, a *collection*.

JOHNSON.

See the concluding words of n. 4, p. 610; and Vol. II. p. 496, n. 3. MALONE.

A scum of Britons, and base lackey peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
 To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
 You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
 They would restrain the one¹, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
 Long kept in Britaine at our mother's cost²?

A milk-

¹ *They would restrain the one,*] i. e. they would lay *restritions* on the possession of your lands; impose eruditions on the proprietors of them. Dr. Warburton for *restrain* substituted *distrain*, which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. "To *distrain*," says he, "is to *seize upon*;" but to *distrain* is not to *seize* generally, but to *seize* goods, cattle, &c. for non-payment of rent, or for the purpose of enforcing the process of courts. The *restritions* likely to be imposed by a conquering enemy on lands, are imposts, contributions, &c. or absolute confiscation.—"And if he [Henry earl of Richmond] should achieve his false intent and purpose," (says Richard in his circular letter sent to the Sheriffs of the several counties in England on this occasion, *Paston Letters*, II. 321,) "every man's life, livelihood, and goods, shall be in his hands, liberty, and disposition." MALONE.

² *Long kept in Britaine at our mother's cost.*] Henry Earl of Richmond was long confined in the court of the duke of Britaine, and supported there by Charles duke of Burgundy, who was *brother-in-law* to King Richard. Hence Mr. Theobald justly observed that *mother* in the text was not conformable to the fact. But Shakspeare, as Dr. Farmer has observed, was led into this error by Holinshed, where he found the following passage in an oration which Hall, in imitation of the ancient historians, invented, and exhibited as having been spoken by the king to his soldiers before the battle of Bosworth:

"You see further how a companie of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and runagates, be aiders and partakers of this feate and enterprise.—And to begin with the erle of Richmond, capitaine of this rebellion, he is a Welch milksop,—brought up by my *mother's* cost and mine, like a captive in a close cage in the court of Francis duke of Britaine." P. 759.

"Holinshed," Dr. Farmer adds, "copies this *verbatim* from his brother chronicler Hall, edit. 1548, fol. 54; but his printer has given us by accident the word *mother* instead of *brother*; as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakspeare."

If, says a Remarker, *it ought to be so in Shakspeare*, why stop at this correction, and why not in *K. Henry V.* print *præclarissimus* instead of *præclarissimus*? [See Vol. V. p. 602, n. 8.] And indeed if *brother* is to be substituted for *mother* here, there can be no reason why all other similar errors should not be corrected in like manner.

But

A milk-sop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
 Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Britons; whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
 And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
 Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[Drum afar off.]

But the Remarker misunderstood Dr. Farmer's words, which only mean—as it is in the original, and as *Shakspeare* ought to have written. Dr. Farmer did not say—“as it ought to be printed in *Shakspeare*.”

In all the other places where *Shakspeare* has been led into errors by mistakes of the press, or by false translations, his text has been very properly exhibited as he wrote it; for it is not the business of an editor to new-write his authour's works. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. sc. i. we have—“Let the old ruffian know, I have many other ways to die;” though we know the sense of the passage in *Plutarch* there copied is,—that “*he* [the old ruffian] hath many other ways to die.” Again, in *Julius Cæsar*, Antony is still permitted to say, that Cæsar had left the Roman people his arbours and orchards “on *this* side Tyber,” though it ought to be—“on *that* side Tyber:” both which mistakes *Shakspeare* was led into by the ambiguity and inaccuracy of the old translation of *Plutarch*.

In like manner in *K. Henry V.* *præclarissimus* is exhibited as it was written by *Shakspeare*, instead of *præcariissimus*; and in the same play I have followed our authour in printing in p. 459, Lewis the *tenth*, though Lewis the *ninth* was the person meant: an error into which he was led, as in the present instance, by a mistake of the press.

For all such inaccuracies the poet, and not his editor, is responsible: and in the passage now under our consideration more particularly the text ought not to be disturbed, because it ascertains a point of some moment; namely that *Holinshed*, and not *Hall*, was the historian that *Shakspeare* followed. Of how much consequence this is, the reader may ascertain by turning to the *Dissertation on the plays of K. Henry VI.* where this circumstance, if I do not deceive myself, contributes not a little in addition to the other proofs there adduced, to settle a long agitated question, and to shew that those plays were *re-written* by *Shakspeare*, and not his *original* composition. MALONE.

R r 3

Fight,

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen*!
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves²!—

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mes. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh³;
 After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
 Advance our standards⁴, set upon our foes;
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
 Upon them! Victory fits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

* — *fight bold yeomen!*] The old copies, by an apparent error of the press, have *boldly*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

² *Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!*] That is, *fright the skies with the shivers of your lances*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

“Now by the marble face of the *welkin*.”

The same idea is more tamely expressed in W. Smith's *Palfgrave*, 1615:

“Spears flew in splinters half the way to heaven.” STEEVENS.

³ — *the enemy is pass'd the marsh;*] There was a large marsh in Bosworth plain between the two armies. Henry pass'd it, and made such a disposition of his forces that it served to protect his right wing. By this movement he gained also another point, that his men should engage with the sun behind them, and in the faces of his enemies: a matter of great consequence when bows and arrows were in use.

MALONE.

⁴ *Advance our standards,*] So Holinshed after Hall: “—like valiant champions advance forth your standares, and assay whether your enemies can decide and try the title of battaile by dint of sword; avaunce, I say again, forward, my captaines.—Now Saint George to borrow, let us set forward.” MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*Another part of the field.**Alarum. Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and forces; to him CATESBY.*

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
 The king enacts more wonders than a man,
 Daring an opposite to every danger⁵;
 His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
 Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

*Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.**K. Rich.* A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse⁶!⁵ *Daring an opposite to every danger*;] Perhaps the poet wrote:*Daring and opposite to every danger.* TYRWHITT.Perhaps the following passage in Chapman's version of the eighth book of Homer's *Odyssey* may countenance the old reading:

" — a most dreadful fight

" *Daring against him.*" STEEVENS.

The old reading is perhaps right. *An opposite* is frequently used by Shakspeare and the contemporary writers, for an *adversary*. So, in *Twelfth Night*: " — your *opposite* hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal." Again: " — and his *opposite* the youth, bears in his visage no presage of cruelty." So, in *Blurt Mr. Constable*, a comedy by Middleton, 1602: " — to strengthen us against all *opposites*." The sense then should seem to be, that king Richard enacts wonders, *daring the adversary he meets with to every danger attending single combat.* MALONE.

⁶ *A horse! a horse! &c.*] In the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, the Moor calls out in the same manner:

" A horse, a horse, villain, a horse!

" That I may take the river strait, and fly!

" — Here is a horse, my lord,

" As swiftly pac'd as Pegasus.

This passage in Shakspeare appears to have been imitated by several of the old writers, if not stolen. So, Heywood, in the Second Part of his *Iron Age*, 1632:

" — a horse! a horse!

" Ten kingdoms, for a horse to enter Troy!" STEEVENS.

Marston seems to have imitated this line in his *Satires*, 1599:

" A man, a man, a kingdom for a man!"

In his *What you will*, 1607, (as Mr. Reed has observed) he has quoted Shakspeare's line *verbatim*. MALONE.

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye :
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field ;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him ⁷ :—
A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse ⁸ ! [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND ; and
exeunt fighting. Retreat, and flourish. Then enter
RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the crown, with
divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious
friends ;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit
thee !

Lo, here, these long-usurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal ;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

⁷ *Five have I slain to-day, instead of him :—*] Shakspeare had employed this incident with historical propriety in the first Part of *King Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

Shakspeare had good ground for this poetical exaggeration. Richard, according to Polydore Virgil, was determined, if possible, to engage with Richmond in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the earl was ; attacked his standard-bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him ; then assaulted Sir John Cheney, whom he overthrew ; having thus at length cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but that at that instant Sir William Stanley with three thousand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the last moment.

MALONE.

⁸ *A horse ! a horse ! &c.*] Some inquiry hath been made for the first performers of the capital characters of Shakspeare.

We learn, that Burbage, the *alter Roscius* of Camden, was the original Richard, from a passage in the poems of bishop Corbet ; who introduces his host at Bosworth describing the battle :

“ But when he would have said king Richard died,

“ And call'd a horse, a horse, he Burbage cried.” FARMER.

Rich,

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!—

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

Richm. Interr their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament⁹,
We will unite the white rose and the red:—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not,—amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the fire;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division¹.—
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!

⁹ — as we have ta'en the sacrament,] So, in Holinshed, p. 745:
“ The earle himselve first tooke a corporall oth on his honor, promising
that incontinent after he shuld be possessed of the crowne and dignitie
of the realme of England, he would be conjoined in matrimonie with
the ladie Elizabeth, daughter to king Edward the fourth.” STEEVENS.

¹ All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division.—] I think the passage will be
somewhat improved by a slight alteration:

All that divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together.

Let them unite all that York and Lancaster divided. JOHNSON.

Abate

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
 That would reduce these bloody days again,
 And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
 Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
 That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
 Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
 That she may long live here, God say—Amen!² [*Exeunt.*]

² This is one of the most celebrated of our authour's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable. JOHNSON.

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnson in thinking that this play from its first exhibition to the present hour has been estimated greatly beyond its merit. From the many allusions to it in books of that age, and the great number of editions it passed through, I suspect it was more often represented and more admired than any of our authour's tragedies. Its popularity perhaps in some measure arose from the detestation in which Richard's character was justly held, which must have operated more strongly on those whose grand-fathers might have lived near his time; and from its being patronized by the queen on the throne, who probably was not a little pleased at seeing King Henry VII. placed in the only favourable light in which he could have been exhibited on the scene. MALONE.

P. 3. *The Life and Death of King Richard the Third.*] The oldest known edition of this tragedy is printed for Andrew Wise, 1597: but Harrington, in his *Apologie of Poetrie*, written 1590, and prefixed to the translation of *Ariosto*, says, that a tragedy of *Richard the Third* had been acted at Cambridge. His words are, "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of *Richard the Third*, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrifie all tyrannous minded men," &c. T. WARTON.

It appears from the following passage in the preface to Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, or *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596, that a Latin tragedy of *King Richard III.* had been acted at Trinity college, Cambridge: "—or his fellow codhead, that in the Latine tragedy of *K. Richard*, cried—*Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than—*Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma.*"

STEEVENS.

The play on this subject mentioned by sir John Harrington in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, 1591, and sometimes mistaken for Shakspeare's, was a Latin one, written by Dr. Legge; and acted at St. John's in our university, some years before 1588, the date of the copy in the Museum. This appears from a better MS. in our library at Emmanuel, with the names of the original performers.

○ A childish

A childish imitation of Dr. Legge's play was written by one Lacy, 1583; which had not been worth mentioning, were they not confounded by Mr. Capell. FARMER.

The Latin play of Richard III. (Mss. Harl. n. 6926,) has the author's name,—Henry Lacey, and is dated—1586. TYRWHITT.

Heywood, in his *Azor's Vindication*, mentions the play of *King Richard III.* "acted in St. John's Cambridge, so essentially, that had the tyrant *Phalaris* beheld his bloody proceedings, it had mollified his heart, and made him relent at sight of his inhuman massacres." And in the bookes of the Stationers' Company, June 19, 1594, Thomas Creede made the following entry. "An enterlude, intituled the tragedie of *Richard the Third*, wherein is shown the deathe of Edward the Fourthe, with the smotheringe of the two princes in the Tower, with the lamentable ende of Shore's wife, and the contention of the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke." This could not have been the work of Shakspeare, unless he afterwards dismissed the death of Jane Shore, as an unnecessary incident, when he revised the play. Perhaps, however, it might be some translation of Lacey's play, at the end of the first act of which is, "The showe of the procession. 1. Tipstaffe. 2. *Shore's wife* in her petticoate, having a taper burning in her hande. 3. The Verger. -4. Queristers. 5. Singingmen. 6. Prebendary. 7. Bishoppe of London. 8. Citizens." There is likewise a Latin song sung on this occasion in MS. Harl. 2412.

STEEVENS.

The English *King Richard III.* which was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and which, it may be presumed, had been exhibited some years before, was probably written by the authour of *The Contention of the two houses of Yorke and Lancaster.* MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I. p. 520.

THUS like the formal vice, Iniquity, &c.] As this corrupt reading in the common books hath occasioned our saying something of the barbarities of theatrical representations amongst us before the time of Shakspeare, it may not be improper, for a better apprehension of this whole matter, to give the reader some general account of the rise and progress of the modern stage.

The first form in which the drama appeared in the west of Europe, after the destruction of learned Greece and Rome, and that a calm of dulness had finished upon letters what the rage of barbarism had begun, was that of the Mysteries. These were the fashionable and favourite diversions of all ranks of people both in France, Spain, and England. In which last place, as we learn by Stow, they were in use about the time of Richard the second and Henry the fourth. As to Italy, by what I can find, the first rudiments of their stage, with regard to the matter, were prophane subjects, and, with regard to the form, a corruption of the ancient *mimes* and *attellanes*: by which means they got sooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongst them wrote as early as the fifteenth century.

As

As to these *mysteri*es, they were, as their name speaks them, a representation of some scripture-story, *to the life*: as may be seen from the following passage in an old French history, intitled, *La Chronique de Metz composée par le curé de St. Eucbaire*; which will give the reader no bad idea of the surprising absurdity of these strange representations: "L'an 1437 le 3 Juillet (*says the honest Chronicler*) fut fait le Jeu de la Passion de N. S. en la plaine de Veximiel. Et fut Dieu un sire appellé Seigneur Nicolle Dom Neufchastel, lequel estoit Curé de St. Victour de Metz, lequel fut presque mort en la Croix, s'il ne fût été secourus; & convient qu'un autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix pour parfaire le Personnage du Crucifiment pour ce jour; & le lendemain le dit Curé de St. Victour parfit la Resurrection, et fit très hautement son personage; & dura le dit Jeu—Et autre Prêtre qui s' appelloit Mre. Jean de Nicey, qui estoit Chapelain de Metrange, fut Judas: lequel fut presque mort en pendant, car le cuer li faillit, et fut bien hâtivement dépendu & porté en Voye. Et estoit la bouche d'enfer tres-bien faite; car elle ouvroit & clooit, quand les diables y vouloient entrer et issir; & avoit deux gros culs d'acier," &c. Alluding to this kind of representations archbishop Harfnet, in his *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, p. 71. says, "The little children were never so afraid of Hell-mouth in the old plays, painted with great gang teeth, staring eyes, and foul bottle nose." Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, gives a fuller description of them in these words, "The *Guary Miracle*, in English a *Miracle Play*, is a kind of interlude compiled in Cornish out of some scripture history. For representing it, they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of an inclosed playne, some 40 or 50 foot. The country people flock from all sides many miles off, to hear and see it. For they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the *ordinary*, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand," &c. &c. There was always a droll or buffoon in these *mysteri*es, to make the people mirth with his sufferings or absurdities: and they could think of no better a personage to sustain this part than the *devil* himself. Even in the *mystery* of the *Passion* mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous. Which circumstance is hinted at by Shakespeare (who has frequent allusions to these things) in the *Taming of the Shrew*, where one of the players asks for a little *vinegar* (as a property) to make the *devil* roar*. For after the sponge with the gall and vinegar had been employed in the representation, they used to clap it to the nose of the devil; which making him roar, as if it had been *holy-water*, afforded infinite diversion to the people. So that *vinegar* in the old farces, was always afterwards in use to torment their devil. We have divers old English proverbs, in which the devil is represented as acting or suffering ridiculously and absurdly, which all arose from

* This is not in Shakespeare's play, but in the old play entitled *The Taming of a Shrew*. MALONE.

the part he bore in these *mysteries*, as in that, for instance, of—*Great cry and little wool, as the devil said when he sheered his bogs*. For the sheep-shearing of Nabal being represented in the *mystery* of *David and Abigail*, and the devil always attending Nabal, was made to imitate it by *shearing a bog*. This kind of absurdity, as it is the properest to create laughter, was the subject of the *ridiculous* in the ancient *mimes*, as we learn from these words of saint Austin: *Ne faciamus ut mimi solent, et optemus à libero aquam, à lymphis vinum*. Civ. D. l. iv.

These *mysteries*, we see, were given in France at first, as well as in England *sub dio*, and only in the provinces. Afterwards we find them got into Paris, and a company established in the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* to represent them. But good letters and religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of Francis the first, the stupidity and prophaneness of the *mysteries* made the courtiers and clergy join their interest for their suppression. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the procureur-general, in the name of the king, presented a *request* against the company to the parliament. The three principal branches of his charge against them were, that the representation of the Old Testament stories inclined the people to Judaism; that the New Testament stories encouraged libertinism and infidelity; and that both of them lessened the charities to the poor:—It seems that this prosecution succeeded; for, in 1548, the parliament of Paris confirmed the company in the possession of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, but interdicted the representation of the *mysteries*. But in Spain, we find by Cervantes, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good comedy came in amongst them: as appears from the excellent critique of the canon, in the fourth book, where he shows how the old extravagant *romances* might be made the foundation of a regular *epick* (which, he says, [B. IV. c. 20.] *tambien puede escrivirse en prosa como en verso*;) as the *mystery-plays* might be improved into artful comedy. His word are [ib. 21.] *Pues que si venimos à las comedias divinas, que de milagros falsos fingen en ellas, que de cosas apocrifas, y mal entendidas, atribuyendo a un santo los milagros de otro*; which made them so fond of miracles that they introduced them into *las comedias humanas* as he calls them. To return:

Upon this prohibition, the French poets turned themselves from *religious* to *moral* farces. And in this we soon followed them: the publick taste not suffering any greater alteration at first, though the Italians at this time afforded many just compositions for better models. These farces they called *moralities*. Pierre Gringore, one of their old poets, printed one of these *moralities*, intitled *La Moralité de l'Homme Obsiné*. The persons of the drama are *l'Homme Obsiné*—*Punition Divine*—*Simonie*—*Hypocrisie*—and *Demerites-Communes*. The *Homme Obsiné* is the atheist, and comes in blaspheming, and determined to persist in his impieties. Then *Punition Divine* appears, sitting on a throne in the air, and menacing the atheist with punishment. After this scene, *Simonie*, *Hypocrisie*, and *Demerites-Communes* appear and play their parts. In conclusion, *Punition Divine* returns, preaches to
play

them, upbraids them with their crimes, and, in short, draws them all to repentance, all but the *Homme Obstiné*, who persists in his impiety, and is destroyed for an example. To this sad serious subject they added, though in a separate representation, a merry kind of farce called *Sottie*, in which there was an *Paysan* [the clown] under the name of *Sot-Commun* [or Fool.] But we, who borrowed all these delicacies from the French, blended the *Moralité* and *Sottie* together: So that the *Paysan* or *Sot-Commun*, the *Clown* or *Fool*, got a place in our serious *moralities*: Whose business we may understand in the frequent allusions our Shakspeare makes to them: as in that fine speech in the beginning of the third act of *Measure for Measure*, where we have this obscure passage:

“ — merely thou art Death's Fool;
 “ For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 “ And yet runn'st toward him still.”

For, in these *moralities*, the Fool of the piece, in order to shew the inevitable approaches of *Death*, (another of the *Dramatis Personæ*) is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of his enemy: So that a representation of these scenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and morals mixed together. The very same thing is again alluded to in these lines of *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ So Portent-like I would o'er-rule his fate,
 “ That he should be my Fool, and I his Fate.” Act IV. sc. ii.

But the French, as we say, keeping these two sorts of farces distinct, they became, in time, the parents of *tragedy* and *comedy*; while we, by jumbling them together, begot in an evil hour, that mungrel species, unknown to nature and antiquity, called *tragi-comedy*.

WARBURTON.

TO this, when Mr. Upton's Dissertation is subjoined, there will, perhaps, be no need of any other account of the *Vice*.

— like the old *Vice* —] The allusion here * is to the *Vice*, a droll character in our old plays, accoutred with a long coat, a cap with a pair of ass's ears, and a dagger of lath. Shakspeare alludes to his buffoon appearance in *Twelfth Night*, Act IV:

“ In a trice, like to the old *Vice*;—
 “ Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
 “ Cries, ah, ha! to the Devil.”

In the second part of *K. Henry IV.* Act III. Falstaff compares Shallow to a *Vice's* dagger of lath. In *Hamlet*, Act III. Hamlet calls his uncle:

A vice of kings.

i. e. a ridiculous representation of majesty. These passages the editors have very rightly expounded. I will now mention some others, which seem to have escaped their notice, the allusions being not quite so obvious.

The *Iniquity* was often the *Vice* in our old *moralities*; and is in-

* i. e. in p. 3 of Mr. Upton's book, where the words—like the old *Vice*—occur. MALONE.

roduced in Ben Jonson's play called *The Devil's an Ass*: and likewise mentioned in his Epigr. cxv:

- " *Being no vitious person, but the Vice*
- " *About the town,*
- " *As old Iniquity, and in the fit*
- " *Of miming, gets th' opinion of a wit."*

But a passage cited from his play will make the following observations more plain. Act I. Pug asks the Devil "to lend him a *Vice* :

- " *Satan. What Vice?*
- " *What kind would thou have it of?*
- " *Pug. Why, any Fraud,*
- " *Or Covetousness, or lady Vanity,*
- " *Or old Iniquity: I'll call him hither.*

Thus the passage should be ordered:

- " *Pug. Why any: Fraud,*
- " *Or Covetousness, or lady Vanity,*
- " *Or old Iniquity."*
- " *Satan. I'll call him hither.*
- " *Enter Iniquity the Vice.*

" *Ini. What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack a*

" *Vice?*

" *Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice."*

And in his *Staple of News*, Act II:

- " *Mirtb. How like you the Vice i' th' play?*
- " *Expectation. Which is he?*
- " *Mirtb. Three or four; old Covetousness, the sordid Penny-*
- " *boy, the Money-bawd, who is a flesh-bawd too, they say.*
- " *Tattle. But here is never a Fiend to carry him away.*
- " *Besides, he has never a wooden dagger! I'd not give a rush*
- " *for a Vice, that has not a wooden dagger to snap at every*
- " *body he meets.*
- " *Mirtb. That was the old way, gossip, when Iniquity came*
- " *in, like hokos pokos, in a juggler's jerkin," &c.*

He alludes to the *Vice* in the *Alchymist*, Act I. sc. iii:

" *Sub. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a Vice."*

Some places of Shakspeare will from hence appear more easy: as in the first part of *K. Henry IV.* Act II. where Hall humourously characterizing Falstaff, calls him, *That reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that father Ruffian, that Vanity in years*, in allusion to this buffoon character. In *K. Richard III.* Act III.

Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Iniquity is the formal *Vice*. Some correct the passage,

Thus, like the formal-wise antiquity,
I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

Which correction is out of all rule of criticism. In *Hamlet*, Act I. there is an allusion, still more distant, to the *Vice*; which will not be obvious at first, and therefore is to be introduced with a short explanation.

tion. This buffoon character was used to make fun with the Devil; and he had several trite expressions, as, *I'll be with you in a trice: Ab, ba, boy, are you there? &c.* And this was great entertainment to the audience, to see their old enemy so belabour'd in effigy. In *King Henry V.* Act iv. a boy characterizing Pistol, says, *Bardolpb and Nim had ten times more valour, than this roaring Devil i' the old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.* Now Hamlet, having been instructed by his father's ghost, is resolved to break the subject of the discourse to none but Horatio; and to all others his intention is to appear as a sort of madman; when therefore the oath of secrecy is given to the centinels, and the Ghost unseen calls out *swear*; Hamlet speaks to it as *the Vice* does to the Devil. *Ab, ba, boy, sayst thou so? Art thou there, Truepenny?* Hamlet had a mind that the centinels should imagine this was a shape that the devil had put on; and in Act III. he is somewhat of this opinion himself,

—*The spirit that I have seen,
May be the devil.*

The manner of speech therefore to the Devil was what all the audience were well acquainted with; and it takes off in some measure from the horror of the scene. Perhaps too the poet was willing to inculcate, that good humour is the best weapon to deal with the devil. *Truepenny*, either by way of irony, or literally from the Greek, *τρωπαιον, veterator.* Which word the Scholiast on Aristophanes' *Clouds*, ver. 447. explains, *τῷ μὲν, ὁ περιτρεμμένος ἐν τοῖς πειράμασι, ὃν ἡμεῖς ΤΡΩΠΑΙΟΝ καλοῦμεν.* Several have tried to find a derivation of *the Vice*: if I should not hit on the right, I should only err with others. *The Vice* is either a quality personalized as ΒΙΗ and ΚΑΡΤΟΣ in Hesiod and Æschylus; *Sin* and *Death* in Milton; and indeed *Vice* itself is a person, B. xi. 517:

“*And took his image whom they serv'd, a brutish Vice.*”
his image, i. e. a brutish *Vice's* image: the *Vice*, Gluttony; not without some allusion to the *Vice* of the plays: but rather, I think, 'tis an abbreviation of *vice-devil*, as vice-roy, vice-doges, &c. and therefore properly called *the Vice*. He makes very free with his master, like most other vice-roys, or prime ministers. So that he is the Devil's *Vice*, and prime minister; and 'tis this that makes him so sawcy.

UPTON.

Mr. Upton's learning only supplies him with absurdities. His derivation of vice is too ridiculous to be answered.

I have nothing to add to the observations of these learned critics, but that some traces of this antiquated exhibition are still retained in the rustick puppet-plays, in which I have seen the *Devil* very lustily belaboured by *Punch*, whom I hold to be the legitimate successor of the old *Vice*. JOHNSON.



THE END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.